Encounter

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Barbara Wootton

The
Naked Person
David Martin

'Tango' & Warhol
John Weightman

Political
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Shlomo Avineri

Who Owns
Heine?
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Is Gaullism Dead?
ANTHONY HARTLEY

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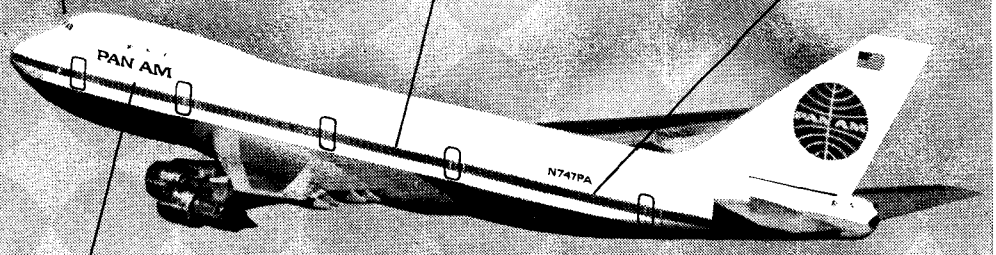

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Jonathan Raban

The Foreign Girl

Can I say my thinkings now?
I wouldn't like in your story a unhappy, a misery girl, a sad girl.
Because London can give to a clever girl lots and lots of things to make up. Louds voices, noices, and that terrible crowd (able to make me headache) walking along the streets.
Why not a girl with feelings-melange?
Just like a Gainsborough's landscape. With shadows and lights in the same time.
Just too, like this Covent Garden's market and a smart hotel restaurant where a man play piano wonderfully.
But in this case is difficult to know which of the both is the light.
The girl must ask to herself this question living in a town so extravagant and changeable.
It's the first letter I write in your language.
Why to believe so much in words?

LETTER FROM MAYTE

SHE TRAILED a silver bag with the name of the Sweet Sixteen Boutique picked out on it in black art-deco letters, and her *A–Z of London and Suburbs* was always open, bulging over the hump of her thumb. Some places she knew: Piccadilly, Trafalgar Square, Oxford Circus . . . the rest was a labyrinth, this city that spread beyond the final termini of the underground railways like a vast grey slurry of lava. She would come up escalators out of the earth, stunned: each station that she stopped at broke open on the same dull sun, the same vegetable odour of diesel and sweat, the same cramped and blackened houses abutting on 24-hour launderettes. On the Northern and the Piccadilly lines, she would make abruptly for the exit doors as another name stopped in the frame of the carriage window. TUFNELL PARK, ARNOS GROVE, MORNINGTON CRESCENT, ARSENAL, EAST FINCHLEY, BRENT . . . but they were all the same. Stepping into the amazing patch of sunlight on concrete, past the nigger who took tickets and the posters that told you how many pence you could earn if you worked for the railway company, she would see that this was not the place. But she no longer felt the heavy sag of disappointment. Her ascents were now formal, mechanical: she would start to puzzle over the tube map on the back of her *A–Z* even before the sun showed up on the identical, appalling street, full of the old and the ugly jabbering at each other in a language that sounded as if they were chewing over mouthfuls of broken glass.

On her first day in London, she asked news-agents for papers in her own language.

"Die Welt?"

"No, no, not that a-one."

Osservatore Romano, Der Spiegel, Paris Match, Pravda . . . they flashed by, quicker and quicker at each showing, a waterfall of languages. Then came ones in characters she only dimly recognised—Arabic, Greek, even Chinese.

"No. Is not the one."

"It'd be a blackie lingo, then? Or one of them middle eastern tongues?"

"Pardon?"

"We have them regularly on order for the Persians and the Paki Stans."

She listened carefully, trying the sounds out again in her head, but they didn't seem to make sense. The man looked pleased with himself in the sun. He had a tattoo. A low-class man.

"I . . ." he pointed to himself, "no . . ." he shook his head, "help . . ." he paused, thought, and just repeated the word, but more loudly, "you . . ." and he stabbed his forefinger at her, grinning at his performance, hawking around the passers-by for an audience.

"Is okay. Thank you."

On the down-escalator of Queensway station, she had to dab at her eyes with a used Kleenex. It came away carboned with mascara. She rode to Marble Arch and looked up the name in her dictionary. An *axtl* made of *chzlim*. And then, in the sun again, across

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a smoky ravine of automobiles, she saw the *axtl chzlimbo* by itself on an island, like an illustration of a word in an elementary schoolbook. It was lovely. It had no reasons attached to it: nothing went through it, it wasn't a gate to anywhere . . . it was just there, solid, sunlit, a marvel. She leaned on the railing, took out her notebook from the Sweet Sixteen bag, and wrote carefully: MARBLE ARCH AXTL CHZLIMBO. She would come here again.

In the wide street of shops, there were many windows. She passed rich ladies stepping out of limousines, youths with rucksacks stuck over with flags, men in livery, a state politzer who smiled and did not show his gun. At Bourne and Hollingsworths, she saw a belt of pigskin with a silver buckle. It winked at her. She wanted it. Behind the glass, the furry surface of the suede looked as supple, soft and breathing as a living animal. Already she could feel it, tightening around her own waist. But the distance between her and the belt was enormous; a scrubland of mines and tripwires. There would be escalators, commissionaires, words with arrows telling you to go here and there and down and up, shrugs, shouts, gibbering.

"BELT" it said in the dictionary.

"Blut," she said. "Beelet." But every time she said the word, it went as shapeless and rubbery as a lump of bubble-gum in her mouth. "Lt" she stammered aloud on the pavement, "Lt! Lt! Lt! Lt! Lt!"

A scented, waxy shopwalker peered at the word in her dictionary.

"Accessories, third floor."

"Pardon?"

He pointed at the signboard. The white letters bobbed in front of her eyes like a regatta. "Accessories," he said. She wanted to cover her ears with her hands. He was going to shout.

"*Sorries?*"

"Ack," he said, "Ack-sess-*sorries,*" and the last syllables blew out of his mouth with a loose explosive crump.

She found the belt. It was lovely, dark, chocolaty.

The salesgirl jabbered at her, her face a great bright lamp that swayed on its stalk above the till, fingers rapping on the glass counter beside the spike of impaled bills.

Then they were fighting for the belt, the salesgirl jerking at its buckle, the foreign girl clinging to its soft tongue.

"You don't want it wrapped?" the salesgirl was doing eye-semaphore with her colleague in Handbags.

"I wear. I wear."

"You'll need a receipt."

"Pardon?"

Handbags signalled *Screw the lot of them—Yanks, Frogs, You-name-its* as she filled out a Diner's Club check for a Nebraskan piston-ring heiress. Belts passed the foreign girl a paper slip with a frozen shrug, and spiked its duplicate on her prong.

The belt lapped her, deep and comforting. Its buckle, a flaring silver sun, shone from the wide Vee of her groin. Suddenly private in the stew of the escalator, she touched the corrugations of the metal, felt the rough point of a sun's ray. It left a milled white mark on her fingertip. Around her bags, umbrellas, small pale children, and the heavy smell of sandalwood, air-conditioning and cologne congealed with the murmur of the machine as it took them down towards the street. The crowd was whispering in her language. *Alaxm mashook vilimbabo cosconzilim.*

SHE STAYED in the north with the old lady and her Spainish. "Is rich?" "One is moderately well to do," said the old lady, smoothing out the *Telegraph* gardening page, making the paper shriek. The lady's husband, Mr Phillips, had done business with the girl's father. "Flips," her father called him. "Tomflips," "*Fill*-ips, say *Fill*-ips," said the old lady.

"Is hard to me, Mizflips. Feel-ipz."

"Good girl." And the old lady pegged the bell for the Spainish.

When Mr Phillips died of an undetected cancer in a hotel room in West Berlin, the girl's father got the translator at his firm to write a letter of condolence to the widow. He whom God requireth for his great harvest. . . . He whom the thunderbolt shall strike down . . . the good die young . . . greatest happiness in the overworld of the immortal spirits. . . . It was a fine letter, and had a rich black border. Everyone saw it before it was sent off, sprinkled on each corner with holy water that smeared a few words into indecipherable inky trails. The old lady wrote that she was

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much comforted in her bereavement, and the girl's father, who loved dramatic gestures, and sometimes wept in his box at the opera, had despatched his daughter to London. The arrangements had been intricate, and had taken nearly a week of trips to embassies and tranquil, Madonna-like pauses before Polaroid cameras. She'd needed seven different visas. Jetl, her father's private secretary, was sent with her, and filled in all the forms, leaving only the space for her signature. On the third day, in the incense-smelling, tapestry-hung vestibule of the Maranian embassy, he'd kissed her, and the twin oiled points of his beard had stung her neck like mosquitoes. Then she'd giggled and pulled away; he tasted of liquorice and menthol gum-refreshers. Now she daydreamed of Jetl and his purple cloak, of hiding, crooked in its folds with his ringed fingers winking in her hair . . . and of her father who called her his rabbit. A lovely, stupid rabbit. She liked him saying that, and cut his cigars for him with a penknife, and laid them in a neat row for him on the table of the morning room. Eight delicately circumcised cigars, each showing a soft, damp tip of tobacco at its head.

The *Telegraph* rattled. The Spainish had come in with letters on a tray. The girl did not like the Spainish. She had pale eyes flecked with blue like ovoids of gorgonzola, and her skin was as dark as a nigger's. She was a common Spainish. You could see she'd been left too long in the sun. The Spainish arranged a clutch of letters above Mrs Phillips's plate of toast, paused, and insolently flipped a blue aerogram to within three feet of the girl's place. She had to reach for it, the sleeve of her dress ruckling above the elbow, under the slow cheesy eye of the Spainish.

The girl dropped her lids at the maid, waited, and raised them, expecting her to be gone. But she was still there, lolling, watching the blue aerogram with the contemptuous sly greed of an alley cat.

"Uxtl," said the girl. "You go." The Spainish didn't move; just swung her head away towards the old lady.

Mrs Phillips cracked her paper on its fold and stared for a moment at the foreign girl. "Thank you, Andresa," she said, and the Spainish, rolling her pupils up into her bronzed skull as she looked at the girl, left the room, the starched strings of her apron dancing on her rump.

"I will tell the girl when to go, dear," said the old lady, with the exaggerated lip-movements that people use to talk to the deaf and the gaga.

"Pardon?"

But the old lady had begun to slit open her letters with an ivory rule.

"Spainishes not good. Frenches good, Swedishes . . . no Spainish. Never. Thiefs."

The rule stopped in mid-slit above the jar of Cooper's Oxford Marmalade. There was a silence, a thin, stringy asthmatic sigh, and the rule finished its slice, very slowly and deliberately.

The girl took the rule from the table and opened her own letter. It was like a badly-managed rape. The paper tore in wrinkled jags around its seams, and the short letter, in her mother's baby-round writing, fell in two pieces on her plate. She fitted them together, matching the top and bottom halves of a line of words.

"May I have the knife, dear?"

Mudji. The aerogram had trapped a little of her dust: jasmine . . . the creamy colour of a full brocade dress . . . the taste, winy and sharp, of lipstick at the end of the evening when her parents came back in the Cadillac chauffeured by Jetl.

Dezne. . . .

"The paper knife—" The old lady reached for her; the girl thought she was after Mudji's letter and whipped back in her chair, but the old lady only pulled the ivory rule from between her fingers.

Dezne,

Z pzlm y caroo dy szlimp fazlim! Chzta fxam poolmx ty fanzia occherinzo mo puci. Dizikaps cantonas libikazzi fik, lamacchozonni gembria oozot kyroks—saglio maschtaps dimikrave imbilbo, avele!!! Tescotta lasko ponvi encielda ombi. Dembo, demba. . . . Piraxa chelui concosdat silba—ombilevi automobila casca cogenzi—oops!!!! Tomrava anhali disco Nancy Sinatra cali frenzo! Pocharta condifizzim poscamjat caselni intendlam flozm—Coogi jambi i posclui poribom ino hospringa!! Uxjo—onbozma—drivalgo comitzalna dig—Derimicso flom camriche goolap—floridabbo

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milesli Sv. Phillips caffervo sipsas!
Lervoji micsam—
Mudjier

XXXXXXXXXX

Z.M. *"Loodobi" cor "Moxli" phipso lervo ji!!!*

Her mother had a wonderful sense of humour, everybody said so. She always made animals and children sound really comical, calling them by funny names and making them get up to all sorts of whimsical capers. She read her letter again and laughed aloud at the bit about Tescotta and Tomrava—how she wished she could have seen that, it would have been a scream. Her eyes began to bulge, bovine with self-pity.

"Good letter, dear?"

"Is humour. My mother. Makes to laughs of everythings."

"Oh, good. It's so nice to get letters when one's abroad, isn't it? One simply hangs on the post—"

But the girl was hearing the Nancy Sinatra record, and seeing Tescotta and Tomrava, five and six, dancing to the wind-up gramophone in the patio under the shade of the pink flowering vine. She saw the dark knots of the branches, the jug of iced water on its stand, heard, beyond the crumbling stucco of the high wall, with its intrepid Alpine blossoms breaking from every cranny and loose brick, the regular lap-lap of the tideless sea.

WHEN SHE WENT to her room, the Spainish was there, folding back the coverlet. The girl, holding her letter, inched past the big, black-clad bottom of the maid. It didn't shrink for her. The Spainish stayed bent over the bed as if the foreign girl didn't exist. She walked stiffly, watching herself, to the dressing-table; things were not as they'd been before. The Spainish had been at her compact: she saw a dark smudge, a deeper furrow, in her foundation cream. The mirror, when she gazed in, held the imprint of a coarse Mediterranean face. The girl folded her letter into a tight, stamp-size rectangle, and locked it into her trinket box with the key she kept on a chain around her neck.

The Spainish slowly unbent. She put her finger and thumb over her nose as she tapped with her other hand on the pillow.

"Phoo!" she said, sniffing so that you could hear the mucus bubbling in her sinuses.

"Uxtl! Uxtl! Go! Spainish! Pig! Spainish pig!"

She chased her, shouting, words in English and her own language breaking in her, painfully, like airbubbles in oil. On the landing, the Spainish leaned on the banister, going "Phoo! Phoo!", and holding her nose, and gibbering like a Rhesus monkey. When she went down the stairs she was still snorting, full of herself; the girl hung in her doorway and cried, a quiet hiccuping that took her body and rattled it like an empty can on a paved court in a wind.

But the Spainish hadn't got to her relics. When she opened the narrow drawer beneath the mirror, they were as she'd left them: the opals and garnets, the bead string of polished seeds, the silver mandala—she kissed the delicately tooled and beaten juncture of its snake's head and tail.

"Ansalvo corzimla Anvilvi condilmo. . . ."

The Spainish would be a Catholic—Catlicis, gorgers of body and blood. The President had got rid of the Catlicis in his ordinance of 1968. They had put poison in the rivers and were, as the President said over the radio in a voice that rippled and throbbed like a harp, the swollen maggots of the economy—technicians, small shopkeepers, pay-clerks. After the edict, they huddled at the airport and on the dock side with bulging fibre suitcases that were patchworks of stamps and dockets. Catlicis. They smelled of garlic and rank velvet. They lived in shacks between clumps of bougainvillaea, and bred prolifically, and were cruel to animals. On the day they left (a few had been hung and quartered in the villages, in what the Minister of Justice later called an outbreak of over-enthusiasm) the air had tasted cleaner, the vine-blossom had gained in brilliance.

Now she had the stink of the Catlico in her things. Everywhere she moved in the room, the spoor of the Spainish was there. Her phrasebooks and guides were piled in a brisk tidy column; her silver Sweet Sixteen bag was squashed under the sidetable; her hairbrushes were arranged like the hands of a

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clock at ten to two, or two crossed knives. She heard the slippered shuffle of the Spainish's feet along the landing. It stopped at her door. A rustle, the push of paper under the jamb, and the Spainish's laugh, a mad giggle, like the song of a demented thrush. A folded note, blue, scented, was on the floor.

In the old lady's writing:

Go to SOUTH KENSINGTON (Piccadilly Line)

1. *Victoria and Albert Museum. (Costumes, furniture, English portrait miniatures. Look out for NICHOLAS HILLIARD—very pretty.)*
2. *Science Museum, across the road. Machines, telescopes, working models, etc. Interesting if you are mechanically minded.*
3. *Natural History Museum. Birds, animals, some prehistoric. My favourite. You will find directions to all of these in the tube station. I hope you have an enjoyable day. Dinner will be at 7.30 SHARP.*

B.P.

She found most of these words in her dictionary. She wondered why the old lady thought she had a brain like a machine; nobody had ever said anything like that to her before. In her country, no one had ever thought she was clever. It wasn't polite for a girl to be clever, you got called "spectacle face" and "broken reed shoulder." But perhaps in England it was a sort of compliment. She scrutinised the phrase again. It was a little gauche, maybe, but probably not intentionally malicious.

She sat down in front of the mirror. Was she changing? She stared, first at her chin, then tipped her forehead to the glass. She showed her cheeks in turn, wiping the skin over her cheekbones with her middle finger. Teeth . . . gums . . . the soft crannies where her nostrils folded back into her face. She found a fine spray of heat spots on her right cheek. She'd never had those before. It must be the air; greasy, mortal, London air that corroded the flesh as it bit into the brickwork and left the stucco stained with tonguelike tidemarks. She plucked her brows, touched the rash of heat-spots with the loaded tip of a tiny brush like a painter putting in his final highlights, and watched her eyes turning in her head as she searched the reflection of the room in the glass. They looked like fish, like the black, glistening backs of trout hanging in the pool below the bridge at home. In the evenings, when the sun left the water, these trout would break the surface, twisting and diving, ringing the pool with splashes like giant raindrops. But her eyes were as distant, as shy, as subaqueous, as fish in the dead heat of summer. She could scatter them with a footfall.

FOR GOOD LUCK, she avoided the cracks between the paving stones, counting off her steps in units of seven. She burned her finger along the nape of bristles on someone's close-pruned privet hedge. She ran down the escalator so fast that the posters on the side went into a liquid blur, their words skeetering like the pages of a thumbed book. Underground, she felt exhilarated, part of the secret circulation of the city. In a long porcelain tunnel, her shoes clicking with the crowd so that she couldn't tell which footsteps were her own, a hippie was singing to a guitar, squatting over its empty case.

"Love is just like a merry-go-round. . . ." But the lines of the song and the metallic chords of the guitar rolled round and round inside the porcelain tube until they had the melancholy, tuneless resonance of a distant wind-harp. *Wuh-wuh-wuh-wuh-wuh-wuh-bil-a-bah.* She liked it, and stopped, and dropped some shillings into the hippie's guitar case. *Thank-you-wuh-bil-a-bah.* When the train came, driving a column of hot stale air before it that stung her face like a hair-dryer at full blast, she could still hear the hippie and his guitar, sad, vague, remote, over the rattle of the doors and the electric rumble of the stopped engine.

Today, the names of the stations might as well have been in Cyrillic script. They stopped halfway in the carriage window, they held out no promises. She was more interested in a man in an electric blue suit who sat sucking the handle of his telescopic umbrella like a banana. Every so often, his eyes would travel swiftly from one end of the carriage to the other, return to centre, and drop over his umbrella as if he was saying prayers. Once he stared at the shining sun-buckle of her belt, and his big lips quivered, pouted, whispered something into the wet plastic handle. She covered her buckle with her *A–Z*.

ONCE HER FATHER had taken her to the pit-

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head of one of his mines. There'd been an explosion, and gangs of women in shawls muttered among the parked ambulances on the mauve asphalted hilltop. She had seen the wounded men winched up to the daylight in stretchers, had imagined how they must have seen that dim patch of sun growing and growing on their closed lids until it blinded them. Now it was as if she too was being cranked up a long dripping shaft, leaving the terrors and explosions of language behind. Out of words, out of reason, out of time, she came up and up on her stretcher, hearing the dull creak of the winch and the wordless muttering of the crowd in the sun above.

She was at a formica Sandwich Bar; her coffee cup was enormous, big as a burial urn. Men spoke to her, and she went *yeh-yeh-yeh,* crooning to herself, gentling, not knowing what they said. The soft mush of identical green notes in her wallet thinned, as she scattered them on baubles. A wooden toy seen in a window, a little stick man with rubber joints and a perspex tube for a nose; a pair of sandals with cork soles awkward and thick as stilts; a thumb-size guardsman in a busby; a ticket for a competition; a deflated balloon; a matchbox full of tiny coloured bricks to make things with; a rippling, concertina string of postcard views of London; two paper stickers that said WHITEHALL and CARNABY STREET; a football scarf; a mock-brass alarm clock with a bright union jack on its face. Her Sweet Sixteen bag grew as lumpy with surprises as a Christmas stocking.

She found she was on a plunging Big Dipper of feelings. One moment she was singing in her head at the amazing dazzle of sun over Brompton Oratory, a giant, illuminated piece of master confectionery. The next, she imagined her body tossed and smashed in a red blur among the traffic of the Cromwell Road. Her body turned into a blown sheet of crepe paper, harmlessly dancing between the wheels of a column of taxis. She saw, on the back of a man's neck, as he teetered on the pavement waiting to cross, an egg-shaped growth that looked as if it was wrapped in turkey skin. The growth swelled to the size of Brompton Oratory. She saw herself, dwarfed to the height of her guardsman, picking her way through its repulsive folds.

At a corner chemist's she bought a camera, grinning and pointing.

"Yeh, yeh, yeh. Is that one."

The man put a film in for her. She scattered more banknotes, and snapped the man.

"You'd need a flash for indoor shots."

"Pardon?"

But she was gone. She photographed a policeman, a street scene, the front of the V & A (it leaned precipitously backwards in the viewfinder as she tried to get the top pinnacle into the frame), an episcopally purple taxi, a pale adolescent buddhist with a shaven head and saffron robe, and a dog on a step with a tongue like a length of rubber hose. Then, suddenly depressed, she stuffed the camera into her bag beside the football scarf.

She ate a puffy pastry at a patisserie, and thought of her body thickening and swelling, the stretched skin of her stomach tight as a guitar string, pulling around the sag weight of flesh and guts. Her legs would turn to bloated stumps; she would waddle, hopeless as a terrapin on wet sand.

In the cathedral cool of the Victoria and Albert Museum, she dressed herself in all the costumes in the glass cases. She was in crinolines, in hoops, she dragged long velvet trains, she felt the dry crackle of a ruff tickling the soft gland beneath her jawbone. Around her, platoons of methodical Americanos quacked attentively through their adenoids. Weak sunlight filtered through windows of stained glass and made the polished tops of antique tables look as if they were swilling with a wet film. Everywhere she caught her own reflection, all mouth and eyes, a fish that swam to meet her against the invisible wall of an aquarium.

TWICE, she came up against the same man. His lugubrious, guilty face sprouted like an inverted root-vegetable from a suit of white denim. He reminded her of the colonial English in tropical kit who got gored by the clockwork tiger in the Indian Gallery.

The second time, he said, "Hullo," and looked ashamed.

"'Allo," she said, drifting past him in an eighteenth-century wedding dress. She could smell the musk of it clinging to her. She heard the squelch of the man's crepe soles

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behind her for a while, but they stopped at the William Morris Room.

In the dark grotto where the miniatures were lit like glowing icons, she found the Hilliard portrait of a sad Elizabethan gentleman. Leaning against a tree, framed by pale dog roses, every thorn picked out with a brushstroke on the vellum, the young man stared, preoccupied, past her left shoulder, his black cloak slipping unnoticed from his back.

Dat poenas laudata fides, she read in letters of tiny gothic gold leaf over his head, but she couldn't puzzle its meaning out. She'd liked doing Latin with her tutor; he'd had the same feathery moustache as Hilliard's gentleman. But she was never very clever at it. In Latin, people were always having wars and laying siege to cities. French was nicer; it was about furniture and meals and aunts and uncles. But she would have liked to have known what the young man was saying. Perhaps he had just come back from a war. It looked as if he was in love. It would be easy to tear your dress on those dog-roses: he was lucky not to have got holes in his tights. But then it was only a picture. Perhaps he wasn't really a misery man at all, and cracked jokes like her tutor, sly puns that she giggled over, then tried to work out later. The delicate shading where the young man's narrow white thighs joined under his doublet seemed to shimmer and widen, as if he was stepping towards her from his thicket of thorns.

Some girls, foreigns from the sound of them, were jostling against her in front of the glass. She spread her feet wide and stuck out her elbows like a peasant. They shuffled off, whispering. Then, in the dead silence of the grotto, she heard the apologetic squelch of crepe soles.

The man in the white denim suit pulled a face at her, a sick grin.

"Hilliard . . . " he said, and coughed, and turned away.

"Pardon?"

"Ah . . . admire . . . marvellous brushwork . . . eloquent sense of setting . . . fine . . . love miniatures . . . don't you?" She watched his tongue working away in his mouth as if it was busy putting things in drawers. She shrugged amiably. She would like to take a picture of that tongue making its noises. They sounded arbitrary, yet urgent, strings and dollops of sound that piled on top of each other; the man might have been trying to fill up a deep hole with them.

"I say," he said when she started to move out of the grotto. "I say. . . ." and squelched behind her, slapping his rolled-up catalogue on the back of his wrist.

HE BOUGHT HER SET-TEA in the tea room, still tapping, stammering, hang-dog. "Do you see what I mean?" He tried French on her: "yeh, yeh, yeh", and she sank her fork into a squashy lemon-coloured gateau. He hissed the word *relationship* over and over again, and she thought of this boat with the man in the white suit in it drifting over a mirror sea above acres of pink coral.

Wherever she was, he was there too. On the steps of the museum, she photographed him. He turned into a little red and white homunculus in the viewfinder. Then, when she put the camera down, he was there, huge, close beside her, with the long face of an aardvark.

"I find it so easy to talk to you, you know? You understand?"

She handed the camera to him. He fussed with the knobs.

"You've run out of film."

"Me," she said. "Photo me."

He showed her the red window at the back. She wanted to be distant and small in the glass. He was talking technicalities to her.

"No worry," she said, and stuffed the camera back into the Sweet Sixteen bag, her mouth creasing with impatience.

"All I want is to be your friend." They were in a restaurant with chandeliers, and the empty circular face of the waiter hung between them like a low moon. The foreign girl coaxed a snail from its shell, as the man wooed her across the table with the guttural murmur of a sinner in a confessional box. He wrote words for her on slips of paper torn from his napkin. She looked at them and smiled; his handwriting looked like knotted balls of wool. "You understand?"

"Is nice."

"What would you like to do?"

"Discotheque," she said, tired of all that language issuing from the man's mouth like ectoplasm. In her mother's dressing room there were brown photographs of men in high collars and moustaches, their hair plastered back across their skulls in bangs.

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They were, said her mother, men of great spirituality, always in contact with the Other Side. They could make things materialise. In their photos, they looked as if they were swallowing dirty sheets.

"Spiritualismo?" she asked in a taxi as they sped round the darkening rim of the park.

He took her hand. His own felt like a clammy flannel.

"Yes," he said, squeezing his grateful eyes, bland and serious as a marmoset. "One does feel things with people sometimes that go beyond, I don't know, beyond . . . words." His head swivelled back and forth. She imagined him coated in fur, his neck muscles bunching in the fur. They were travelling in parallel with another taxi; a man's face stared out from behind the glass. He wore a turban. She smiled at him. His taxi accelerated and he was pulled slowly, unevenly ahead of them. The last she saw of him, he was craning for a sight of her, his hand brushing at the foggy glass.

"What are you smiling at?"

"Pardon?"

Then they were in a big noise. "Lulu's," said the man, "Oh, I know you'll like Lulu's." It was a cave of pebbled walls and lights the colour of redcurrants. A young man with a wig drank Coca-Cola through a straw and put records on the gramophone. He stood behind the windshield of the severed front half of an old Austin car. Its headlamps winked on and off to the beat of the music, dizzy flashes of electric blue. In the stroboscopic pulses, the white denim suit took amazing leave of its owner: she saw it frozen, rigid gesture after rigid gesture, unearthly, illuminated, like a saint falling out of the sky in an old picture.

The man bought her Campari and, fascinated, she watched the ice lumps in her glass leap into brilliance, their veins outlined in dazzling blue, then die. The music went *bang-bang-bang-bang*; it filled her cranium, as if the whole city was gathering itself up into a concerted heart and thumping in her head, *bang-bang-bang-bang*. The disc-jockey's melon-slice smile hung disembodied over the bonnet of his car.

"I like," she said.

When she came back from the Ladies, past the makeshift bamboo bar, she saw that the whole room was lined at its edges with bodies. They leaned and lay against each other on upholstered benches like so many uncollected parcels. She saw one stir, and in a strobe flash saw its bespectacled half-caste face. It looked like a face on a newsreel, surprised to be there, bathed in a sudden unasked-for celebrity. At the end of the record there was a general swelling and sighing amongst the bodies; the shaking out of a girl's hair, an upraised ringed finger, a mouth in bulbous silhouette, an ankle bare between trouser leg and sock, a cigarette sharp and white in the flame of a silver lighter. She found the man in the white suit, absurdly upright, running his forefinger around the lip of his glass, making the glass squeal.

"Is funny," she said.

IN THE MIDDLE OF "BROWN SUGAR" she found herself pulled into the flashing folds of the denim. A pocket slid by, and her head came to a stop beside a button. She took it between her lips. In the corner of her eye, she saw the bodies; they had the aquatic exhaling motion of the elastic skin of a toad. Above her the man was mumbling, questioning; his voice kept on rising in little breathy squeaks, but she was safe from it, cocooned in the terrific amplified crash of the record. The denim tasted dry, crackly; she could feel it printing its close weave on her cheek. When the man's lips trailed wetly over her forehead and through her hair she thought of glistening horned slugs, but did not mind.

"You like it, Brown Sugar!"

She liked it, turned her face, and licked the twin slugs of the man's lips with a butterfly-flicker of her tongue.

In another taxi, with the lights going out all over the streets, she thought she was on the pitching deck of a boat.

"Is asleep," she said, and clung to the man, seeing him, white-suited, alone and drifting on his relation-ship. She found one of his hands around her left breast, deferential, apologetic. It was a guilty hand, and she took it away without rancour; it just seemed the wrong place for a hand to be.

He woke her at the house number she had given, and when the driver switched on the light in the cab, she saw his face, stretched, earnest, the colour of faded wallpaper. He

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was on a spree of words. She had forgotten something: for a moment she stared at the man trying to remember what it was—some feeling, some dim, generous turning of the heart. But, wherever it was, it wouldn't come. She settled gravely for a rubbery kiss.

"Bye-bye," she said. "Bye-bye."

The taxi driver switched him off. One moment he was there, white, gesticulating, boiling with his speech; the next he was darkened, drowned by the starting motor. The taxi carried him off and she thought of the pictures of tumbrils in her history book.

ONLY THE KITCHEN LIGHT was on in the house. When she opened the door, she saw the Spainish sitting at the oilcloth-covered table with a man. A chair skreaked as she came in, and the Spainish looked bad; her whole body had a fishy droop. Between the Spainish and her man was a half-empty bottle of dry sherry and two blue and white striped mugs. The man, Spainish too by the look of him, wore the servile smirk of a born waiter. His clip-on bow tie had come undone on one side, and dangled from his collar. He watched the girl as she snapped down the latch on the lock. His eyes, black and creamy as molten tar, were fixed on the flaring sun of her buckle.

She walked past them, through the far door, and into the darkened carpeted hall. The Spainish caught her at the foot of the stairs with the shy *pluck-pluck* of a trout going for an artificial fly.

"No tell?" said the Spainish, her head a featureless silhouette in the light from the kitchen. "No tell lady?"

She had her foot on the first stair. "No tell. I no tell." And she laughed at the Spainish, a brisk dismissive snicker that left the maid still teetering nervously, still plucking at her. She climbed the stairs to her room.

She lay in bed in the dark, feeling the starched sheets heavy on her. The slightest movement made them screech like cicadas. She listened.

Through the open window of a distant room, she could hear the Spainish and her man. Their words had stopped. She listened to the mean, methodical thump of their bodies in the dark, like the *chop-chunk* of a woodcutter in the glade beyond the paddock. Then the thin, prolonged squeal of the Spainish, amazed and gratified, and the sobbing grunt of her man. The girl smiled and whispered to herself, her own company.

She would go to other cities, Rome, Paris, New York, Amsterdam; they stretched away in a haze of lights and taxis, of people murmuring in all their languages, of curtained rooms, of rivers that made buildings twice as tall, and dark places, and the corners of streets where strangers collided and separated, and long connecting tunnels where sounds softened to a low animal hum. Her sheets creaked round her as she turned in bed. She felt her cheek, touched the faint, corrugated imprint of denim. She could feel it fading under her finger. By morning, it would be quite gone.

Open-eyed, she lay absolutely still, listening to her city like a lover, hearing it wheeze and mumble in its sleep, waiting for the turquoise stir of sunrise and for the monotonous gobble of the pigeons on the lawn.

The Net

She keeps the memory-game
as a charm against falling in love
and each night she climbs out of the same window
into the same garden with the arch for roses—
no roses, though; and the white snake dead too;
nothing but evergreen shrubs, and grass, and water,
and the wire trellis that will trap her in the end.

Fleur Adcock

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David Martin

The Naked Person

A Critique of Spontaneity

I PROPOSE TO BE inquisitorial about a popular local heresy. The word "heresy" means choice, and this particular heresy is the cult of choice. An inquisitor normally busies himself with consigning the bodies of heretics to the flames but my purpose is limited to subjecting the body of heretical doctrine to enquiry. In the traditional manner of inquisitors I shall assume that heresy is unbalanced truth. The heresy of choice is derived from sources most of which I approve: the Protestant notions of conscience and personal decision, the liberal concept of individual freedom, the existential search for authenticity, the Romantic conception of genius, the psychoanalytic ideal of autonomy. An even more fundamental source may be the Christian belief in the soul and the idea that the only fundamental distinction among men is between the damned souls and the redeemed.

I should make it clear that I don't regard the heresy of personal choice as the worst error likely to come the way of a conscientious inquisitor. Perversions and exaggerations of necessitarian doctrines are usually even more dangerous. There is, for example, the vicious notion that the ordered universe of social relations is part and parcel of the mechanical necessity of the world of nature. There is the sinister belief that human beings will be dragged into freedom behind the chariot wheels of history.

LET ME OPEN THE CASE by briefly indicating the nature of the heresy under enquiry and the kind of argument to be pursued against it. As regards the latter, I shall suggest that the proponents of "freedom" and choice ignore its preconditions. They reject the social *a priori* of personal identity: an order of rules and roles. They associate freedom with chaos. I shall defend order as the basis of freedom and argue that the rhetoric of freedom needs to be carefully qualified. These qualifications will be stated in relation to the specific nature of particular institutional orders: the family, the school, the church and the university. Every order has its own rule. They can also be stated in relation to the specific "order" to which man belongs generically: above the beasts and below the angels. Man is neither so context-bound as an animal nor so context-free as an angel. The nature of man involves an embedded freedom. I shall also argue that to ignore this embedded character of human potential leads to further dangers: an exaggeration of the possibility of being context free *and* of the degree to which contemporary humans in our society are bound to context. The insistence that men can be as angels, neither marrying nor being given in marriage, leads to the claim that our contemporary social order programmes men like beasts. By the same token it aspires to universal knowledge and experiences total relativity.

Random Man

LET ME NOW EXPOUND the basic logic of the heresy of choice. The logic of the spontaneous self seeks its sole context of identity in a pure humanity, and in order to achieve this human essence it rejects all distinctions based on role, whether articulated in a vertical hierarchy or rooted in division of function. The only relevant distinction is ontological, between those who recognise their pure humanity and those who do not. The former are real people, conscious of their alienation; the latter are alienated automata, barely aware that such is their condition. They respectively approximate the redeemed and the damned. Their category is determined by their answer to the question: to be or not to be.

Real people exist in two modes: the one and the all, humanly unique and submerged in the universally human. It follows they cannot be categorised in terms of function, even and especially biological function, or assessed in terms of graded competence. The sacred psyche admits no more or less. Essence like God is not divisible. There is distinction of persons without division of substance. Enumeration based on accidental characteristics is anathema and so is

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organisation based on purposes not one's own. By an odd transposition of classical individualism there are no purposes beyond the wishes of the person. He steers himself entirely by an internally generated system of relevance. And by another transposition of classical individualism these systems of relevance lock automatically into each other, "as it were by an invisible hand."

All externally imposed purposes are engines of inauthentic being: powerful engines no doubt, but in the last resort unreal. Even the external power of greater knowledge and experience must be rejected since all experience is to be personally owned, not passed on. There must be no mechanical transfer of knowledge. The noumenal self is born free and is already full of experiential potency. Traditional modes are mere automatic transfers: every man must start afresh. Knowledge cannot be cumulative. Learning is an expanded awareness which requires no more than the provision of an arena for exploration. An educational system cannot proceed beyond making something available. The personal subject must not be subjected to a subject; mastery is not conveyed by masters. The relationships of educational production are egocentric. One is not taught by somebody nor does one master a recalcitrant externality: the individual enters into an absorption of environment as a personally appropriated totality.

TOTALITY, whether the totality of humans or the totality of the experienced environment, is the logical complement of uniqueness: the all complements the one. This means that just as there are no separate subjects to be acquired so there are no separate senses by which the world is to be apprehended. As in mystical experience each sense merges into one: touch, sight, and sound run into each other. Human beings touch each other to experience the purity of their substance. The laying on of hands communicates the one, sacred, universal element. The All of the world is as God and the unique persons participate in the All as constituent elements of the Godhead.

Thus God is not distinguished: the category of God set over against Man vanishes with the distinction between God and Nature. Religious feeling is oceanic. To be submerged in the ocean is to return to the condition of the child before the world was subdivided by social fiat. He enjoys a participatory democracy of elemental awareness. The child-like condition is as innocent of moral guilt as it is of categories, indeed of modulated language. Thus there are no built-in, derived structures of moral sense, only heteronomous mobile centres of personal sensibility. Nothing can be predicted of such creatures because the genuine response is immediate and therefore random. Once this randomness is achieved external moral programming and social organisation are rendered impossible. Social life returns to a condition of nature.

The Authentic & the Spontaneous

CLEARLY, FOR THOSE SEIZED by this logic of the spontaneous self the existence of particular institutional orders and of a specific character attaching to each is undesirable. Families and schools are condemned as vehicles of received tradition and of prior, unexperienced cumulations likely to weigh down the buoyancy of the self. Furthermore, they are channels of subcultural variation and this offends against the primacy of the single human totality.

Churches, too, are condemned because they proclaim freedom yet try to achieve it by the most complex treacheries against the self. They divert the impulse to authenticity into the silted channels of alienated tradition and superimposed forms: received rituals, automatic repetitions, frozen icons of freedom, stories from which the dynamism has been drained. They freeze the person in the name of salvation, and this is the most seductive of all treasons against being. They turn personal existence into an externally projected essence composed of both all the images of genuine being *and* all the forms of repressive externality. The free is encapsulated in the superimposed, the transcendent person subjected to a transcendent God who legitimates all the varied orders of repression by Himself constituting a separate order of Being, wholly other. The discipline of divesting oneself of the love of created things in order to be united to this otherness is the exact converse of total and easy immersion in the All. Thus Christian baptism is the first step made by the Other in a sequence which ends in total alienation. The only true baptism is natural birth.

CONVENTIONAL SCIENCE goes the way of religion. After all, it claims to be based on rational cumulation, a sort of coral reef to which each human adds another dead, inauthentic body. It affirms external rules which can only be conquered by acts of profound subjection. It posits an order to which personal vagary is irrelevant. In fact, science represents the apotheosis of mechanism.

To take up the role of scientist is to cut out one's human flesh and experience a fall into mere cognition. And along with this subjection to the cognitive goes an exploitative mastery, polluting the innocence of the natural, naively experienced world. The personal poetry is transmuted into a

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bureaucratic, colourless prose in which language goes abstract. There is no more choice about it than a sequence in logic. For conventional science Nature is abstracted data; for human persons it is a rounded response to the world, given not as data but *ex gratia*, by grace. The doctrine of *sola gratia* is transferred to the one holy, undivided world. Natural laws are like social and moral rules, and they are to be broken down by overwhelming personal grace. Scientific revolutions should work not by rational suasion but by personal conversions, by turnings to new paradigms based on the mysterious movement of grace.

Social science, likewise, should be the exploration of the context of personal life, the explication of the activity of the subject. One cannot rise above the saturated contextuality of personal life to an external view composed of rational comparisons. Situations, like humans, are incomparable over cultural space and time. Cultural space like cultural time is discontinuous. Total immediacy produces total relativity. Grace is supplemented by faith in the apodictic reality of the experience of oneself and others. The dogmas of natural grace and natural faith (or faith in the natural) supplant the external eye of abstracting rationality. Thus, the dogma of personalism hangs over the abyss of scepticism and relativity.

THE ARTS TOO are condemned by the dogma of spontaneity. There are no pre-existing moulds or cumulated technical means to constitute the necessary conditions of expression. Just as there are no subjects, and no distinct modes of experience so there are no distinctions between the arts, or between critics and performers, or performers and audience. The critical act of dividing up levels and modes and qualities of experience for dissection based on circumscribed analytical purposes creates illusions of those delimited, limiting sectors of reality which feed alienation. Creation annihilates criticism, and vice versa. The genuine is the sole criterion.

Like the critical act, the creation of acts within plays destroys the free play of the self. The separation of audience and players brings about a false division between the active and the passive mode. A set piece, designed for repeated performance, freezes spontaneity because real freedom is literally *ex-tempore*. Indeed it is temporarily ex-literal. Everyone is an artist and poet and there can be no functionally distinct professions of artists and poets. The totality of persons must participate and their participation must be a continuous creation, not a repetition of set roles.

People who have been made whole cannot repeat parts. There are no models or monuments or permanent exemplary achievements embodied in "classics." Art is not an artefact. Arts, like facts, are abolished.

WHAT, FINALLY, ARE THE RELATIONSHIPS between the personally free and the socially bond?

The words with which the free label the condition of the bond are conformity, conventionality, paternalism, authoritarianism. These labels are the only permissible ones; all other labels utilised in conventional society are superimposed prophecies which defeat the self. If the self *is* defeated it is because it has been subjected to labelling by those who themselves have been defeated by incarceration in an externally imposed system, by incorporation in families, schools, and churches.

It follows that those who reject established social forms or who have never been exposed to them are better candidates for authenticity than those who conform. Deviants are at least potentially genuine people; conformists have relinquished even the possibility of authenticity. Pejorative labels superimposed by conformists are almost guarantees of authenticity: the mad and the criminal are authentic prophets defeated by inauthentic prophecies. They are the free imprisoned by the imprisoned. They are the victorious defeated by the defeated. The mad and the criminal have achieved the first prerequisite of genuine being: rejection of the rules of normal intercourse and of distinctions based on such contingent features as territory and property.

Real humans have no properties and recognise no proprieties. Those who make everything their own can own nothing in particular.

Order & Rule

SUCH IS THE LOGIC of the spontaneous person: it embodies the totality of experience in the immediate present.

It is, of course, an ideal construct, a piece of social logic overlapping other logics to which I have given an intellectual unity it usually lacks in real life. In order to criticise this notion I am going to present another ideal construct based on a quite different notion of freedom. I am going to defend masters and mastery, disciplines and discipleship, habit and continuity, the located and the familiar, the bounded and the particularised, rules, roles and relations. George Herbert's great poem on "Prayer"—that most immediate and total encounter of the naked self with another—speaks not only of "church bells beyond the stars heard" and "the bird of paradise" but calls prayer "Heaven in ordinary; man well drest." I want to

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speak for the ordinary and the common, for man well dressed as well as naked. I am not, of course, against nakedness as such; my contentions concern time and place. The special grace of nakedness is only safeguarded provided it does not aspire to become a universal condition.

Before I move to a consideration of the various institutional orders and to the "rule" on which they may be based, let me pause for a few paragraphs of entirely premeditated play on the words "order" and "rule."

A RULE is an instrument of measurement, something which enables you to take the measure of something or somebody. A rule indicates the existence of a regularity, something which enables you to anticipate and therefore to act. A rule is the basis of social regulation, something which tells you where and who you are in relation to a social universe. The activities of grasping, acting, anticipating, and of knowing where and who you are depend on the existence of rule. Men need rulers.

When we say something happens "as a rule" we refer to statistical and social normality: to that which is usual in nature and accepted in social life. Unless things occur "as a rule" then nothing is familiar. Familiar things go together as a family, and a family is both a classificatory scheme in nature and an intimate conjunction of persons in society. Familiarity breeds: it is the necessary though not the sufficient condition of creativity in our relation to nature and it is the optimum context of creativity in the moulding of persons. Rules, families, and classifications are concerned with belonging and by extension with what is proper: properties in nature and proprieties in social relations. A property in nature is what belongs to what, and property in society is what belongs to whom. It is the basis of grasping the appropriate action in a given context. What belongs to whom further indicates the mode of behaviour which is somebody's due: his due is our duty. And duty is based on the notion of a rule.

ORDER is the word cognate with rule. An order has a rule. Rule and order are each other's spiritual familiars. An order is the exercise of the powers of a ruler; it is also a discerned set of complex relations. Beyond that it is the basic notion of a universe of such relations. In the social universe an order is a set of likely relations involving both hierarchies of power and esteem, and appropriate division of functions. In terms of hierarchy a man performs the duties proper to his order; in terms of function a man who is "under orders" or "in orders" is set aside for a particular *purpose*. To elaborate on the ecclesiastical instance, the man "in orders" is also the *ordinary*; both the exercise of the common and the proper (that is, the usual and the different) depend on the existence of the ordinary.

I mentioned purpose. Parallel to the phrase "as a rule" there is the phrase "in order to." We do some things in order to achieve others in the future. Thus the concept of "in order to" is the basis of giving an historical account of human activity and relates to the essence of history, *i.e.* the *order* in which things occurred. Dates are crucial to history and to any detection and understanding of order in human affairs whether we are concerned with a crime or a civilisation.

Let me now turn to the first institutional order for which I want to specify a rule: the family.

The Family, & Personal Definitions

THE FAMILY IS THE FIRST SOURCE of identity, since it identifies those who make it up and its senior members are models for identification. Identity is built up on a process of identification *by* and identification *with*. Creativity begins with moulds and models and gradually achieves originality by variation on the given. There is no guarantee that the moulds and models are good ones, but the alternative is a vacuum or oscillation. A model is a stable sculpture carved out of chaos. It resembles an intellectual model in that it is the first pre-condition of creative variation. From it the child derives the very notion of coherence, of certain things going together and belonging to each other: it is the basis of the notion of "character."

The family is a form of going together and belonging, and the model of "relations" it sets out is superimposed. All models are superimposed on flux. They are rooted in a decision. The necessity of choice so far as parents are concerned demands a firm decision about the nature of the model they provide, concerning what things go together, relate and belong. They designate by their own creativity who belongs and what belongs to whom. They themselves are existential cowards if they do not decide; and, moreover, their decisions are the necessary though not sufficient pre-condition of equality and justice within the family. There may be injustice on account of authority, but there can be no justice without it. Justice in the family is not the consequence of the mutual adaptations of one child to another any more than justice in society has been the consequence of the adaptation of the weak to the strong.

In any case the very refusal to provide a consistent model involves the imposition of a model.

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The refusal to gives cues sets a pattern of cuelessness.

THERE ARE TWO WAYS of providing authority: it can be either superimposed by fiat or built up by habit. To build up a pattern of justice by habit requires *stable* decision-making: the outlines of a model once drawn need to be maintained. The model may be filled in, supplemented, extended and modified; but the outline must remain firm. Children are drawn into this outline, and define themselves in relation to it. Once the definition is clear and the habits derived from stability achieved they can be invited and co-opted into the process of varying the model. This is genuine paternalism: the process of fatherly and motherly induction into the possibility of creative variation.

The exercise of personal option depends on co-option. There is of course a limit, because complete co-option can destroy the possibility of creative rebellion. There is a point at which the superimposed nature of the original model must be allowed to become clear, both in order to maintain the integrity of the original parental decision and in order to ensure the integrity of children who desire to make an alternative choice. Their choice must be accorded the dignity which belongs to an Either-Or.

THIS ALTERNATIVE depends on superimposed decision in another sense: the firm demarcation of what belongs to whom and of private areas which are the sacred thresholds of personal integrity. In this way the family imparts the notion of distinction as well as that of integrity: it defines the common and the individual. By authoritative decision the concept of complex personal structures is made available. Just as the rhythm of the church's year divides common from festive, so the rhythm of the family devises varied space and delineated, shaped periods. It defines limits and opportunities: the play-pen is a limit and an opportunity; bed-time is a constriction which guarantees the right to sleep.

The dependency relation of childhood is very inimical to arrangements based on the logic of the spontaneous self. The requirements of survival require pre-emptive decisions and the requirements of economy in decision-making suggest using ready-made cultural modes rather than the confusing invention of new ones. Thus, the universal openness of the child is pre-empted willy-nilly by a name, a nation, a role-definition, a place and a set of normal cultural recipes. Where there are siblings, equality and justice according to role, aptitude, interest and age depend on the firm exercise of authority. Both the psychological health provided by stability and definition, and the needs of justice are rooted in authority and hierarchy. If participatory democracy were instituted in the family it would have the usual consequence: unidimensional determination by peers.

That this consequence is indeed usual becomes clearer if we turn to the second order I wish to consider: the education system.

The Educational Place

ALL EDUCATION should, of course, call forth the personal element from teacher and student and has a co-operative aspect. But the ideology of the naked self, recapitulating the process of human learning in his own experience, is a wasteful tactic in which the waste is only partly avoided by a covert manipulation replacing the older, overt manipulation. Nor does it succeed in its objective. The person exposed to this method either flounders from lack of direction or is subject to a process of detailed suggestion which leads him to expect and require an environment of persistent support. Whichever occurs, independence of mind and self-determination are not really encouraged. Self-determination emerges more easily when the person is gradually, clearly, overtly, firmly inducted into responsible roles, transferable rules, ordered relations. Learning by osmosis is intended to permit the intuition of general concepts but, in fact, only succeeds in saturating the person helplessly in a *totally* particular context. A child intuiting a whole sentence is unable to read for himself a single word.

But not only does the child need rules in learning but he requires location in space, fixed points in a room and a day, boundaries marking transitions. Otherwise he ends the day not only bored with lack of overt difference between times and subjects but sick of the strain of choice. Free expression can end as boredom compounded by strain in which only the children whose home backgrounds teach firm hierarchies of choice and sequences of achievement survive. Boundaries of time, place, role, subject and sequence provide a child with the preconditions of self-definition and self-determination. Not, of course, that boundaries need be rigid but a child should know his "place". To say "go to your place" could be a sharp rebuke under the older system of discipline; but a child should at least *know* his place, because those who do not "know their place" have no place they can call their own. A demarcated, set, private place is only secured by the firm exercise of *authority*: authority is the basis of a bounded

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and therefore secure location of the self. The alternative to authority is not self-regulation but regulation by peer-group—other-determination; and if authority thinks it can avoid pre-empting the decisions which define a culture's modes and boundaries it only hands the individual over more securely to domination by the norms of local and peer-group culture—a culture which probably does *not* contain within it the seeds of its own self-criticism.

A SCHOOL needs to be "marked" in several senses. A child should be "marked", *i.e.* seen in his place. His work needs to be marked, *i.e.* placed and located according to a standard of worth, or he has no mark at which to aim. The school organisation needs to be "marked" in that demarcated areas are created by function and occupant so that chaotic flow is canalised and checked by sacred spots and personal reservations. Enough has to be decided for nine-tenths of life to be gratefully experienced as "taken for granted." Only when whole ranges of things are "understood" can anything be said; only when enough has already been decided is there an area of personal decision.

The Church, & the Root Destroyed

LET ME NOW TURN to my third order: the Church. Of course, the contemporary Church is afflicted by other models than the existentialist one. It is, for example, affected by the mode in which science affects society. Each area of contemporary social life is impressed, not so much by the *content* of science, as by the *pace* of scientific discovery. The field of education, which I have just looked at, feels the need to produce bogus innovation in order to show that it emulates the scientific paradigm; similarly so the Church. In this way the notion of passing on a good from generation to generation is undermined.

But it is also undermined from a quite different direction, which is once again the influence of the concept of the naked person continually confronting people with his existential self. After all, in emulating the paradigm of secular innovation the Church has rather little to offer except administrative reshufflings, flat and often horrible modernisations of language, and the occasional gimmicky imitation of media techniques. In religion all the options have been explored already; the latest modernity is, in fact, the revival of some primitive Shamanism, or some ancient and preferably oriental wisdom. The emphasis on the relevant is too clearly complemented by the rapid obsolescence of the merely contemporary.

But as regards the naked self the Church can find in that notion a plausible analogue of the naked soul under the eye of God; except, of course, that the naked self is under the eye of others rather than of the Wholly Other. Thus, there appears a curious imitation of the scientific paradigm which is in fact restricted to verbal innovation about the experiencing subject. The forward thrust of so-called relevance coins words to express the aspiration to achieve naked souldom: the vocabulary of meaningful relationship, or significant personal encounter. Nothing is signified but one seeks for the personally significant. It is the same bogus innovatory thrust as occurs in education, since there, too, the vocabulary of "relationship" represents a new verbal coinage corresponding to remarkably little in terms of actual advance.

BUT IN RELIGION, as in education, not only do the new words move forward but almost the only content they have is to ensure that education and religion themselves move back.

The naked self is in fact a random whirligig deprived of historical content and of the recalcitrant otherness of the world against which the self can be forged. If nothing is passed on, if nothing is given, then nothing is received. If no externality in terms of awkward social and physical reality, or in terms of cumulating disciplines, presents itself then the self becomes an oscillating nullity. One should not conclude that because the dead weight of the past *can* blast present potential, and because the challenge of the environment *can* severely defeat those who try to master it, that the person is fulfilled by following the vagaries proposed by the unhedged psyche.

The ideology of the experiencing self is literally *self*-defeating: beyond a certain point the emphasis on *direct* experience diminishes the possibility of experience.

Of course the Church is not so bad as our education system in these respects. Whereas the education system attempts to protect the child from experience in the name of experientialism, the Church is sometimes capable of realistic forays into the contemporary world and of attempting to work within the sharp constraints and cramps of actual situations. It is not purely an arena for indulging the self. Yet the parallels are there and particularly evident where the spheres of Church and education cross.

Educationists afflicted by the ideology of the naked self lose confidence in their right to socialise, especially if someone manages to persuade them

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that civilisation is and ought to remain middle class. But the hesitations of the secular educationist are redoubled in the religious educationist who finds himself with *nothing* to impart other than the ideology of the experiencing self. He can only move among his pupils proclaiming that he is as profoundly human as they are; to proclaim himself as even more human would, of course, be élitist.

THE INSIGHT OF THE STUDENT, the experiential illumination of the gospel depend on rote and rite. What is done by rote and performed in ritual provides the necessary substratum of habit on the basis of which experience becomes possible. The shortest way to creativity is habituation to the technical means of expression and steady soaking in a historical context. In his *Bluebeard's Castle* (1971) Dr George Steiner remarks on what it must mean for a civilisation to have the gospels repeated again and again and again in the central rites of the Church. The model for the Church is not the logic of the naked self or the systematic obsolescence of scientific change but—*in part*—a historical model. That model is one of richness superimposed on richness, of cumulation, of bringing forth things both new and old, of raising up what has been cast down, of inserting a new order and a miraculous new birth *within* the genealogical table which runs from the first Adam to the second.

STRIPPING DOWN to the *kerygma*, stripping off the historic encrustations of the Church's involvement in culture, stripping away all that culture might impose on the naked self, is to destroy both root and flower. In this context radicalism means the destruction of the root. Christ Himself becomes no more than the paradigm of a free man. Yet Christ was actually of the root of Jesse. The gospel begins with an affirmation of roots: who begat whom. It affirms universality and freedom by beginning with a genealogical table based on the peculiar history of Israel. To forget that genealogical table is to conceive of the Incarnation outside the cumulation of history and away from the particularities of time and place. Christ Himself was bounded. The Incarnation depends on that boundary just as grace depends on the law. In the same way the freedom of man depends on our acknowledging that men are not angels. Man's limits are his opportunities, including the arbitrary donations of history and culture. Those who attempt to strip off the successive layers of the onion do not find a true noumenal self at the centre but nothingness: out of nothing nothing comes. Only God creates *ex nihilo*.

Models of the University

I TURN NOW to the last "order" I wish to consider: the University.

It may seem strange to discuss the university apart from the school and after the Church. But the university differs from the school in that it deals with those who are in early adulthood, and it differs also since it is concerned with a more limited sector of personal development. Moreover, it is, in certain highly specialised areas, affected by the consequences of the knowledge explosion in a way schools are not. So far as its relation to the Church is concerned there is a clear historical connection and a functional similarity. What is catholic and universal in the Church overlaps the breadth characterising a university. The intellectual clerisy resembles the clergy in its specialised commitment. And so on.

However, rather than explore these comparisons I want to consider the implications of the ideology of the spontaneous and masterless self for the process of learning and for the relationships of scholarly production. In so doing certain other influences derived from individualism will also become apparent, notably the ideology of *laissez-faire*, the notion of the democratic comparability of all tastes, even the model of political liberalism. All these merge with the cult of spontaneity in their impact on the rule which should characterise the university.

Young people entering a university have usually been members of schools and families while only some of them have acquaintance with churches. In these schools and families they may have been indoctrinated with the ideology of a pure authentic self which, when allowed full expression, enters into self-regulating and harmonious relations with others. Thus, they may be the products of a *weak* version of liberalism whereby *laissez-faire* is transmuted into personal hedonism and the unbounded unregulated natural commune substitutes for the invisible hand.

But perhaps they are not only creatures of the middle-class ideologies corroding school and family, but have also been influenced by two other models, both inimical to the specific purposes of a university. These models are derived from commerce and the media.

The first is the market model, and it assumes that the satisfaction of personal wants and desires is the only given: the customer is always right. In this model, custom does not mean an accepted and understood mode of doing things but a regular demand. Customers habitually make demands. Translated into university terms, students make demands and teachers supply them.

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After all a salesman must never frustrate a customer. "Goods" are passed from one person to another rather than a "good" transmitted from one generation to another. Such goods are not subjected to "quality control" by the salesman. His business is to minister humbly to assorted likes and dislikes. It is not for him even to enquire whether the assorted items go together or will cumulate into a coherent ensemble over time.

Students are now so deeply sold on this principle that they do not even know they have bought it. The consequences of such a principle clearly mingle with the consequences of principled spontaneity, more particularly as regards the relevance of tradition and the way personal relevance may be the basis of any assortment of items.

THE SECOND MODEL is that provided by the media. Here the criterion is not knowledge or logical sequence but impact and therapy. This criterion is supplemented by a kaleidoscopic manner of presentation entirely complementary to personal disorder. Excitement is more central than truth, interest and easy assimilation more important than probity of presentation. Many young people take up the cue provided by the emphasis on therapy and come to understand the university as an arena of personal therapy which only differs from the media in allowing activity rather than passivity. They must themselves constitute the drama, making news as they go along. Thus, if they do not train their intelligences they will at least have released their feelings and put their attitudes on exhibition.

In every respect the combined models of the spontaneous self, of supply and demand, therapy and impact, are utilised without regard to context. They generate a common rhetoric which seems immediately convincing. When this is joined to the rhetoric derived from the political sphere, of one man one vote, a convincing reply in terms of the specific nature and character of a university seems impossible.

Yet, in fact, a university is less conformable to market and media models than it is to the model provided by the structure of the family. Like a family it transmits a good by a prior act of qualitative judgment; like a church it takes a novice, tests his calling and socialises him into a rule of life. As in the family there is a clear hierarchy of knowledge and experience which does not respond to demand but *makes* demands on those who desire to attain the good which is offered. It sets out the minimal conditions which must precede the achievement of certain ends. The custom is not that of the customer but a custom of disciplined criticism.

Maps & Frontiers

AT THIS POINT THERE ARISES a problem which has been crucial to all the previous issues. When has personal judgment been developed so that its choices are its own?

Libertarianism declares that genuine choice exists from the beginning; authoritarianism states that it never comes into being except for an established élite. Clearly a university cannot take the vagaries of the unhedged psyche as a datum but must make choice at least partly consequent on mastery. Within the particular purposes of a university, choice has some degree of dependence on knowledge. A university must make a pre-emptive strike in favour of knowledge in order to ensure equality of access to the possibility of genuine choice. Other things may disturb the genuineness of that choice, but choice cannot hope to exist without knowledge. Only when most decisions have been made *for* students can most decisions be made *by* them. Thus, authority precedes spontaneity. People who have exercised total freedom of choice from the beginning neither know the range of choice which has been open to them nor realise the range of things they have not become. Total openness leads to absolute closure. Moreover, they can easily suppose that the collection of bits and pieces which seemed initially to be relevant to their spontaneous desires provide an "education." Not to know what you are not is as bad as not knowing what you are.

A university thus requires authority and some pre-emptive decision, a demand made by a master that a student achieve mastery, an external standard eliciting the self-determination of those who attempt it, a process of repetitive soaking in the peculiar nature of a subject, and a habituation to its technical instruments. This is the monastic discipline of a discipline: cumulative, demanding, recalcitrant, not always clearly relevant, or pleasurable, or therapeutic. The mind explores but the terrain inflicts sanctions on those who ignore maps. The specific grain of a field of knowledge defines optimal paths, constricts the range of alternatives compatible with given destinations.

THIS IS NOT TO SAY that the terrain is susceptible to only one approach, or that the maps provided suggest only one route. It may mean indeed that mastery of a terrain requires sensitivity to the very lack of definition, to the complex overlapping of borders, to the variety of levels at which one may operate, to the varied pay-offs which different types of approach may expect to achieve. In other words, not only is authority in a university a precondition of choice, but mastery

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is a precondition of freedom which is inherent in the nature of a subject. The personal subject cannot be itself until it masters the subject.

Of course, this is simply to state the minimal logic of the learning and teaching enterprise. The nature of the community itself involves other principles, in that differences in mastery are usually complemented by parallel variations in seniority and by the contrast between a permanent commitment to a vocation and a temporary novitiate. This further tilts the university away from naive egalitarian models based on the procedures of politics, commerce or entertainment, or on the logic of spontaneity.

ONE FURTHER ELEMENT works against the implications of spontaneous choice. It is the need for benign social processes somewhat apart from the specific requirements of mastery and achievement and able to annul the acerbities of achievement by providing familiar roles. Achievement only bulks large in a destructive manner when stretched over a mechanical grid of educational provision, lacking the support of habitual roles, lacking understood ways of operating traditional procedures and affirmative rituals rooted in the nature of the community.

It is in this context that freedom is most clearly rooted in habit. Without habit there arises a cannonade of continuous prescription and a perpetual testing of boundaries. Territories become defined by persistent raids across frontiers. The individual person cannot settle in such a way as to exercise choice because he needs either to be constantly explaining himself and giving reasons, or he has to go into hiding. Personal life exhausts itself in preliminaries. It becomes over-explicit or entirely vacuous, instead of moving freely over paths that are implicit and understood. What is implicit provides the ground for the higher stages of freedom: the right to anonymity as distinct from the inevitability of anomie. Just as identification precedes identity, so anonymity completes it.

IN A UNIVERSITY the alternative to hierarchy is not co-operative equality but irresponsible anarchy: "you in your small corner and I in mine." Where there is no "responsible person" on whom rests the weight of pre-emptive decision there are no responsible persons. The naked self bereft of habituation and of direction tends to become an anarchic monad: and, moreover, a monad complaining he does not know what is expected of him and that he is subjected to multiple pressures from students and colleagues.

The naked subject finds that the logic of spontaneity is subjection to the immediacy of others.

Angelic Aspiration & Sub-Humanity

IN SUMMARY, rules, roles and relations are placed by contemporary heresy and potent fashion in opposition to the naked person.

This naked person is often conceived as some noumenal self which not only precedes but is distorted by all the particular locations involved in socialisation. To recapitulate my understanding of this concept of the naked person I might employ a sexual analogy: it is unclothed, instinctive, spontaneous, uncoerced, immediate. It is deeply averse to the alternative analogy suggested by the process of birth, which is costly, lengthy, and imposed. I have argued that this opposition between the true self and rules, roles, and relations is misconceived. The true self depends on rules and roles: spontaneity is the last achievement of habit.

Of course, differentiated function and hierarchy, or purpose and sequence, or norms and normality may constrict the self severely, but without those constrictions it is extremely difficult for the person to emerge at all. What for radicals is universally given at the beginning and destroyed by the process is actually a costly possible achievement at the end of the process. There are partial exceptions to this, not persons as such but aspects of certain very rare persons, such as a great mathematician or a Mozart. Mozart himself was no angel but so far as music was concerned he was very close to the angelic condition. There *are* traces of glory in our angel-infancy. But most of us are in every respect more than a little lower than the angels. The urge to fly above location in culture, to reject the trammels of the historically given, to be masterless and immediate, is an angelic aspiration which ends in subhumanity. Thus, those who believe in rising above all arbitrary particularities find that they conceive themselves as trapped in a total relativism. Those who seek a totally free communication eventually conclude that nothing genuine can be said apart from proclaiming the impossibility of communication.

But to obey the rule of one's order is to discover the possibility of a new order. Those who have accepted the condition of confinement find they are present at a miraculous birth, limited by time and place, fully human, before which even angels cover their faces.

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Barbara Wootton

Journey to CHINA

THESE REFLECTIONS are based on a month's visit to Eastern China in the late autumn of 1972, in a party of twenty-one persons of extremely diverse experience and outlook, travelling under the auspices of the Society for Anglo-Chinese Understanding, but paying for themselves. We could, I suppose, fairly be included in what Dennis Bloodworth[1] has described as "crude Anglo-Saxons armed with notebooks and cameras", but we would emphatically reject his assumption that the questions we asked of our hosts were impertinent. Moreover, if we covered our share of the "well-trodden rat-run of communes, factories, 'cadre schools', hospitals and universities" (not to mention ordinary schools, kindergartens and housing estates), our divergent interests were also generously catered for. Those who were concerned about religious freedom were able to visit a Catholic church in Peking and to converse with the Chinese priest in charge. In Shanghai a meeting was arranged between members of the party with special interests in urban planning and the relevant municipal authorities; and in this case considerable trouble was taken to answer a previously submitted questionnaire. Finally, I myself had a long discussion in Peking with two judges from different levels of the judicial system, together with a "responsible person" from the prison; and, after considerable pleading, I was even allowed to visit the Shanghai prison—a privilege which I gather has rarely if ever been conceded to foreign penologists since the cultural revolution.

Still, a month is a month and not twenty years; and even if you work to the point of exhaustion all day and every day (which we did) and even if you are serviced by highly accomplished interpreters and you wander unaccompanied about streets and shops with your eyes open, you are acutely aware of the inevitable superficiality of your observations. You may travel some 2,000 miles (which we did), yet a glance at the map will still betray how vastly the unknown hinterland exceeds the territory covered. You tell yourself that you know more than if you had stayed at home, but at times, even after your return, unanswered questions crop up so fast and furiously that you almost begin to believe that you are more, not less, ignorant than you were when you set out. It is against this background that these reflections must be assessed.

My own first, last and overwhelming impression (shared, I think, by most, if not all, my companions) was that we were witnessing a phenomenon comparable only to a massive religious conversion. The doctrine, of course, is wholly secular, but the emotional fervour has the quality of a religious movement. Even Dr Joseph Needham, who besides being a most distinguished sinologist is strongly sympathetic to the present régime, speaks of the Chinese form of Marxism as a "moral theology."[2] Moreover, like many religions, Chinese Communism has its sacred books. Its bibles are the works of Marx, Engels, Lenin and (though less frequently quoted) Stalin; and, of course, Chairman Mao. In the regular periods of political study required of every loyal citizen these texts appear to be almost

BARBARA WOOTTON *is the author of (among other books) "Freedom Under Planning" (1945), "Testament for Social Science" (1950), and "Crime and the Criminal Law" (1964). She was created a Life Peer in 1958 (Baroness Wootton of Abinger). She taught economics and social studies for many years at the Universities of Cambridge and London. She has also been a Governor of the BBC and a Justice of the Peace and Chairman in the Metropolitan Juvenile Courts. Her autobiography, "In a World I Never Made," was published by Allen & Unwin in 1967.*

[1] *The Observer*, 10 December 1972.
[2] J. Needham, *Hand and Brain in China* (Anglo-Chinese Educational Institute, 1971).

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exclusively used, and portraits of the first four authors regularly hang on the walls of public buildings, factories, and schools even more frequently than do pictures of Mao himself. And Mao also, even when addressing his observations to the contemporary scene, habitually adopts the Marxist-Leninist idiom, and implies that these writers are the fount of all wisdom.

TWO RECORDED CONVERSATIONS will illustrate what I mean by mass conversion. At one engineering works, a young woman described how it was the business of her team to collect cylinders from one factory and deliver them to another for further processing. When some of their colleagues were sent away on another job, those that remained found themselves unable to fulfil their allotted tasks. An argument then developed as to whether shortage of workers or shortage of trucks was the primary reason for their failure. Presently, however, our informant pointed out that these were external factors, and that Chairman Mao's emphasis on self-reliance should make them look for any fault within themselves. Only then did they realise that they had been in the habit of collecting the cylinders about 9 o'clock each morning whereas 8 o'clock was the time when the factory was organised for delivery. So, thanks to Mao, the time-table was changed and the target attained.

Again, on another occasion the operator who worked the fork-lift for loading their trucks was sick, and none of the team was competent to replace him. Had they not studied Chairman Mao they would have gone back empty, thus incidentally wasting petrol. But with their new self-reliance they discovered that a second team employed on the same job by another factory did include a competent operator, and by borrowing his services their task was, once again thanks to Mao, fully accomplished.

Another worker described how, after leaving secondary school for employment in this factory, she had proudly imagined herself in workman's overalls in charge (as many girls are) of a big, complicated machine. Instead, alas!, she was assigned to work as a cook, and her "dream became a soap bubble." Her comrades, however, came to her rescue, emphasising the spirit of service to the community and the fallacy of supposing that one stays at school just in order to get a superior job. So she became (temporarily) reconciled, putting the claims of socialist construction before personal gain. Nevertheless, "the struggle was protracted", and when she had to go to hospital and the doctor guessed from the smell of her clothing that she was employed as a cook, she "blushed and hemmed and hawed without admitting the truth." Happily, however, she turned to the *Communist Manifesto* (1848) by which she was reminded that the communist revolution demands a thorough breach with bourgeois ideology. This, she now realised, she had failed to make. She was in fact caught in a "struggle between two world outlooks and two ideologies." Eventually, therefore, "having gained much insight from Marx and Engels", she resolved to serve the people—and succeeded so well that on one occasion when the workers complained that her cooking was too salty she accepted and acted upon the criticism, instead of taking it (as, without her studies, she would have done) as a personal affront. Thereafter "every bowl of rice, every dish of food was a bullet to fight reaction and revisionism."

Undoubtedly, Marx and Engels must have credit for their discovery of, and emphasis upon, the class struggle. But Marx has been dead for ninety years, Engels for nearly eighty, and Lenin for almost half-a-century. When alive, they all wrote for very different conditions than those which face China today; and many of their prophecies have proved hopelessly mistaken. Thus the *Communist Manifesto* of 1848 forecast that in capitalist societies the poor would get poorer and the rich richer till the middle classes were squeezed out of existence altogether; whereas in fact in this century the middle class has increased faster than either end of the social hierarchy. As for Lenin's prophecy that after the proletarian revolution, the state would "wither away"—that, in the light of what has happened in every communist country in the world, surely borders on the ridiculous.

THAT THE CURRICULUM of China's ubiquitous political education should not range beyond authors so far removed from the contemporary scene is indeed a melancholy limitation. For all that we heard, one would suppose that nothing had ever been written by anyone other than the Chosen Five which could throw light on the social and political problems of China today. To this (if one is blasphemous enough to raise the matter) the official answer is that the validity of Marxist-Leninist principles is eternal and that the philosophy of dialectical materialism is the

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expression of "universal truths." Nevertheless there was something pathetic in the spectacle of a girl factory worker puzzling about whether references to "Versailles" in the history of the 1870 Paris Commune related to a place or to a person; or of a shop manager poring over the *Communist Manifesto* and Lenin's *State and Revolution* in order to learn the lesson that, if he thought himself superior to an ordinary worker, he stood convicted of bourgeois ideology. Such scenes, I must confess, evoked in me strange echoes of Billy Graham quoting biblical texts to illustrate the sinfulness of pride. Can it be that the philosophy of Marx himself, to whom religion was the opium of the people, is in its turn becoming the latest thing in opiates?

THE YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN who are China's potential future leaders cannot be adequately nourished on stale opiates. It is to the future, not the past, that their minds must be addressed—to the urgency of avoiding the mistakes of the West exemplified by our hideous industrial cities and suffocating traffic congestion; to the creeping menace of pollution; to the problem that nobody has yet seriously tackled—that of making the demands of industrial work compatible with human dignity; or even to the absurdity of a standard of hygiene which requires persons suffering from colds to wear masks in public, and prohibits the insanitary practice of licking stamps by printing them without any gum—and yet allows the habit of spitting to be indiscriminately practised by innumerable males and occasional females. In the formidable task of harnessing modern technology to a civilised way of life the Chinese are faced with a thousand and one problems, great and small, in the solution of which they will turn in vain to their Marxist bibles. No doubt there are sophisticated people at the top who know this well enough. But there is little sign that such awareness is stimulated also at humbler levels.

ALL THIS WAS hauntingly reminiscent of a somewhat similar visit to the Soviet Union which I made some forty years ago when the Russians were the darlings of the Left. Then too one was conscious of a spirit of "service to the people." In the kindergartens the Russian children sang about completing the Five Year Plan in four, as in China today children sing and dance to express their affection for Chairman Mao and to illustrate their own little contributions to "Socialist construction." And the Russians, no less than the contemporary Chinese, ascribed exceptional virtues to the proletariat.

In both countries also our hosts were singularly incurious about the way of life of the non-communist world in general, and about their guests in particular. In China, apart from one representative of the official Travel Service who had studied our educational system at first hand, and was eager to discuss the intricacies of *A*-levels and *O*-levels in excellent English, spontaneous interest in who or what we were was anything but conspicuous. The prevailing note was struck when a University lecturer in our party, after a talk on English academic life, was asked the question: "Which of the works of Chairman Mao are chiefly studied in British universities?"

But there were also differences between the Russia of the early '30s and the China of the early '70s; and some of these may be pointers to future divergence. In Russia both the military and the police were everywhere much in evidence, and every public building was guarded by a soldier armed with rifle and fixed bayonet. Even at an orphanage a child similarly equipped stood at the door. In China one sees hundreds of soldiers walking about off-duty, and quite young children are taught to use firearms "for the defence of the motherland"; but military guards were in evidence only at railway bridges. As for the police, other than those on traffic duty, if they were around at all, they must have been totally disguised. Again, in Russia, fifteen years after the Revolution homeless children were still wandering in the streets. But in China nearly twenty-four years after Liberation we never saw a beggar. Finally, the Chinese received us with a greater show of enthusiasm than I ever remember being demonstrated by the more stolid Russians; and they were much more ready to let us wander about and take photographs (of everything except steam locomotives). Nor do I think it quite fair for Dennis Bloodworth in *The Observer*[3] to dismiss this cordiality as merely an exercise in being "nice by numbers" or "nasty by numbers" merely because only a few years ago anti-British crowds were raging outside our Embassy. Although the acrobatic leaps of the Chinese from hate to love and back again may be more rapid than those of other people, these reversals are the essential stuff of which international relations are made. In the course of a long life I have

[3] *The Observer*, 10 December 1972.

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myself lost count of how many times I have been officially required to hate and then to love the Germans or the Russians; and the Americans, it seems, are already planning to repair bomb damage in North Viet Nam. After all, is not the first qualification for a Foreign Minister that he should be a Vicar of Bray on behalf of his country, though not of course, of himself?

NEVERTHELESS, WHATEVER its intellectual or psychological foundations, and whatever its future prospects, the magic of the new ideology unquestionably works in contemporary China. No doubt there are still surviving members of the former "exploiting classes" in the background who detest the new régime, and others (notably in the universities) who pay lip-service to an orthodoxy in which they do not believe. No attempt was made to conceal the fact that a sizeable proportion of the prisoners whom I saw in Shanghai gaol fell into the former category, though my guides were at equal pains to emphasise that no one went to prison merely for having belonged to the exploiting classes. (Even a proletarian, I ascertained, could be imprisoned for murdering his wife.) In all cases it was necessary to have committed a criminal act.

But such deviants are exceptional. Readiness to subordinate personal ambition to the public good is unquestionably both widespread and genuine. After all, the soil could hardly be more favourable. The end of feudalism and of its industrial counterpart has worked miracles in individual lives. A man who began life as an illiterate beggar now becomes chairman of a large industrial commune, and a woman in early middle age holds a similar position in the textile mill in which she was a child labourer at the age of eight. Everyone, it is said, at least has enough to eat, and certainly nowhere on the crowded streets did we see people who looked under-nourished or wretchedly dressed. Housing is often sadly primitive, but new flats are going up apace, even if the private bathroom has not yet replaced the communal bath-house, and the kitchens are much below the standards Western housewives expect (but by no means always attain). Many peasants as well as city dwellers possess bicycles and transistor radios, and all can look forward to the security of a pension in old age. Medical care, if often of a somewhat rudimentary nature, is widely accessible. And, last but not least, Herculean works of flood control and irrigation have held in check the natural disasters which used to take their regular toll of millions of lives.

These achievements are the driving force behind the willingness to work 6 days a week and 8 hours a day the year round except for public holidays; behind the determination which bridged the Yangtse river at Nanking in face of every discouragement; and behind the enthusiasm of both the regular and the volunteer workers who built the Great Hall of the People in ten months.

TODAY THIS ENERGY is channelled towards three main objectives. The first is to provide a reasonable standard of living for a population to whom domestic refrigerators, television, or washing machines are unattainable luxuries, and millions of whom still have no piped water supply or elementary sanitary convenience. The second is to integrate industrial and rural life by dispersing factories over the countryside, so that villagers can alternate between industrial and agricultural work in accordance with seasonal requirements, thus obliterating the distinction between peasant and factory worker. The third and most prominent is to give practical reality to the Marxist apocalyptic dream of a classless society.

The outward and visible signs of Western class distinctions certainly do not obtrude themselves upon the gaze of the foreign visitor to China. At most one can say that teachers are apt to wear Western-style cardigans and sweaters instead of the almost universal blue-jackets, that the quality of these jackets itself sometimes appears to vary according to the position held by the wearer, and that no badges of rank are visible on military uniforms. Differentials between manual wages appear also to be generally moderate. In the factories which we visited a minimum wage of 30 yuan a month seemed to be nearly universal, but there was more variation in the maximum, which could be as high as 120 or as low as 90. (Conversions of yuan to sterling are meaningless owing to the vastly lower level of Chinese as compared with British prices; but this does not, of course, affect the range of differentials.) When, however, we asked about the salaries attached to the more responsible positions a certain reticence was apparent. The usual answer was that these were "not very different" from those earned on the shop-floor or in the classroom. However, on the rare occasions when figures were quoted, the differential appeared to be fairly substantial. Thus in the printing and

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dyeing works at Sian the wage of an ordinary worker was said to range from 32 to 104 yuan a month; whereas the figure for a "very few technicians and administrators" was 140. At Peking University the salary of the highest-paid professors was 345 yuan, that of lecturers 100 yuan per month; but this was said to be a concession to about 25 professors who had given long service through the many vicissitudes of the past twenty or more years.

We noticed also that, although we were told that no private ownership of cars is allowed, the car parks outside our hotels were fairly well occupied in the evenings. Presumably in China, as elsewhere, persons provided with cars for official or business purposes may divert these to private use when off-duty. In addition, special concessions appear to be made to foreigners. One of our members who remained in Peking to complete a teaching contract in a Chinese school which had been interrupted by the cultural revolution was assigned living accommodation far superior, according to her description, to any that we saw in workers' housing estates or communes. She was also told, if jokingly, that she would be earning "more than Chairman Mao."

FROM SUPERFICIAL OBSERVATIONS, therefore, I would conclude that a class hierarchy, Western-style, does not exist in China. One way or another, former members of the "exploiting classes" have died or been assimilated, or are in process of being "remoulded by productive labour" either on communes or (if they have committed crimes against the régime) in prison. On the other hand, a few signs of an inverted class structure are discernible. At Peking University we were told that priority in the admission of students would be given to workers and peasants or their children; but since nearly everybody must be of working-class or peasant origin, this can hardly amount to much. With relatively narrow differences in wealth or income, major differences in life-styles must be exceptional.

Anyhow, no pains are spared to prevent intellectuals and administrators from segregating themselves into an élite out of contact with the masses: intellectual and manual labour must be "integrated." The process begins with children in primary schools (ages 7–12) who spend a month twice a year in workshops or plots of land attached to their schools, making articles such as radio components or brake-linings, or producing foodstuffs, which eventually find their way into the hands of consumers. Again, managerial personnel in factories are expected to undertake regular work at the bench; and at Peking University we were told that since the cultural revolution prospective students must have had two years' practical experience in industry or on the land after leaving school before they can be enrolled. If, in addition, they have so worked for at least five years, their wages will be paid throughout their academic courses by the institution by which they have been employed.

BUT THE COPING STONE of the intellectual-manual integration policy is the "cadre school", at which—theoretically, at least—all "cadres" (*i.e.* administrative and technical personnel) of whatever standing must, if they are fit to do so, engage in courses of manual-labour-*cum*-political-studies. One such school which we visited resembled an agricultural commune in its physical layout, except for the (decidedly Spartan) dormitories in which some 350 students were in residence on a six-months' course. Later, we were told, they would live for some weeks in the homes of poor or middle peasants.

The object of the exercise, as explained to us, is to "raise student consciousness ideologically, politically and theoretically" and to "improve feeling for labouring people by manual labour." To this end, political study, needless to say, is concentrated upon the usual authors, while the practical work involves sharing in the daily tasks of the local peasantry as well as "learning self-reliance" by taking responsibility for the construction and maintenance of the school buildings and for cooking and similar daily chores. As for the effect of the experience, one student, by profession a school teacher, testified that it had been very good for his ego.

"I had become conceited", he said, "and saw only my own merit, but after studying dialectical materialism I now see that my defects were caused by lack of contact with the masses. I was proud and had little experience of the masses. . . . My work was small as compared with that of the peasants, and now I am not so proud. . . . I liked a comfortable life, and I got hot and tired reaping soya beans, but I told myself that I must stand the test. Thus I understood the work of the masses."

Such testimony was typical of what we often heard on this and other occasions; but only once was it anywhere suggested that association of the masses with intellectuals and administrators might be *mutually* beneficial.

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WHETHER THESE SCHOOLS, even if extensively and intensively developed, can become effective safeguards against the emergence of class distinctions is at least arguable. But although cynics can be found to say that those who know the ropes can "merely go through the motions of philosophising and farming for a few weeks in relative comfort",[4] the underlying idea is not to be lightly dismissed as without merit. One of the major problems of all complex industrial societies, especially those that are much more affluent than China, is that of keeping the centre sufficiently sensitive to the realities of life at the circumference. Our own ministers, legislators and senior civil servants live in an atypical environment from which they control the doings, and try to satisfy the imagined needs, of millions whose lot is cast in profoundly different circumstances. Perhaps they too would benefit from a spell at the bench or on the farm; and perhaps, also, if our Prime Minister had attended a cadre school, it would not have required the shock of having to walk a quarter-of-a-mile in the rain to make him aware of the urgency of London's traffic problems.

BUT IN CHINA there is more to it than this. Even more, perhaps, than other communists, the Chinese profess an almost mystical reverence for manual work and a naïve faith in its supposedly regenerative effect, as well as in the unique virtues of the working classes. "Remoulding by productive labour" is the favourite treatment for any and every deviant. Thus a persistently delinquent child (a very rare phenomenon, we were assured) might be sent to work on a farm, while ex-members of the "exploiting classes" produce plastic articles in prison. Somehow the underlying philosophy has a familiar ring. Did not the Victorians believe that, in the language of their day, the "inculcation of habits of industry" would be a panacea for anti-social behaviour among the "labouring classes"? And do we not to this day employ young offenders in Approved Schools and Borstals on agricultural work? To the Chinese, it seems, what is sauce for the criminal proletarians of the West is equally sauce for the exploiters and recalcitrants of the East.

But to anyone coming from a world which threatens to strangle itself in its own complications it is the apparent simplicity of Chinese life which makes an irresistible appeal. I found myself constantly making lists of things (and I do not mean material objects) which the Chinese manage to do without. Thus the whole subject of "industrial relations" is non-existent. We never heard even a single reference to trade unions, although there are said to have been 12 million trade unionists in China in the 1950s. Nor do China's rulers engage in argument about prices and incomes policies, if only because there is no TUC or CBI to argue with.

Equally conspicuous by its absence is professional social work. Its place is taken by "Street Committees" which seem to be a latter-day embodiment of the traditional neighbourliness of the Chinese peasantry, and are now largely recruited from women who have retired on pension from industrial employment at age 50 or 55, and thereafter devote themselves to teaching domestic hygiene, running nurseries for the children of mothers still at work, acting as counsellors to couples in marital trouble and dealing with offenders sentenced by the courts to be under "the supervision of the masses." Juvenile courts do not exist, but if the rare juvenile delinquents (rather quaintly translated as "little evil-doers") did present an occasional problem, they too would be referred to the Street Committee under whose guidance, we were told, most of them would soon appreciate the error of their ways. Thus it is the grandmother, rich in experience of life, who replaces the college-trained social worker.

Psychology also, if not an unknown science, seems to have made little practical impact. When we asked some school teachers what use was made of psychological testing or vocational guidance in the educational system, these possibilities were clearly so unfamiliar that one had the impression that the question was hardly understood. And a discussion with judges and prison officials revealed no hint that qualified psychologists or psychiatrists made any contribution to the work of the courts.

Finally, contemporary China has no use for the perpetual student who increasingly adorns (or cumbers) Western universities. While research in the natural sciences is highly regarded (and at least in some fields is as advanced as any in the world), regular academic courses are being shortened, not lengthened. In face of the urgent need for practically every kind of skill, the services of men and women with rudimentary qualifications are preferred to no service at all.

[4] *The Observer*, 3 December 1972.

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WHAT THEN OF THE FUTURE? Can the present flame of dedication to service be kept alive? That flame is now fed from two sources. The first is the contrast between the present and the past. On posters, on the stage, and in endless speechifying, the illiteracy, poverty, and exploitation of the old order are contrasted with the rising living standards, the economic security and the spread of education under Mao's régime. But already only those aged at least thirty can have much personal memory of the bad old days, though younger men and women must as children have lived through the stresses of civil war. Inevitably the emotional impact of the past will become weaker and weaker as the horror stories fade into history, with less and less relevance to contemporary situations. What revolutionary fervour could be ignited in Britain today by tales of children being pushed up chimneys to act as living sweeps?

Even the rise in living standards itself presents a potential threat to the equalitarian objectives of the Chinese régime. As material goods become increasingly available, the temptation to personal acquisitiveness may well be enhanced. Forty years ago I remember asking a Russian Intourist guide how he would spend the money, if he won a prize in one of the lotteries then run by the State. "I should buy a leather jacket", he replied, "such as Ivan already has, and also all the chocolate I wanted." Well, the Chinese do not run state lotteries; but do such dangerous thoughts never cross their minds?

Secondly, the revolutionary flame is fed from the Marxian bibles. The history of Christianity and other religions may indeed suggest that sacred texts can enjoy formal reverence for centuries after they have lost their driving force upon any but a small minority of genuinely devout believers. But at this stage, occasional attendance at a religious observance is the most that nominal Christians feel to be obligatory, and increasing numbers disassociate themselves from organised religion altogether. Imagine the effect if British workers were required to spend two or three hours a week in biblical study! If, however, the Chinese continue to insist on comparable assiduity in the study of their secular bibles this must in the end be stultifying and self-defeating. Sooner or later enquiring minds will rebel against the shackles of outmoded dogma and the price will be consequential disillusion.

Nevertheless, these dangers are not necessarily fatal. An equalitarian philosophy can stand on its own merits, and its inspirational power needs no biblical reinforcement from Marx or anyone else, as millions of socialists outside communist countries bear witness. Moreover, people behave as they are expected to behave. The contemporary Chinese are expected to order their lives in accordance with the demands of "service to the people." Can it be that the expectation will prove to be habit-forming?

The Princess Speaks

I toss in agony
No matter how many
Thick mattresses lie
'Twixt me and the pea.
Tortured interminably
I cannot find peace.

No, no more mattresses!
More peas I need.
Friend, have mercy
If friend you be—
Go find me more peas
To put under me.
None can find peace
Lying interminably
On one single pea.

D. J. Enright

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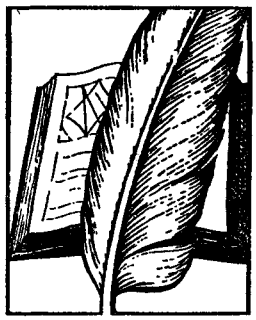

Column

KAFKA'S *Briefe an Felice* was first published in Germany in 1967 and English readers have had to wait six years for a translation (to be published shortly by Schocken Books, New York) of a correspondence which records one of the strangest love stories in the world.

Unfortunately, we only know one side of it, as none of Felice's letters to Kafka has been preserved. All we have is the love affair as seen through Kafka's eyes, and how it looked to him is perhaps sufficiently indicated by a quotation from one of his letters printed as an epigraph to the German edition:

> "I cannot believe that in any fairy story about any woman there was ever a greater and more despairing struggle than there has been about you in myself, and always renewed, and perhaps for ever."

We cannot help wondering what Felice made of this strange lover, then still an obscure lawyer in Prague, of whom no one except perhaps a few of his most intimate friends could have predicted the universal fame that was to become his later.

Kafka first met Felice Bauer in 1912, when she was twenty-five and he was twenty-eight. At that time she was living in Berlin with her mother, who was separated from her father, and working as a secretary for a firm of gramophone manufacturers. The meeting took place when she was on a visit to Prague and was introduced to Kafka by his friend and biographer Max Brod. Kafka's first letter to her (on 28 September 1912) addresses her formally as "My dear Fräulein Bauer", and makes it evident that they were very slightly acquainted. By 1 November, however, she has become "Dear Fräulein Felice", and Kafka excuses the change by explaining that he has some delicate things to say which could not be addressed to a "Fräulein Bauer." But the next day Fräulein Bauer is back, and the day after Fräulein Felice. By 9 November she has become "Dearest Fräulein Felice", and on 14 November the formal *Sie* gives place to *Du,* Fräulein Felice has vanished and has become *Dearest, Dearest*!

By that time Kafka is writing to Felice once, and sometimes twice a day, and the correspondence continues with the same intensity until the middle of 1914, when it gradually declines until it finally terminates in 1916; altogether Kafka's letters during those years form a large volume of about two hundred thousand words. He writes from his house, he writes from his office, he writes from the train, he writes from hotels; and always, with impatience and anxiety, he awaits a reply. He repeatedly tells Felice that he realises what a strain the correspondence places on her, begs her not to think herself bound to answer each of his letters but rather to conserve and cherish her health as he would like to cherish it for her. But, at the same time, he incessantly demands from her the minutest details of her life, her surroundings, her work, family, friends, and describes his obsessive anxiety that the next post will bring no letter from her, his utter dependence on being in constant contact with her, his despair if a day passes without a letter from her.

If the correspondence itself gives rise to such curious contradictions, they are even more evident in Kafka's strange evasiveness with regard to actually meeting his beloved. Over and over he repeats his need of her, the abyss of loneliness in which he lives without her. No lover could express with greater intensity the pains of separation from the loved one. We feel them ourselves so painfully that we almost forget that the lovers are only separated by the distance from Prague to Berlin, a by no means difficult or arduous journey, and that Kafka's circumstances were such that there was nothing in the world to prevent him from seeing the loved one at almost any time he wished.

KAFKA HIMSELF is well aware of this. But it only leads him to emphasise his inadequacy as a lover, which he regards as only one aspect of his incapacity to shoulder the responsibilities of a normal human being. Hence his repeated warnings to Felice that she cannot expect of him anything which a girl might normally expect of a lover, so that just at those moments when their relationship shows signs of developing into the deep and permanent bond for which he longs so despairingly, Kafka immediately insists that the wretchedness and unworthiness of his character makes such a thing impossible. Nor is it only Felice he warns. In 1914 he became engaged to her, and this gave him the occasion to address to her father a letter which must surely be one of the oddest ones ever written by a suitor for a daughter's hand.

> "What I have written to you in my first letter about my relationship to your daughter is true and will remain true. But, except for one reference which you have perhaps overlooked, something of decisive importance was missing from it. Perhaps you thought you need not discuss the matter, because you thought that coming to terms with my character was entirely a matter for your daughter, and that in any case this had been completely achieved. It has not been, from time to time I thought it had, but again and again it became clear that it had not been and never could be. I have

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> blinded your daughter with my letters, mostly I did not mean to deceive her (though sometimes I did, because I loved her and love her and was terribly aware of how incompatible we are) and perhaps just because of that I pulled the wool over her eyes."

It is difficult to remember, as one watches Kafka's efforts to impress on Felice the facets of his character which make him unworthy of her, that these are the letters of a man who, on the evidence of anyone who knew him at all well, was almost pathologically scrupulous and sensitive in his relations with others, and also in his discharge of his personal and professional duties. One is almost tempted to think that in representing himself as so ignoble a character, he was in fact judging himself by an ethical standard so impossibly high that no one could ever achieve it.

IN FACT THE EXPLANATION would appear to be a different one. In his letter to Felice's father, Kafka continues:

> "You know me only as a result of my visit (I might almost say, that ought to have been enough) and I cannot repeat what I have written about myself to your daughter in some 500 letters. So just remember this one, most important fact; my whole being is committed to literature, and I have held fast to this commitment up to my 30th year; if I were ever to give it up, I should cease to exist. Everything I am and am not results from this. I am withdrawn, unsociable, morose, egotistic, hypochondriac and in fact sick."

The truth is that Kafka regarded literature as a kind of bondage which for him was inescapable but, in the last resort, was not ethically justifiable. Art, he once said, is a kind of prayer; and, being an extremely rational person, he drew the deduction that it was less important than the object which it is addressed to, but which, nevertheless, may not exist. From this dilemma there arose a kind of metaphysical torture which, he judged, rendered him incapable of those normal human relationships which he nevertheless longed for, and envied, with all his heart.

How much one would like to know what Herr Bauer, that solid German businessman, thought of his projected son-in-law; even more, what his daughter thought of him and his extraordinary love letters, for this they certainly are. Despite the anguish which the situation caused Kafka himself, there is a kind of comedy in it, of which he was not unaware, because he always realised how near tragedy is to farce. It was perhaps his gift to approach the world from so profoundly different a point of view than anyone else that any meeting between him and them could only become a source of misunderstanding. But it was also a mark of his genius that whereas he struggled incessantly to unravel the misunderstanding, they for the most part were not even aware that it existed, and certainly not why.

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THE SENSE OF UNHAPPINESS and loneliness which pervades the letters to Felice is so intense that often one feels ashamed of reading them. They were, after all, intended for one eye alone (even though, as Kafka knew, Felice's mother also surreptitiously read them); and one cannot help remembering Kafka's direction that all his manuscripts should be destroyed, not only when they were concerned with such intimate matters as these, but even those which were originally written with at least an oblique view to publication.

Something of the same sense of shame, though no doubt for slightly different reasons, affects one in reading the diaries of Evelyn Waugh which are currently being serialised in *The Observer's* Sunday Supplement. It may seem incongruous to mention Waugh and Kafka together, because no two people were ever more different; but at least one can say that they were alike in that both were deeply serious artists with a profound commitment to literature. Their posthumous papers, however, have had a very different treatment.

I have no doubt that Kafka would have been horrified and anguished by the idea that the *Letters to Felice* should ever be published; but at least they have been presented to us with the love, care and respect due to a great writer whose privacy has been intruded upon. In Waugh's case, however, the way in which his diaries have been published gives rise to some very wry and sour reflections, as if one had bitten on a crab-apple. One of them is, of course, how ironical it is that it should have fallen to *The Observer*, of all papers, to publish them. There is probably no newspaper, unless perhaps the *Guardian*, which more perfectly represents, in its combination of mildly left-wing liberalism, its total commitment to everything that happens to be fashionable in the arts, and its belief that to be progressive and compassionate is in itself an answer to every conceivable problem, everything which Waugh detested most.

One is disconcerted also by the form of publication to which the diaries have been subjected. We are told that they are not destined to be published in book form, and must presume therefore that they will languish in the files of *The Observer* Sunday Supplement, among so much else of purely ephemeral interest that has rightly been consigned to oblivion.

Moreover, the diaries are being published without any adequate critical or editorial apparatus, except a somewhat jejune *Who's Who* of some

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of the people who figure prominently. We are given no kind of guide to what has been omitted from the published text, or to the principles which dictated that some persons should be mentioned by name and some only indicated by asterisks, or indeed to any of the considerations which the editors had in mind in preparing the text for publication. If it was right to publish the diaries at all, such cavalier treatment is surely unjustifiable, particularly if *The Observer* text is all that we are to have of them. The publication of the diaries has been described as "the greatest scoop of the century". "*Scoop*" is a dangerous word to use in this context, given Waugh's own novel of that name, and *The Observer* seems to have gone out of its way to confirm Waugh's views of journalistic ethics and manners.

NO SERIOUS WRITER has ever been treated quite so shabbily in the method adopted of presenting his unpublished works to the public. Fortunately, one day the matter will almost certainly be put right; for Waugh is a writer of sufficient importance for posterity to demand some more adequate version of the diaries than *The Observer* has chosen to give us. One may also hope that in his forthcoming biography Mr Christopher Sykes will be able to do something to correct the deplorable impression which the early instalments of the diaries have made on many people. Their dreary record of adolescent and undergraduate drunkenness and debauch is difficult to reconcile with the conscientious and fastidious artist which Waugh undoubtedly was; it is as if, in these diaries, he had wished, consciously or unconsciously, to be as cruel to himself as he frequently was to his friends or to many of the characters in his novels (the two classes largely overlapped).

Waugh was a profoundly unhappy man, and his unhappiness often made him disagreeable and offensive. But he never was on the few occasions when I met him, and whenever I did I always wished to see him again. The first occasion was on one of those excursions down to Oxford from London on which, by his own account, he behaved so atrociously. I certainly do not remember him doing so, but then I was an undergraduate and was probably in no better condition to remember anything clearly than he was himself. *Decline and Fall* had made him something of a hero to me. I asked my history tutor, Richard Pares, who was a contemporary of Waugh's, whether he had known him as an undergraduate. I was slightly disconcerted by the reply: "Oh yes—he was a friend. He once bit me on the ankle at a party." In later years I often wondered at the oddity of fate which made one of those two young men who behaved so absurdly the most distinguished novelist of his generation and the other its most distinguished historian.

But then fate was odd in those days. Perhaps it always is, and there is no knowing how it will work out. To the Bright Young Things who provided Waugh with the materials for his novels, and who continued to do so long after most of them had ceased to be Bright and all had ceased to be Young, the 'twenties were a period of sowing wild oats and many of them never really did anything else. But for some of them the following decade of the 'thirties was a period of genuine achievement in which they founded lasting reputations. Among Waugh's friends and companions were writers like Henry Green, Anthony Powell, Cyril Connolly, or poets like John Betjeman, observing the antics of the Bright Young Things while indulging in them themselves, and in the 'thirties they had already begun to give literary form to what they had learned by their experience.

It is a curious fact that in the 'thirties, so dominated (as our own age is) by social and political preoccupations, so heavily influenced by Marxism, so obsessed with hopes of revolution and fears of fascism, when Bright Young Things were dismissed as the last, decadent, incurably frivolous offspring of a dying ruling class, many of the most solid literary achievements were the work of the Bright Young Things themselves, who remained essentially conservative, even reactionary, in their outlook, and immune to demands for political commitment or to promises of revolution. And indeed one might say that their work has worn rather better than that of politically minded literary comrades, so anxious "to do Something for the Poor", and as their contribution writing novels and stories and poems which today have become almost totally unreadable.

IT IS IN SUCH A PERSPECTIVE that Waugh's diaries should be read, and for that reason I deplore that they should have been published today without any attempt to place them in their proper context. Today they read like a record of dissipation; and dissipation, though highly enjoyable at the moment, does not look very attractive when the ball is over and the bloom has worn off. In reading the diaries one should remember that, in Waugh's case, the years of drunkenness and debauch were also years which sowed the seeds both of an enormous literary talent and of friendships which lasted a lifetime, however often he offended his friends; and that they provided him with material on which he never ceased to draw. Certainly I cannot think of any young man who spent his youth more profitably.

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Who Owns Heine?

Thoughts in Düsseldorf—By GOLO MANN

WE HAVE COME HERE from many different countries not to celebrate a poet rhetorically —he would have little use for that—but to make him more our own by a comparison between ourselves and his great, many-faceted work. That this congress has assembled in Heine's native country and native city is a good thing. We know how foolishly, too often and too long, his memory was cultivated by the Germans, how the immense popularity of a handful of his poems went together with the depreciation meted out to him by the academics, with condescending praise followed almost at once by superciliously patriotic or moral censure, with condemnation either tacit or explicit.

It was different in other countries. A British politician of this century relates in his memoirs how his parents sent him at an early age to Hanover so that he would learn the purest kind of German, but how his strenuous efforts had been in vain; for apart from Heine he had found nothing worth reading in German literature. That was hardly a completely fair judgment, and it may have been a prejudice picked up at home. But precisely that would testify to Heine's world-wide fame, which no other German writer enjoyed—Schiller enjoyed it in Eastern Europe, but not in the West; Goethe enjoyed it at first as the author of *Werther*, then as a myth bound up with a number of works familiar in a vague sort of way. Tolstoy's aristocrats quoted him in their Moscow *salons*. Poems from the *Buch der Lieder* were and are current in Japanese translations. General de Gaulle quoted him (you can probably guess which poem by Heine he liked to recite from memory). Heine's European fame, world fame through the medium of Europe, is a consistent one. Consistent not only by virtue of the external data of his biography: that Heine lived in Paris for two-thirds of his productive life, that the great men of French literature were his friends, that he was and remained Henri Heine as well as Heinrich Heine. In Europe Heine was accorded honourable hospitality because he was a German European, thinking always in terms of a European dialectic; because (as Nietzsche was to say about himself), he carried Europe's future on his shoulders. It was Nietzsche again who, repelled by the intellectual aridity of the new *Reich* of the day, has an outsider ask its citizens: "Do you have only one man whose mind *counts* in Europe?—as your Goethe, your Hegel, your Heinrich Heine, your Schopenhauer used to count? . . ." Severely though he judged his compatriots, Nietzsche was forgiven his Europeanness by the Germans—for the well-known, somewhat embarrassing reasons. Heine was not.

The Germans would not forgive him as long as Germany refused to be like other European nations, as long as it moped in sullen protest against contemporary developments. Especially unforgivable was that in Heine's mind and language German had become modern at one stroke. Within a single decade he accomplished a break-through that will never cease to astonish me. The great, free, political, philosophical, literary *feuilleton* was suddenly there; and no one after Heine was to improve on his mastery of it. The political-satirical poem with a topical bearing was suddenly there—a *non plus ultra*. Frank Wedekind, 50 or 60 years later, in his mockery of Wilhelm II; Kurt Tucholsky, in his verse polemics against the Weimar Republic; Bertolt Brecht, in his socialist lyrics—all these, at their best, were close to Heine; but they never surpassed him. No, they didn't really come close

GOLO MANN *delivered this text as the "Festvortrag" at a recent Heine Congress which met in Düsseldorf. Dr Mann is the author of many books, including a "History of Germany since 1789" (1968). He writes regularly for* ENCOUNTER, *and his recent contributions include "The History Lesson" (August 1972), "Napoleon: A European Achievement" (December 1969) and "1914: The Beast in the Jungle" (November 1968).*

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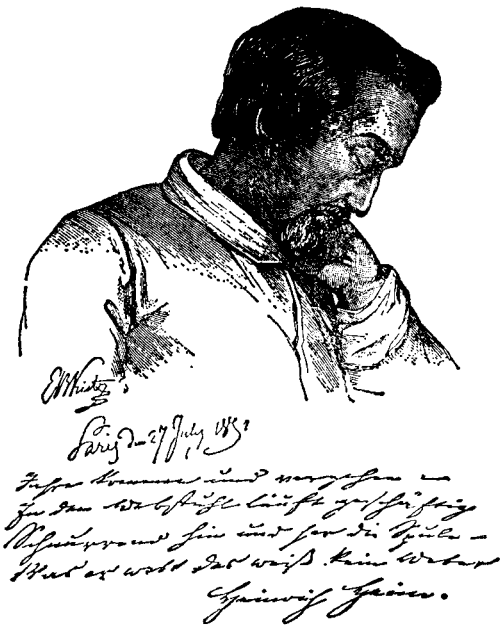
to him. A song of such gloomy, prophetic, eloquent accusation as his *Lied der Schlesischen Weber*; a vision of the coming insurgence of the many poor against the few rich like *Die Wanderratten*; a poem on the dismal historical moment, on the stifled revolution, like *Im Oktober 1849*; a profoundly witty skit on the German temperament like the comparison between the end of Charles I, Louis XVI, and the German prince who one day will suffer the same, yet not the same, fate:

In einer sechsspänningen Staatskarrosse
Schwarz panaschiert und beflort die Rosse
Hoch auf dem Bock mit der Trauerpeitsche
Der weinende Kutscher—so wird der deutsche
Monarch einst nach dem Richtplatz kutschiert
Und untertänigst guillotiniert

(How will it Be? In a
state coach and six
Draped and panached in
black, high up
The coachman on his
seat, his whip
In mourning, he in tears
—like that one day
The German monarch
will be driven to
The place of execution
and
Most loyally, obediently
guillotined)

No one else could write that, it was unrepeatable. Certainly he exerted an influence, for well over a century. Even the Austrian writer who wrote a hostile pamphlet about that influence, *Heine und die Folgen*, was subject to it; even Karl Kraus is unthinkable without Heine.



HEINRICH HEINE 1851
Drawing by Ernst Benedict-Kietz

IF THAT HAD BEEN the sum of Heine's achievement—the modern loosening-up of the German language brought off overnight, as it were; the creation and subsequent perfection of the topical, satirical, humorously tragic poem—he would deserve a monument and would deserve that the university of his home town should bear his name. But that is by no means all. It is only a splinter in the work of this "divine talent", this *göttliche Talent*, to describe him as Richard Wagner did in a momentary access of generosity. A monk cannot strip off his monkishness that easily, even if he has taken off his cowl and knows it. Heine was the *Romantique défroqué*—a Romantic is what he thought himself to the end, though the last Romantic. And if one immerses oneself in his poems, even the later ones or the last ones like *König Harald Harfagar, Frühlingsfeier, Schelm von Bergen, Kleines Volk, Der Asra, Die Beschwörung, Morphine* or *Für die Mouche*, one is tempted to agree with him, tempted to see his lasting gift to us in such high flights of poetry, his timeless gift, to use a somewhat suspect word. Timeless—well, *Im Oktober 1849* can be understood only if one knows how and by whom the insurrection in Hungary was put down. But *Der junge Franziskaner sitz/Einsam in der Klosterzelle* (The young Franciscan sits/Lonely in his monastery cell) . . ."—that stirs anyone who has a heart; and, if we are undeservedly lucky, could go on stirring anyone for centuries to come.

I WANT TO BE careful so that no one can say that I, like Professor Heidegger, am canvassing against the age with the notion *"Was bleibet aber, stiften die Dichter* (What's lasting, the poets provide)." I believe in a timeless element. Horace, in his finest odes, rises above time, *aere perennius*, as he predicted for himself; and yet he too was a wretchedly dependent "freelance" writer, just as Heine was, though rather more fortunate as a protégé of Rome's plutocracy and new dictatorship. This is how Heine put it, polemicising against the dead Börne:

> Whether the things I produced in this life were good or bad, let's not quarrel about that. It's enough that they were great; I know it by the agonising expansion of the soul that gave birth to them. . . .

He had raised monuments in European literature, *"Zum ewigen Ruhme des deutschen Geistes* (to the eternal glory of the German mind)." That's what he wrote, that's how he had it printed, daring to apply the word "eternal" to his work. At the same time he knew his place in history well enough, almost too well. With the most acute awareness he knew (or thought he knew), what could no longer be done, or could still only just be done and soon could no longer be done;

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what could still be done in his early youth, but not now that he was 35—those pretty romances of princesses and shepherd boys, for instance. At one and the same moment he experienced his own development in time and the development of the times in general. This conscious, hyper-conscious, participation in historical progress was something new, even in comparison with the intellectuals of the late 18th century in whose thinking the sudden realisation of "future happiness" was more pronounced than the awareness of a never-ending historical process.

Needless to say, Heine was not the only German writer who thought like this, observed and predicted like this, but his perceptions were more nervously intuitive than those of his contemporaries with more or less the same convictions. Did he feel that he had come too late or too soon? Both, apparently. Inasmuch as he felt he had come too late, he initiated a pessimistic line that runs through Nietzsche to the later Thomas Mann who, in his old age, thought his high art could no longer be understood, just before the onset of barbarism's long night. Personally I consider the question of "early or late" subjectively meaningful, that is, in relation to the artist's feelings about his work, but objectively meaningless. No one comes too early or too late. Heine, at once a maker of romantic ballads and a pioneer of political radical literature, is a good example. One is identical with the age and the moment, and one has to come to terms with it, as with oneself. This always works well with good poets and badly with bad ones; and that's all there is to it.

MUCH WILL PROBABLY be said about Heine's involvement in the intellectual, political, social struggles of his time, and of his active participation in them. For that is the most topical aspect of the matter, or seems to be; especially now that we Europeans are doing such orthodox homage to those whom Heine called the "doctors of the Revolution", Marx and Engels, who were his friends for a while. Heine and his age, Heine and our age, Heine and the age between his and ours, Heine and our future—all this will be copiously discussed. I really must not discuss it, the more so since I am not a specialist in literature, or may only do so in the form of personal professions and judgments.

I have been devoted to Heine since my childhood; over 50 years ago I was first given his collected works, and I still have that edition (beside many others, including the exemplary one brought out in the 1960s by the Aufbau Verlag that is only the forerunner of one incomparably richer). I loved the *Book of Songs* as a child, the *New Poems* as a student, especially the political ones and the ballads, the *Romanzero* and the *Last Poems* as a young émigré in France. In all of them, at all times, I found delight and comfort, and that is how it remains today: in the flight to a paradisiacal, dream India, to the Orient's luxurious legends—at that early date *On Wings of Song*; at that late date *The Poet Firdusi*, *The White Elephant*; in the poem in memory of his little drowned school friend:

Seit langen Jahren, wie oft, o Kleiner,
Mit Neid und Wehmut gedenk ich Deiner,
Doch die Katze, die Katz ist gerettet . . . .

(For many years, how often too,
Little one, I have thought of you
With envy and with sadness; but
The cat, the cat was rescued . . . .)

in the host of angels, carrying flaming swords, who surround Solomon's couch; in *Jetzt wohin?* the question of the ageing, homeless man:

Manchmal kommt mir in den Sinn,
Nach Amerika zu segeln,
Nach dem großen Freiheitsstall,
Der bewohnt von Gleichheitsflegeln . . . .

(Sometimes it occurs to me,
I could sail to America,
To the great stable of liberty
Full of the louts of equality . . . .)

—in the compassion and the terrible hatred, intensified in each stanza, of *No one shall remember him*; in the nocturnally grey death-ode of *It goes out*; in the blasphemous, indescribably condensed and urgent question verses ending with an unrhymed line, *Let the holy parables*; and in six dozen others.

Not that Heine was the only poet one liked; he was the only one with whom one could identify. With the Olympian, the spoilt young man, the ceremonious old man, it simply didn't seem to work. It didn't work with Hölderlin, with Eichendorff's pious magic, with Brentano, with the visionary noblewoman, Annette von Droste. With Heine, it did. Why? Perhaps because his bearing was more frank, more natural, more shameless than that of the others, because he kept nothing concealed, no weakness, no antipathy, no witticism above all; in short, because here the relation between poet and poem was often as direct as possible. This, again, is one of the things the Germans held against him, because they were so fond of looking in the poet for *den verborgenen König*, a hidden king, a *vates*, not a smiling self-confessor. Other German poets too were plagued with financial worries (far too many of them), but they kept them to themselves, didn't allow them into their works. Heine did so. In his prose and his poems how often we come up against the risk, the bitter sacrifice entailed in being a free-lance writer.

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Ich ward bedrängt von schwarzen Sorgen,
Ich mußte lügen, ich mußte borgen
Bei reichen Buben und alten Vetteln—
Ich glaube sogar, ich mußte betteln . . . .

(To black anxieties I was prone,
I had to lie, and for a loan
Ask this rich scoundrel, that old hag.
In fact I think I had to beg . . . .)

Never did he make himself out to be more high-minded than he was, often the very opposite—a characteristic that at first sight seems to bring him closer to those who, unlike him, were not born geniuses. There are other aspects to him, that he was shy, among other things, despite his confessional inclinations, that he was a hero throughout the long years of his illness, but a hero who went out of his way not to seem one—about that there is a sentence by Arthur Schopenhauer, as clever as it is true: Heine appears in his *Romanzero* "as a genuine humorist: behind all his gibes and jests we sense a deep seriousness ashamed of exhibiting itself without a veil."

SO MUCH FOR my indebtedness to the poet. What about the literary man, the satirist, the journalist, the politician, the thinker, the prophet?

In the East Berlin Heine edition already mentioned there is a very knowledgeable, perceptive and searching essay entitled "Heinrich Heine, Poetry, Fatherland and Humanity." Its first sentence is: "Bourgeois scholars friendly to Heine continue to regret that judgments on the poet tend to be determined by ideological and political commitments in current affairs." The learned author goes on to speak of a "duel of quotations" between bourgeois and Marxist critics that need not daunt the latter, though it proves nothing at all, since Heine expressed one view one day, and another the next, according to the polemical demands of the moment. The crucial question, he claims, is this: "Whom does the past legitimate?" which is only another way of putting the question: "To whom does the future belong?" In slightly cruder terms this critic's question amounts to: on which side would Heine be today? Or: to whom does he belong? Or: what relevance does his writing have to the future total victory of one party or the other? The answers are contained in the questions.

I should imagine that among the professors present here there are at least a few with more or less Marxist views. Where, in this Federal Republic of Germany, *bourgeois* scholars might still come from, I find it hard to conceive; they would have to be very antiquated persons. As for me, in all humility I am neither a bourgeois nor a Marxist writer, but a free one. If I could write like Heine I might be allowed to say as he did:

Die Apfelsinen, lieb Mütterlein,
Sind gut, und mit wahrem Vergnügen
Verschlucke ich den süßen Saft,
Und ich lasse die Schalen liegen.

(Oranges, mother, are good,
And with true pleasure I
Swallow their sweet juice
And let their skins lie.)

One looks for one's truths or half-truths where they are to be found, and lets the dogmas lie; one doesn't take up the superstitious alternatives.

HEINRICH HEINE was in that position. If one must sum up his character, "belligerent humanist", friend of all the exploited and oppressed, soldier of liberty are the best descriptions, especially since he liked to style himself the last of these:

Verlorner Posten in dem Freiheitskriege
Hielt ich seit dreißig Jahren treulich aus . . . .

(Lost outpost in the war of liberation,
For thirty years I've loyally held out . . . .)

And if, on the Marxist side again, there is an insistence that it is pointless to separate the poet from the politician, to dismember the man's mind, to praise one part and deplore the other, that's true enough, but trite. Of course it was only one mind that for nearly forty years let off its cheering, enlightening fireworks. But in that one mind, that one soul, all sorts of different things were happening. Heine, says the account of him in the neighbouring German land, was not a poet in the dangerous sense that style was more important to him than the truth. I would modify that claim: style and truth were the same to him. Badly written work always repelled him; not the least attraction of Karl Marx, for him, was that Marx could write with brilliant malice. Heine's retort to a critic's strictures on the captious aspects of the Börne book was: "But isn't it beautifully put?"—and that remains his valid answer, beyond every "duel of quotations." One other thing: Heine knew about the multifariousness of truth. That is why he was no allied confederate but a freebooter; a representative of his era, to be sure, but relying only on himself, and solitary despite his successes and his fame. If he was attacked, he reacted with an artist's hysteria and exaggerated the objections made against him, thus against Börne there rose the non-political, conservative, anti-democratic instincts that were in him. His reaction was the same when anyone tried to tie him down, commit him, turn him into a political partisan; he feared for his freedom, with an artist's sensitivity and arrogance. He wrote down whatever occurred to him, and so many things occurred to him. It is useless to track down contradictions there; you

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can find hundreds, and those half-truths which he didn't hesitate to line up together (or against one another) do not contradict the truth of his work and life. Of his prose works, the collection of *Gedanken und Einfälle* (Thoughts and Fancies) is almost my favourite. This contains gem after gem, and one item isn't in the least concerned about the next.

« *Ist die Mission der Juden geendigt? Ich glaube: wenn der weltliche Heiland kommt: Industrie, Arbeit, Freude. Der weltliche Heiland kommt auf der Eisenbahn, Michel bahnt ihm den Weg, Rosen werden gestreut auf seinen Pfaden.*«

("Is the mission of the Jews at an end? I think, when the worldly Messiah comes: industry, work, joy. The worldly Messiah arrives by train, his way is cleared by good German citizens, roses are strewn upon his paths.")

And a few pages later:

« *Demokratischer Haß gegen die Poesie—der Parnass soll eingeebnet werden nivelliert, makadamisiert, und wo einst der müßige Dichter geklettert und die Nachtigallen belauscht, wird bald eine platte Landstraße sein, eine Eisenbahn, wo der Dampfkessel wiehert und die geschäftige Gesellschaft vorübereilt.* «

("Democratic hatred of poetry—Parnassus is to belevelled, steam-rolled, macadamised, and where once the leisured poet climbed, listening to nightingales, there will soon be a flat main road, a railway track where the steam engine neighs and a busy crowd rushes by.")

At one moment Germany is the country of *Nachtmützen*, nightcaps, and the 36 monarchs who can sleep untroubled, the land of the healthiest oaks and lime trees, of dumplings and beer, the most good-natured country under the sun. At the next, something radically different:

Aber wir verstehen uns baß
Wir Germanen auf den Haß.
Aus Gemütes Tiefen quillt er,
Deutscher Haß! Doch riesig schwillt er,
Und mit seinem Gifte füllt er
Schier das Heidelberger Faß.

But much more still we excel,
We Teutons, at hating well.
From our inmost depth it surges,
German hatred! But then will swell
Vastly, and with poison fill
The famous vat of Heidelberg.

Then again Germany will precipitate the "most terrible revolution" there has ever been, and one of the utmost danger to its neighbours. At one moment there is hope of a unification of the country, of Germany as a great power; at the next moment the Germans have waited too long for the shaping of their nationhood because, by the time they achieve their end at last, the whole institution of nationality will be obsolete. Often, very often, he delights in the old legends, popular ballads, the brazenly fierce warriors' songs; but he knows very well what murderous nostalgias lie dormant in such fictions. And so forth, all the time.

No duel of quotations shall take place here. It is enough to intimate how Heine's genius, his intuitive flair, worked—how from the most various directions he approached the mutable, inexhaustible reality of things to come; reproduced what he had heard or sensed; resisted no momentary whim; militantly took sides; acted the part of the mere spectator at a historical play; affirmed, negated, hoped, feared—at the same time. That is the heart of it: the politician cannot be separated from the thinker, any more than the poet from the thinker. One component interacted with the other, and the artistic component remained the strongest.

That is why it is only of limited use to enquire into Heine's "theoretical message". No poets are needed for the theory of revolution; what is needed for that is intellectuals, a few good ones, many mediocre ones.

One concept does run through Heine's work for nearly thirty years: that of a world without sin, the party of roses and nightingales, the Greek sense of joy against the Judaic idea of God. It was a perception stubbornly maintained, qualified in many different ways, and it was indeed applied to politics too, though it didn't really fit there, any more than it fits today (unless we are to understand the promise of a better "quality of life" in this peculiar sense). But even a better quality of life cannot quite be identified with roses and nightingales; more prosaic things are meant. Heine's *Aktualität* is not that ascribed to him by rebellious youth, nor that ascribed to him by the authority of any ossified orthodoxy of revolution.

Only the poorest part of Heine's ideal is contained in those lines from his *Winter's Tale* that are again being quoted everywhere:

Ein neues Lied, ein besseres Lied,
O Freunde, will ich euch dichten!
Wir wollen hier auf Erden schon
Das Himmelreich errichten . . .
Es wächst hienieden Brot genug
Für alle Menschenkinder,
Auch Rosen und Myrthen, Schönheit und Lust,
Und Zuckererbsen nicht minder . . . .

(A different song, a better song,
Friends, I will write for you!
Here on this earth of ours we'll build
The heavenly kingdom too . . .
Down here we can grow bread enough
For all the human race,
And roses, myrtles, beauty and joy,
And barley sugar no less . . . .)

No, that isn't Heine's one and only message. How can one devalue a mind so free and rich, and devalue oneself as well? By which I don't mean to suggest that nothing of Heine's Utopian

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promise has been fulfilled. In our parts of the world at least we do have enough bread for *alle Menschenkinder*, and *Zuckererbsen* too, if by that we mean a wealth of useful or useless commodities. We have left Heaven to the angels and sparrows. To the "world without sin", or an ethos for a pleasure-seeking and a permissive society—to these, too, we have come incredibly close. But roses and myrtles are not to be seen, and in their place we are plagued with grey slag heaps.

By which I mean to say that what was in the air 130 years ago, and was taken up by excited minds like Heine's and formulated by them, has not *simply* become reality 130 years later, though it bears a distorted relation to it, half the same and half not the same.

Heine, as Dolf Sternberger says very aptly, couldn't leave prophecy alone. Much of what he prophesied has not even begun to be turned into social or political reality. That terrible Teutonic revolution, at once primordially pagan and radical, neo-Protestant, extremely ferocious but possibly creative, has never come about. I suppose that no one will really want to associate it with the insane criminality that began in 1933. Other things did come about, above all that "Kommunismus" of which he knew how to speak in a way at once inquisitive and initiated, anxious and matter-of-fact. But it came about by such unpredictably devious ways and so much later than announced that its realisation could by no means accord with what was expected of it. That's how things tend to happen in history. The great themes of the time, grasped by Heine's intuitive perception, could no more be tied down definitively by the artist's flashes of insight than by the erudition of the doctors of revolution. The hypothetical future slowly merged in a modern reality that both confirmed and controverted the hypothesis. Ideas and factions of 1832 or 1848, can no longer be identified with anything that exists today.

NARROW scholarship, economics, political ideology, the meaning of history, deadly earnestness of every kind: all these date badly. But how could life turned into poetry become dated? How can that become dated in which Schiller saw the chief characteristic of man, that which raises him up to his own dignity, namely play—the play of forms, the play of ideas? I once knew a philosopher who was grimly serious about truth, so serious that he looked down on mere literature, and looked down most reprovingly on that kind of literature for which ideas were only true within the context of a work of art. I fear that not much will remain of that philosopher's legacy, and he didn't help us all that much even in his lifetime. They who deal with it cheerfully are closer to the truth, because they know how inexhaustible it is. The most reliable consolation comes to us from those who conceal their seriousness behind a certain serenity and who lend rhythm, colour, euphony to the doubts and sufferings of their souls.

Heine belongs to no one. Or rather he belongs to all those who love him.

The Tablets of Linear B

Footstools, ladles, jars.
Only some humdrum records
of things given and debts paid.
No royal annals of wars.

Only financial deals
described in these columns of clay.
Estates assessed, goods sold:
some bronzed and broken wheels.

Cretans making money
by bartering spices and grain.
In the abysm of time the usual business.
To the gods "one amphora of honey."

Stephen Miller

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CINEMA

Minimal Relationships

By John Weightman

NOT THE LEAST INTERESTING detail about *Last Tango in Paris* is that the first act of copulation between the hero and heroine occurs within minutes of their initial meeting, when they know absolutely nothing about each other and are both fully dressed. It is the first time I have seen a lady in a hat being vigorously assailed by a gentleman in an overcoat. Moreover, the *prise de possession*, as the French call it, is carried out almost absent-mindedly. Marlon Brando hardly looks at Maria Schneider; he just moves towards her, as a cock would sidle up to a hen in a farmyard in the good old pre-battery days; there is a loud squawking, a few feathers fly and the deed is done. Then, having fluffed out their plumage again, craned their necks and looked beadily to left and right, the two participants walk off in opposite directions. Being human, however, they get into the habit of coming back to the same place for more anonymous animality. But, since this is a film, and basically no doubt a commercial one, the pact of bestiality has to go wrong and the story ends with a shooting, like any *crime passionel*; that is, there is an attempt to maximalise the minimal relationship according to the neo-romantic clichés of the cinema world.

Last Tango compares rather unfavourably, I think with another film about minimal relationships; this is *Heat*, the third Warhol/Morrissey product after *Flesh* and *Trash*, which also ends in a shooting. Bertolucci and/or Brando have no doubt borrowed from Warhol/Morrissey, in the sense that they allow themselves a sexual explicitness that was hardly possible before *Flesh*, but they set this explicitness in a stagey Parisian framework, whereas the weirdies of *Heat* all seem quite credible in the sunlit psychological desert of their part of California. *Heat* has the same modest yet persuasive *cinéma-vérité* atmosphere as *Flesh* and *Trash*. *Last Tango* is much more ambitious and seems to be trying to do for Paris what Antonioni's *Blow-Up* did for London. But, in my view, it doesn't come off. It is a curious film in that the core is sincerely nasty and the outer layers made up of phoney aestheticism. Appropriately enough, the credit titles are accompanied by two typically frightening nudes by Francis Bacon; Bacon's canvases, when seen from a distance, glow like pretty jewels and it is only at close quarters that the nightmarish twists become apparent.

Actually, there is no real reason why *Last Tango* should be set in Paris, apart from the nostalgic ring of the name in the title, and the Parisian associations of Henry Miller and Ernest Hemingway. We are presumably meant to take Brando as a sort of Miller-*cum*-Hemingway, the clapped-out American who has had an adventurous life all over the world and who finds himself, in middle age, on the verge of a breakdown in this most prestigious of European cities where, according to legend, all good Americans prefer to come to die. He has been married to a Frenchwoman, a beautiful hotel-keeper, who has been unfaithful to him and has committed suicide with a razor in the bloodiest manner possible. This part of the story is handled melodramatically and incomprehensibly by means of flashbacks. Why was the wife unfaithful? Why did she commit suicide? Why did she, the daughter of respectable provincials, keep *un hôtel borgne*, used by prostitutes, drug-addicts and other dropouts? Presumably so that Bertolucci can work in some Miller/Hemingway Parisian local colour and Brando can do an embarrassing bed-side scene during which he weeps and curses over his wife's dead body, laid out among a riot of flowers. Unfortunately, none of this is properly motivated; Brando could have been brought to middle-aged despair by much more delicate and convincing means.

We have to accept, then, that he is wandering moodily around Paris and brooding on his middle-aged plight, when he strays into an empty flat, which is also being visited by Maria Schneider, a girl of twenty, who is looking for some place in which to set up after her marriage with her young film-director fiancé. In Paris, where flat-hunting is like trying to find a spare ledge in a gull colony, this large vacant apartment

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is available for the asking in a smart area near the Passy Métro station, in a block looked after by an improbable picturesque figure, a mad, Créole concierge. Neither the clapped-out American nor the girl of twenty makes any enquiries about the presumably colossal rent, and they are able to bring along some sticks of furniture and to camp out there for several days, without anybody asking questions. Moreover, in this high-class block, a rat dies conveniently on the bed, thus allowing Brando to make a macabre speech, full of black humour. The speech fascinates by its disgustingness, but the rat is an obvious stage property.

A LOT OF *Last Tango* must, I fear, be classed as unrealistic nonsense. However, there remains the central theme: a middle-aged, nondescript American and an upper-middle-class French girl have sex together in a vacuum, without knowing anything about each other. He, in his despair, is appropriating the girl as a simple point of human contact; he works off his resentment against life by treating her as a pure sex-object, against which he can rub his ego into forgetfulness; as the cynical Chamfort said, love is not a relationship, it is only *le frottement de deux épidermes*. The hero mutters his filthy, sadistic musings into the heroine's ear and sodomises her energetically without so much as a by-your-leave. She, for her part, enjoys a holiday from respectability and from the pseudo-poetic fancies of her fiancé, who is trying to make her the central figure in a silly film about *la jeune fille française*. No *jeune fille* she, but an unpaid whore associating with an unknown man in degradation therapy. No flowers, courtship or even compliments (instead, he comments in the crudest possible manner on the exceptional size of her breasts). Just a bed, a floor, a lavatory pan, a bath and a packet of Normandy butter, the traditional folk lubricant, which has caused a lot of surprising surprise, even in France; perhaps the French themselves are forgetting their fundamental traditions and no longer read Céline. All this seems sincere enough, and the two partners go at it with such a will that they don't seem to be acting the characters, but living them. Brando gives the impression of improvising out of his personal situation as an ageing international sex-symbol, while Maria Schneider comes over powerfully as a quite shameless young *tempérament*, even more direct than Mme Bardot was in her prime. One wonders, in fact, if this sort of permissive film does not allow the actors to go beyond acting and to engage in a truth game, a public ritual of narcissistic self-revelation, which blurs the distinction between life and art. One certainly comes out of the cinema with the slightly uncomfortable feeling of having been put in the position of a *voyeur*, which is not the effect of average, artificial "porn."

*

IN THE CASE of *Heat*, Mr Jimmy Vaughan, the English distributor, said at the press show that the performers were all "more or less acting themselves", and he added that the unbalanced young girl who is one of the main characters had committed suicide since the completion of the film. One can only feel relieved that she has escaped from the dilemma of being an alienated daughter, an unwilling, unmarried mother and a bisexual nymphomaniac with no earning power and nothing but hang-ups to her name.

Heat continues the black humour of *Trash*,[1] but in a rather more enjoyable form. Joe D'Allessandro is presented this time as a former Hollywood child star trying to get back into films after doing his military service. However, as in *Flesh* and *Trash*, he is still basically a prostitute, living from moment to moment according to the custom he attracts. He arrives at a motel containing a typical collection of Warhol grotesques, including the unbalanced girl already mentioned, a perpetually masturbating imbecile and a sadistic Lesbian who specialises in cigarette burns. This interesting house is run with discipline by a fat lady, Pat Ast, who promptly takes Joe to bed in lieu of rent. Soon he moves up the social scale by becoming the gigolo of an ageing, much-divorced film-star, Sylvia Miles, who lives in a vast mansion and is the mother of the unbalanced girl. When she fails to get him back into films and begins to have money troubles, he simply walks out on her and returns to the motel. She follows him and, parodying Gloria Swanson in *Sunset Boulevard*, tries to shoot him. But she has forgotten to load the gun, and the film ends with her throwing it crossly into the swimming-pool, to the accompaniment of the universal, excretory American swear-word, which would, perhaps, have made a better title for the picture than "Heat."

The virtue of the Warhol/Morrissey team is that they are almost completely honest about the shallowness, shoddiness and uncentredness of the characters in their films. Everything is ultimately related to money, of course, because the characters have to survive, at least at subsistence level (no romantic fantasy, for instance, like the flat in *Last Tango*), but they use the money only to go on living their footling, unstructured lives with the appalling amateurishness that most of us bring to the problem of existing. If Warhol and Morrissey are themselves decadent deviants

[1] See my comments in ENCOUNTER, June 1971.

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—and this is certainly the image they seemed to be trying to project in the David Bailey TV film,[2] at least they are decadents being sincere about decadence, and therefore about general human nature, of which decadence is only the permanent sump.

The peculiar flavour of the film is due in part to the fact that the amoral Joe, although he is now, perhaps, beginning to put on a little weight, is still a monument of mindless physical beauty around which the other characters move, but with which they can establish no psychological contact, because there is no whole person inside the beautiful body to be contacted. Either he is afflicted with the numbness of the Absurd, which seems unlikely, or he is near to mental deficiency; and anyway, the other characters themselves are nearly as minimal. The fat lady, who has a sharp eye for a bargain, buys his favours at once, and there is a marvellously poetic love-scene, in which the traditional sex-relationship of Beauty and the Beast is reversed. Either Warhol or Morrissey has an extraordinarily keen sense of the pathetic fragility of beauty and the aggressive beauty of ugliness. The ageing film-star rattles on about love, fidelity, art, and motherhood with the desperate loquacity of someone who has never understood anything about anything and, although herself an ex-beauty, shows that she has nothing like the fat lady's firm grasp on sexuality. The unbalanced young girl cries raspingly for money, attention, and sexual satisfaction, like a damaged young bird that has fallen from a well-feathered nest and will never make a go of life at all.

The more I reflect on this trilogy of films—*Flesh, Trash* and *Heat*—the more I am convinced that, in spite of their haphazard nature and the occasional concessions to automatic obscenity, they have a curious quality which gives them a special place in the ephemeral world of the cinema. Let us hope that Warhol/Morrissey, having now broken into the big money, will not go the way of most flesh and lose the strange poetic flair they have exhibited so far.

[2] See *Warhol: David Bailey's TV Interviews*. Photographs by DAVID BAILEY. Bailey Litchfield/Mathews, Miller, Dunbar, £1.75.

Choral Song

We are not citizens
But victims of the city
To which the busy joys
Of civil life commit
Us willy nilly.

Witless artisans
Or instinctive builders,
Our business bewilders
Your repulsive pity;
Our insect kingdom

Knows no unemployment,
No loyal opposition,
No leisure and no merit.
Our architecture tells you
What enjoyment

Among the denizens
Of hive and anthill is:
The energetic ethic
And collective eros of
Your spineless neighbours.

Daryl Hine

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George MacBeth

Birth

Swept by the sucked waste, out
Into a funnel of encrusted slime,
Clutch to what hopes you can. In time,
Surviving to the mouth, crawl through the spout

And live on white glaze, black
As any target to the eye of death
In cat or man. For drawing breath
It has to be the dark folds you most lack.

So live and win. Displayed
Along enamel, with a severed leg
A foot away, eat up your egg,
I mean your fear, and grow towards the shade.

Something will happen. Slow,
Tired by the light, slur over the smooth ground,
And reach the opening. You found
It easier before, thrown by the flood?

I know. Lower yourself
Through what looks brass, and solid. Years before,
It seems, you fought here, blind and sore.
Feel for the ridges, for the first rough shelf.

It takes your weight. So rest.
There is a time for waiting, as for work,
Even in this coarse tube of mirk.
So drop at ease, grown ready for each test

In dint of progress. One
Bruised inch of stench, then one again:
Soft body to the round wall. Then
Swung over the abyss, the silk rope's run

Holding you taut. From your
Own body, as that sticky length extends,
The future is explored, and bends.
Go easy, if at all, through its black sewer.

Up from the ground, a light,
As if from too far off to matter, seeps:
Bald darkness in the middle creeps
And alters, from each end, the drip of white.

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So move more fast. I hear,
Or think I do, the turning of a tap.
Be still. The plug is in. No slap
Of iron on you yet, no cause for fear

Until the chain runs. Then,
Lie loose, and dive. There has to be a chance.
Buried in water, like a lance,
You may survive the battering of men,

You may be flung safe, clear
Of the enamel gutter, from the waste.
Be fortunate, if so. Make haste
And roll to where some darker hand can steer

A better luck. There grow
Another leg. There bless the world, and eat.
I send you now. It comes, more fleet,
More terrible, more cold than long ago,

The flood of birth. Sink in
From what the pipe once offered, a safe nest.
The time is past for birth, and rest.
The flood of death is starting to begin.

Michael Longley

Confessions of an Irish ether-drinker

1
It freezes the puddles,
Films the tongue, its brief lozenge
Lesions of spittle and bile,
Dispersals of weather—

Icicles, bones in the ditch,
The blue sky splintering,
Water's fontanel
Closed like an eyelid.

2
My dialect becomes
Compactings of sea sounds,
The quietest drifts,
Each snowed-under
Cul-de-sac of the brain—
Glaucoma, pins and needles,
Fur on the tongue:

Or the hidden scythe
Probing farther than pain,
Its light buried in my ear,
The seed potatoes
Filling with blood—
Nuggets of darkness,
Silence's ovaries.

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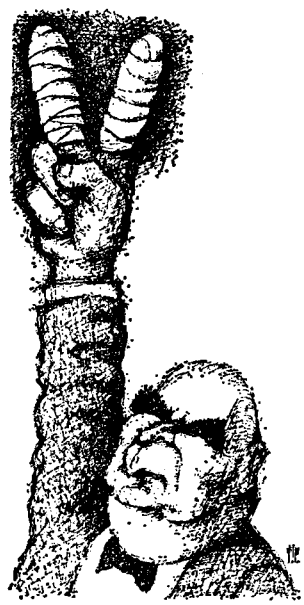
NOTES & TOPICS

Is "Gaullism" Dead?

By Anthony Hartley



L'Express

WHATEVER THE SURVIVING "companions" of Charles de Gaulle may feel about the recent course of French politics—and it can hardly be denied that they have had a rough year — Gaullism and the mixture of belief and myth associated with it have not lacked for publicity over recent months. The elections to the National Assembly and the formation of the second Messmer government have set both French and foreign journalists asking themselves "Is Gaullism dead?" (a question which, if put into Latin, would surely be prefaced by *nonne*) and there has been a suspicious quaver in the voices of loyal Gaullists as they proclaimed the immortality of themselves and their movement. Under the Fourth Republic a deputy of the *Rassemblement du Peuple français* (RPF) could cry after the defeat of the René Mayer government by Gaullist votes, "We are not dead since we can still destroy!" But even this satisfaction has been refused to the deputies of the *Union des démocrates pour la République* (UDR) under the presidency of Georges Pompidou.

On the other hand, a recent American-European conference in Amsterdam saw the editor of the UDR party newspaper *La Nation* walking out as if de Gaulle himself were still at the Elysée and George Ball denouncing "the creeping emergence of an American variant of Gaullism—a shift away from an alliance policy towards the kind of unilateralism so brilliantly practised by General de Gaulle."[1] In this perspective Gaullism is not merely alive, but virulent—a germ which can break out anywhere, bringing division and destruction in its wake. Mr Ball's statement implied the equation "Gaullism=Nationalism" (there is really no need to use the word "unilateralism"), and his speech also contained a series of rebukes for Europeans, apparently afflicted by the same malady. The European Economic Community (EEC) seen from America was said to be "little more than an instrument for the commercial advantage of a group of self-centred European nations" which had failed "to achieve a common voice and a political strength commensurate with its economic power." Gaullism, it appears, is a little like the 19th-century nationalism communicated by the French revolutionary armies to other countries and only working out its worst consequences generations later. It used to be feared that the Federal Republic of Germany would be the first major victim of the disease. Now it seems that the Nixon administration has succumbed.

The contrast between the apparent agony of Gaullism in France and its contagiousness elsewhere is an intriguing one. But one wonders whether it is really possible to attribute to the word "Gaullism" any significance outside its French context. Within that context what is happening is fairly clear. Two years ago I published what I believe was the first complete history of Gaullism from its origins up to the accession of President Pompidou, whose title—*Gaullism: The Rise and Fall of a Political Movement*—sufficiently declared how I thought things were going.[2] In the conclusion (finished in the spring of 1971) I wrote:

> It is, therefore, possible to imagine that the conservative coalition which, at present, calls itself Gaullist will become receptive to new influences from the centre and left and, in so doing, will lose many of the traces of its origins. The name of de Gaulle will continue to be inscribed upon its banners, but as time takes its toll of surviving wartime Gaullists, the principles of de Gaulle will have less and less influence upon its behaviour. . . .

In fact, this is just what has happened. The *"ouverture"* so much discussed after the elections must mean a dilution of Gaullist principles, a return to an openly acknowledged policy of coalitions and interests. Indeed, even before the elections, the series of financial scandals which plagued the UDR had demonstrated clearly enough that ideals of the Gaullist republic were being eroded by the more familiar phenomenon of local *notables* seeking their own advantage. The four major ministries (Defence, Finance, Foreign Affairs, and the Interior) of the present

[1] *The Guardian*, 29 March 1973.
[2] *Gaullism: The Rise and Fall of a Political Movement* (New York, Outerbridge; London, Routledge).

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government are distributed between one member of the UDR, two Independent Republicans, and one personal henchman of the President of the Republic (who, incidentally, was the negotiator for the Elysée at the secret talks which led up to British entry into the European Community). The custodian of Gaullist orthodoxy, Michel Debré, has had to retire; and the Gaullist Prime Minister, Pierre Messmer, seems to define his duty as one of strict obedience to the behests of the Elysée rather than the conservation of past traditions. M. Pompidou himself has proposed a change in the constitution and praised Valéry Giscard d'Estaing—a man partly responsible for de Gaulle's defeat and retirement in 1969—in a way which suggests that he regards him as his successor.

Policies too have changed. France has drawn nearer to Britain and also to the United States. The more sensational side of Gaullist foreign policy has been dropped, and, over the last two years, M. Giscard d'Estaing has quietly shifted France's monetary stance to a point where there is far more common ground with other members of the International Monetary Fund (IMF). It would probably be too much to expect that France should re-enter the military structure of NATO; but, with a certain amount of flexibility on both sides, it should not be too hard to find a formula which would allow more positive co-operation between allies. Over four years of President Pompidou's term of office the divergence from traditional Gaullist foreign policy has been very great, though partly concealed by continuous use of the old rhetoric. Now, with M. Jobert at the Quai d'Orsay, this process is likely to become more overt and to proceed further.

GAULLISM IN FRANCE, therefore, seems to be rapidly sinking below the horizon. And if journalists are asking themselves "Is Gaullism dead?", it is precisely because the signs of death have become so apparent that it is hardly possible to miss them. If one takes "Gaullism" to mean the political principles of de Gaulle rather than the heterogeneous political party fighting under the Gaullist banner, then there is no question of its fading influence. Significant of this decline has been the disappearance of the left-wing Gaullists —once the custodians of de Gaulle's own ideal of *"un grand peuple rassemblé"*, now reduced to a scattering of intellectual splinter-groups and the brilliant fulminations of a journalist, Philippe de Saint-Robert. Nor must it be forgotten that de Gaulle's own Gaullism suffered a humiliating defeat—during the "May events" in 1968 and at the April referendum in 1969. What has happened since is only the consequence of that political fact.

WHAT THEN of Mr Ball's application of the word "Gaullism" to the policies of the present American administration? Is it, as he seems to imply, a kind of disease which has now crossed the Atlantic from its European centre of infection? Are the developments we can now see in Europe and America due to the example of the General?

To answer these questions it will be necessary to discuss (1) the nature of Gaullist foreign policy; (2) the influence of Gaullism upon other Western European countries and, hence, on the present state of mind of the European Community; and (3) how far the present climate of opinion in Washington corresponds to the characteristics of Gaullism.

French foreign policy under de Gaulle can be considered from two points of view: its practical effects and its exemplary character. The former were very often minimal. De Gaulle's constant assertion of France's independence and greatness often led into *culs-de-sac* on the level of practical policy simply because the discrepancy between power and ambition was too great. In Europe he failed to impose the Fouchet plan for a political Europe on his partners in the Community; and he subsequently was unable to lure the German Federal Republic away from its "special relationship" with the United States. Finally, Franco-German relations were to have their moment of truth when, during the monetary crisis of November 1968, the German "Gaullist" Franz-Josef Strauss refused to revalue the D-mark thereby taking the pressure off the French franc; and *Bild-Zeitung* could run its headline "Now THE GERMANS ARE NUMBER ONE IN EUROPE!" In fact, the most concrete result of de Gaulle's European policy can be said to have been the advantages gained by France during the detailed application of the European Community's Common Agricultural Policy (CAP)—advantages which were, however, already implicit in the terms negotiated for the Treaty of Rome.

Other aspects of Gaullist policy—the attempts to establish closer relations with China and Russia, the support given to Québec or Biafra—equally produced no very solid results. The Russians preferred Germany or the United States as negotiating partners, and de Gaulle's desire to present himself in Moscow as a European *interlocuteur valable* was doomed to disappointment from the moment the Fouchet plan collapsed. Between 1958 and 1969 France was, it is true, able to hold things up in Europe. The 1963 veto on Great Britain's entry into the Common Market resulted in a dangerous delay in the European Community's attainment of its true dimensions. NATO was damaged by France's

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withdrawal from its military structure. President Kennedy's "Grand Design" was sunk without trace, though it does not seem very likely that it would have been realised anyway, coming as it did, at a time when the United States was already sliding into war in Viet Nam. These, however, were negative achievements. They meant at best a stalemate in European politics. No Gaullist system emerged to replace the old Atlantic one. It is possible to sum up this policy, in a somewhat disparaging phrase, as one of prestige.

ON THAT LEVEL, HOWEVER, it was not without effect. Within France itself the anti-American side of de Gaulle's foreign policy was a popular and unifying force. A speech like that at Phnom-Penh denouncing American intervention in Viet Nam (1 September 1966) was certainly approved by the vast majority of Frenchmen—more especially, one might think, by the two to three million left-wing voters who voted for de Gaulle in the 1965 presidential election (though the "May events" were to show that there were limits to the attraction of Gaullist foreign policy for the Left). Most peoples like to see their leaders standing up to foreigners in a vigorous manner. The spectacle of de Gaulle's sudden decisions and trenchant judgments upon the actions of others was tonic for the average Frenchman after the harrowing and humiliating episodes of the Algerian War. In this respect de Gaulle's remark to André Malraux that his only international rival was Tintin (*"nous sommes les petits qui ne se laissent pas avoir par les grands"*) was accurate. There was admiration—and not only in France—for a dramatic *tour de force* whose fascination was quite divorced from its consequences. For in a sense it was fascinating just because its consequences were so limited. Had de Gaulle's foreign policy been sufficiently integrated into the structure of international politics to exercise a dominant influence on even part of it, the compromises and the discretion imposed by responsibility would have detracted from its clarity and intransigence. The brutality of de Gaulle's political style and the uncompromising cast of his utterance were both designed to generate the psychological force appropriate to what was felt —certainly by him—as a struggle against history. De Gaulle's policies were exemplary because example ("a theatre of diplomacy") was the greater part of the means at his disposal, and because his personality was supremely well suited to the lofty and memorable public expression of his guiding ideas.[3]

HOW FAR HAS the Gaullist example been followed in Western Europe? For all the interest and fears it may have generated, the answer would seem to be "not very far." As *Bild-Zeitung* testified, a decade of French refusal to compromise within the councils of Europe was likely to build up an equally bloody-minded response from other countries. But none of this has been very serious. The prophets who were predicting ten years ago that a renewed German nationalism would be set in motion by Gaullism have been proved wrong (a real turning-point in Germany seems to have been the treatment of Dr Ludwig Erhard in Washington in 1966, but that is another matter). The European summit conference last October, for instance, was distinguished by a considerable readiness to compromise and to spare the feelings of other countries.

Of course, it is inevitable that the absorption of new countries into the European Community should be accompanied by confusion, disputes over details, and a perhaps excessive concentration on the administrative problems created by the new situation. Any body whose internal balance is affected by change will be "inward-looking" until it has reduced to order the chaos into which it has been thrown. When, therefore, Americans feel inclined (as clearly they did recently at Amsterdam) to blame the Community for its failure "to achieve a common voice and a political strength commensurate with its economic power" or to find it "exasperating to conduct business with the EEC", they should realise that it is precisely the first successful step on the road to greater unity (*i.e.* the enlargement of the Community) which has created the practical difficulties that preoccupy Europeans at the moment. One cannot simultaneously blame Europeans for "doing nothing" and then give examples which, in reality, spring from a failure to digest rapid expansion and progress. "*L'appétit vient en mangeant*" used to be a phrase much quoted in Brussels. Perhaps it should be replaced by "*l'appétit vient en digérant.*"

It can hardly be maintained that the European members of the Community have in any sense become more nationalist or been bitten by the Gaullist bug. It is a fact that in Europe there is now less willingness to follow the lead of the United States and less admiration for it as a

[3] More could be said about the style of de Gaulle's foreign policy, its secrecy and deviousness which certainly added to the general effect. (See the famous passages in *Le Fil de l'Epée* on this subject.) In a review of my book in *The Guardian*, I was accused of having described de Gaulle's foreign policy as "machiavellian", though I had not used the word in that connection (I had used it concerning his Algerian policy). But Machiavelli had far more of an eye to the concrete results of the exercise of power than de Gaulle.

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model of civilisation. There is more anti-Americanism, if you will, than there was a decade ago. This, however, has been due in large part to the Viet Nam War—where the spectacle of American "immorality" was less damaging than that of American inefficiency—rather than to a recrudescence of European nationalism. It is, of course, true that serious questions have now to be negotiated between the United States and Europe in which important material interests will be at stake. But the fact that European negotiators do not instantly leap to concede all that their American opposite numbers require of them cannot in itself be regarded as proof that the European Community is "basically antipathetic to US interests"—still less that it is succumbing to nationalism. It is not "Gaullism" to establish a common European position pending international economic negotiations. It will not be "Gaullism" if the first manifestations of common European policies in foreign affairs and defence create tensions with the United States (for while one might agree with Mr Ball that, in the long run, the emergence of a political Europe will make transatlantic relations easier, the immediate difficulties may still be considerable).

IF IT IS AGREED that, outside France, "Gaullism" has really had little influence on the state of mind of members of the European Community, what is to be said of the view that a type of "Gaullism" is emerging in the United States? An analogy can be drawn between the state of mind of the French after the Algerian War and the state of mind of the Americans after the Viet Nam War, but this will not carry anyone very far, historically speaking. Otherwise, there are two remarks that suggest themselves. First, that in the days of undoubted American predominance when the United States largely gave the lead to its allies (and it was, at any rate, made clear to them that they could not act effectively *without* the United States), there was no need for America to adopt "unilateral" policies. For a very strong power within an alliance "Unilateralism" virtually becomes the same as "Alliance Policy". The leader carries his followers with him and, therefore, has no need to act without them. Even at this time, of course, there were threats from Washington that, in certain circumstances, America would go its own way—John Foster Dulles's "agonising reappraisal" and the stream of emissaries dispatched to warn Europeans of the dire consequences of refusing to go along with the "multilateral nuclear force" (MLF). The gradual entry into the Viet Nam War under the Kennedy and Johnson administrations was also an example of America "going it alone." The European allies had no right to be consulted and were not consulted. But they were adversely affected by the involvement of the United States in a war that could not be won or ended. One might conclude that, up to 1965, American national policy was able to express itself within an Alliance System (by imposing its views on its allies), but that—where this was not the case (Viet Nam)—it did not hesitate to act on its own.

Moreover—and this is my second point—whether we call the prevailing mood in the United States "Gaullism", "Nationalism", or "Neo-Isolationism", reaction to the years of war in Viet Nam is really its main ingredient. Nor is this surprising. A war which must be called in some sense "lost" is traditionally a traumatic experience for any country. The mixture of wounded pride and a desire to withdraw from international commitments which it may produce could well have as their result a looser association with allies. In fact, the present policies of the Nixon administration can be read as corresponding not so much to a mood of heightened nationalism as to one of decreased self-confidence. And, of course, if doubts are felt about a country's ability to provide leadership within an alliance system (and this seems to be one of the elements of "The Nixon Doctrine"), then there will be a natural tendency for policy to fall back on some more particular conception of the national interest. It should be noted, however, that President Nixon and his administration have resisted these temptations to a surprising degree. It was his opponent in the recent elections, George McGovern, who represented the current of Neo-Isolationism; and one would suspect that any administration headed by Senator Edward Kennedy would have as its device "Sinn Fein" (Ourselves Alone).

WHEREAS GAULLIST FOREIGN POLICY was an attempt to maximise France's power by the use of a demonstrative diplomacy and the pursuit of prestige, present-day American policy is a defensive consolidation after the experience of Viet Nam. Its style springs from a belief that the United States can no longer impose its views upon its allies. All this may be a change for the worse. But it can hardly be said to be more "nationalistic" in content than what went before, during, for instance, the ecumenical phase of the Kennedy administration. Nor can it really be compared with Gaullist policies. For, it must be emphasised once again, a *responsible* Gaullist foreign policy (*i.e.* one that had sufficient success to have to assume responsibility for events) is something which we have not yet seen. De Gaulle could pursue his unyielding course

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just because it had little impact upon events. An American Gaullism, with the power of the United States behind it, would, on the contrary, produce so immediate and far-reaching an effect that it would be liable to bring about a deterioration of the international environment detrimental even to American interests as well as to those of other countries.

The peculiar nature of France's foreign policy under de Gaulle was conditioned by a lack of material results and an accumulation of prestige. An American Gaullist foreign policy would bring about such devastating material results that no one could possibly regard it as prestigious.

ONE MUST CONCLUDE that the word "Gaullist", used of political phenomena outside France, is deceptive and inaccurate. It generates more heat than light in an area of discussion where heat is not a particularly useful form of energy; and a historian might wish that it could be dropped from the vocabulary of political invective. Certainly, as far as France itself is concerned, it would be wise to forget the disputes of the 1960s and to accept the possibilities of cooperation offered by the evolution of French policy which has now taken place. Gaullism now has little influence in Europe and in its application to America is so metaphorical as to be irrelevant. It should be removed from its present status of a useful missile to hurl in debate to that of an interesting political episode which may now be confined within the more peaceful sphere of historical observation.

The Education of Moshe Dayan

An Israeli Paradox — By SHLOMO AVINERI

ISRAEL IS A LAND of many paradoxes, and Moshe Dayan is certainly one of them. A victor in war, he quotes to Israeli audiences verses of a Palestinian Arab poet glorifying the fedayeen, urging his countrymen to try and understand what is bothering the other side. By far the most popular political figure in Israel, he will probably never make it to the Premiership, since he has very little support among the machine-politicians of his own Labour Party. A grandfather pushing sixty, he is almost invariably referred to in political circles in Israel as a young man in a hurry. Identified more than any other Israeli statesman in Arab eyes with the military strength of the Jewish state he is nevertheless considered by most Arabs in the territories now occupied by Israel as the one Israeli leader who understands them best. If asked they would overwhelmingly name him rather than any other Israeli as having the best chances of achieving a settlement between the two warring nations in the Middle East.

Shabtai Teveth—who after Amos Elon is Israel's most intelligent journalist—tries to unravel the enigma in this detailed and documented biography.[1] He is an admirer, albeit a critical one, of Dayan, but is well aware of the pitfalls in store for anyone writing a biography of a living political figure. Unlike Britain, Israel has no tradition of an established genre of political biographies. The attempts to write a biography of Ben Gurion, for example, have resulted in most cases in quite despicable results; nor have previous biographies of Dayan been much more than exercises in adulation. Teveth's biography, on the other hand, which appeared in Hebrew a few months before the publication of its English version, has already provided a supply of ammunition for Dayan worshippers as well as Dayan opponents in Israel itself. Nothing could be a better proof of its ultimate balance, despite its obvious Dayanite bias. And though Teveth's book, subtitled *"The soldier, the man, the legend"*, may, in its own way, contribute to the legend, it does help to understand the man, warts and all, who with all his popularity and wide appeal remains even to most Israelis a sometimes disturbing phenomenon.

SHLOMO AVINERI, *who is Professor of Political Theory at the Hebrew University of Jerusalem, has been active since 1967 in exploring the possibility of achieving a settlement of the Arab-Israeli conflict through an establishment of a Palestinian Arab state on the West Bank and in Gaza. His recent books include "The Social & Political Thought of Karl Marx" (1968), "Israel and the Palestinians" (1971), and "Hegel's Theory of the Modern State" (1972).*

[1] *Moshe Dayan.* By SHABTAI TEVETH. Translated by LEAH AND DAVID ZINDER. Weidenfeld & Nicolson, £3.95.

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THE RECORD ITSELF is well known by now. Born in 1915 in Degania (Israel's first kibbutz) to pioneer parents, Moshe Dayan was raised in Nahalal, Israel's first *moshav* (cooperative village). When he was three, Degania was burned to the ground by the retreating Turkish Army fleeing before General Allenby's forces. As a child, he was plagued with malaria and trachoma; in 1939, with British policy shifting under increasing Arab pressure towards an outright anti-Zionist attitude, he was imprisoned by the British with 43 other members of the Hagannah and spent two years in Acre fortress. In 1941, released from jail, he was recruited by the British Army in their drive against the Vichy French in Syria. There, at the age of 26, he lost one eye and any hope he had for future active service in the Jewish para-military organisations. Only under the pressure of the Arab onslaught on newly established Israel in 1948 was he brought back from the wilderness to head the defence of his native Degania against the Syrians. Alternately excelling and failing in a number of unconventional sorties in Ramleh and Jerusalem, he picked up the pieces of what otherwise seemed a dashed career to become Chief of Staff in 1953, and headed the Israeli army in 1956 in the Sinai Campaign. The rest is history.

Teveth tells all this most readably in a volume that hovers between a personal biography of Dayan and a background history of modern Israel. It is thus a book that recounts much more than the history of one man. Though Dayan is usually identified as primarily a military man, Teveth has quite a lot to tell about his early life as a farmer in Nahalal as well as about his later period as Minister of Agriculture after he left the Army (1959–64) and the Byzantine intricacies of his in-fighting within *Mapai* and the newly-constituted unified Israel Labour Party.

But what emerges most strikingly in Teveth's account is not this record (which has been told elsewhere, though never so convincingly). Where Teveth breaks new ground is in focusing on two aspects of Dayan's development which may be crucial to the understanding of him as a person and a politician. One is his parental background; the other is his early encounter with the neighbouring Arab population.

SCEPTICAL AS ONE MAY WISH TO BE about facile psychological speculations on parent-child relations, the contrasts between Moshe Dayan's parents cannot but have left an impact on him. Though both parents came from roughly the same geographical area of the East European Jewish Pale, their social and cultural backgrounds were worlds apart: one sometimes wonders how they could have found much in common. The father, Shmuel Dayan, appears to come from an almost archetypical *shtetl* background. The family environment was that of small-town ritual butchers, petty religious functionaries, and small shop-keepers; all appear to be rather limited, unsophisticated, and plebeian in their outlook. Shmuel's only education was that of the religious *cheder;* and though later on he moved to Odessa and rebelled against this orthodox upbringing to embrace socialist Zionism, his horizon never became significantly broader. He came to Palestine in 1908, worked as an agricultural labourer and joined Degania, the first communal settlement on the shores of the Sea of Galilee. Self-fulfilment in the redemptive virtues of labour was complemented by an active interest in labour politics; and over the years one finds Shmuel spending more time in Tel Aviv (or going on special missions or to Zionist congresses abroad) than on his farm in Nahalal, the management of which was left to his wife and sons. Shmuel Dayan ultimately became a Member of Knesseth. What emerges from Teveth's account (based as it must be on material at least partly supplied by Dayan himself) is a somewhat unappealing picture of a self-righteous, rather limited, hypocritical, intolerant and self-serving petty politician, who was probably little loved by his children.

The mother, Dvora Zatulovsky, is another story altogether. Like some of her sisters of that milieu, Gentile and Jewish alike, she belonged to that first generation of modern liberated women: the Russian revolutionary female. Coming from a slightly more sophisticated background than her husband, hers was the only Jewish family in their village. Hence she had a private tutor, and later enrolled in the village Russian Orthodox school and learned Russian. She then went on to a Russian Gymnasium, studied education at Kiev University, found a mentor in a Gentile professor with whom she worked on a study of slum children, and was drawn in 1905 to Russian revolutionary circles. She was a sensitive, poetically inclined young woman whose loves were Chekhov and Tolstoy (in later life she continually prodded her more philistine husband to read them, but apparently to no avail). When Tolstoy died, she made a pilgrimage to his estate and worked for months in the commune there. During the first Balkan War, she volunteered as a nurse on the Bulgarian front. The first Zionist stirrings came only later, yet the estrangement from Mother Russia never alienated her from Russian culture which she continued to cherish even in Degania. This was interpreted by some of her colleagues as an indication that she was not "sufficiently rooted in Zionism".

Dayan himself sums up the resulting differences

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between his parents as follows:

> Even as a child I understood that Father talked in formulas, like most of the *Hapoel Hatzair* [one of the Labour Zionist parties] leaders. When a son discovers his father talking in formulas, he begins to disrespect him. There was no point in arguing with him because he never developed his thoughts logically. Arguments with him were not of the kind in which one side or the other could be convinced. Father would trot out truisms, and that was that. With Mother, one could discuss things and argue. She could prove to you that you were wrong or admit that you were right.

It is conceivable that Dayan's uneasiness with, and distrust of, the conventional phraseology which is so much the trade-mark of the Israeli Labour Establishment goes back to his distaste for his father's self-righteous certainties; politically this meant that the suspicion was reciprocated. "Dayan is a lone wolf"—this is one of the worst recriminations thrown at him in Labour Party circles. It means he makes up his own mind and is very much a non-conformist; this is politically dangerous in a machine-ridden party, based on ideological consensus and coalition give-and-take. Yet this parental background also explains Dayan's other side, much less known publicly: a thin vein of melancholy, a sensitivity to beauty (he is known to write occasional verse), an inner *Zerissenheit*—all traits which can be discerned in his mother.

THE SECOND ASPECT of Dayan's development which is traced in detail by Teveth is his early encounters with the Arabs of Palestine. For the typical Eastern European pioneers, the Palestinian Arabs posed something traumatic. In some metaphysical sense, they shouldn't have been there in the first place. The humanitarian and socialist value-systems of the early pioneers did call for cooperation and mutual understanding. The vision of Zion Resurrected implied progress and equality for Jews and Arabs alike. But the basic feeling of strangeness and unease remained; and when the message of goodwill and cooperation was not reciprocated by the Arabs, it gave place to self-righteous resentment.

Dayan, on the other hand, epitomises the attitudes of the Israeli-born or -bred second generation. For them, Arabs were not a strange and exotic people inexplicably inhabiting the ancestral Land of Israel. They were, for better or for worse, part of the environment—to be lived with, coped with, and if need be, fought with. But they always were, and were destined to remain, a part of what the Land of Israel is all about. In Nahalal, Dayan grew up with Arab boys from the neighbouring Arab al-Mazarib Bedouin tribe. He played with them—and occasionally clashed with them, in peasant fashion, over water rights. In one case, he was almost killed in a village skirmish; but to his wedding he invited his Arab friends, much to the chagrin of his family. Wahash, Abdullah Mustapha, Abed al-Abeidat—these are some of the names that come up in his childhood memories. Many years later, he persuaded one of them, Abed al-Abeidat, who was initially involved in anti-Jewish riots, to join the Israeli army: he still serves there, and has in the meantime attained the rank of lieutenant-colonel.

When he was imprisoned by the British in Acre fortress, Dayan spent much time trying to befriend some of the Arab prisoners convicted for anti-Jewish terrorist activities. To his father, with whom he argued continuously about the attitude to the Arabs, he wrote (with some relish, one suspects) about his contacts with notorious Arab anti-Jewish gang leaders whom he met in jail.

> Our personal relations with them are good. I'm writing this with a pencil I borrowed from one of the members of the Kassam gang.

Attempting to understand their motivation—an attempt he would continue to pursue after 1967 as Minister of Defence—he writes from jail in 1940:

> What really goes on inside the mind of an Arab who suddenly begins rioting in Jaffa? I don't think I came to any conclusions about this, but I began to understand them better, to realize that there was something there, *that it was not simply a case of the good guys and the bad guys.*

To Shmuel Dayan and his generation, this was anathema, as much as Dayan's Tirra speech of 1965, in which he said that he perfectly understood why the Arabs living in Israel, though expected to be loyal citizens, should nonetheless *not* be forced to sever their cultural, educational, and emotional attachments with the Arab world "of which they are a part." This made many veteran Israeli politicians, especially Golda Meir, extremely angry. But it foreshadowed Dayan's liberal attitudes as occupation commandant after 1967 and his "Open Bridges" policy.

Teveth also records a fascinating little-known episode in 1948, when Dayan and some other young Hagannah commanders talked a battalion of Fawzi Kaukji's "Army of Liberation" (made up mainly of Druzes) into withdrawing from the battle-field and eventually joining the Israeli forces. Dayan's brother Zohar was killed in an earlier skirmish with this battalion; and when during the parley the Arab commanders discovered that their Jewish counterpart was the brother of the slain Zohar Dayan, they were sure that they walked into a trap. But using his contacts with neighbouring Druze chieftains,

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Dayan calmed the Arab commanders: he vowed that "I forgive you spilling blood of my blood" and managed to negotiate the withdrawal of the battalion and later its eventual incorporation into the Israeli army.

IT IS THIS ABILITY TO COMMUNICATE with the other side, to understand it, to speak its language, which is Dayan's major advantage in his dealings with the million Arabs now under Israeli rule. Since 1967 Dayan has probably spent more time talking to Arab leaders on the West Bank and in Gaza, cajoling them, arguing with them, occasionally twisting their arms, than he has spent with his colleagues in the Labour Party. This obviously did not enhance his chances for the Party's leadership. It did, however, enhance the chances of some sort of co-existence between Jews and Arabs.

This ability to see the tragic dimension of the conflict—tragic in the Hegelian sense that both sides proceed from their own concepts of justice—is shared by Dayan and other Israelis of his generation: Yigal Allon, Arieh Eliav, Shlomo Hillel, Meir Avizohar. It is for this reason that Dayan called upon Israelis after 1967 to listen to the fiercely nationalistic poetry of Fadwa Toukan of Nablus—adding "Let's hope that one day they will listen to our poets. . . ." Here, for example, is Dayan's funeral oration in 1956, (when he was Chief of Staff) at the graveside of an Israeli kibbutznik who was brutally murdered and mutilated by Arab marauders from across the armistice line at the Gaza Strip:

> Yesterday morning, Ro'i was killed. The quiet of the spring morning blinded him and he did not see the murderers lying in wait for him along the furrow. Today, let us not condemn the murderers. What do we know of their fierce hate for us? For eight years they have been living in refugee camps in Gaza, while before their eyes we are making the lands and villages they and their ancestors lived in into our land. We should demand his blood not of the Arabs of Gaza, but of ourselves. . . .

This dimension of Dayan, which is not well known outside Israel, can also be further illustrated by an anecdote which Teveth does not include in his book. After 1967, Dayan negotiated with the Muslim authorities in Hebron, on the West Bank, that Jews should be allowed to pray in the mosque that stands on top of the Cave of Machpelah, the Tomb of the Patriarchs. But when one of the Israeli settlers in Hebron (the old Jewish community was almost completely massacred by the Arabs in the 1929 disturbances) asked for permission to have his son circumcised on the Tomb of Abraham, Dayan refused. In his public justification of the refusal, Dayan argued that the place is a mosque, has been a mosque for more than a thousand years, and will remain

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a mosque. Jews should be allowed to pray there, because the place is considered holy to them as well, but only under the condition that this does not infringe the rights of the Muslims whose shrine it is. Since one has to use wine for the rite of circumcision, and bringing wine into a mosque is an abomination and sacrilege to the Muslims, this cannot be tolerated; permission was not granted. Few Ministers of Defence, I imagine, have ever had to adjudicate in such Solomonic contexts.

WHILE TEVETH IS extremely good in delineating this side of Dayan, the book has nonetheless a number of serious faults. Some of Dayan's character traits which have been publicly criticised (*e.g.* his probably illegal archaeological excavations) are conveniently glossed over. In a generation where being a "swinger" is almost a necessary prerequisite for charismatic statesmen, Dayan's well-known womanising should not shock anyone. The stories now told about Lloyd George's lunch-habits desensitise one to such behaviour; yet Teveth's attempts to exonerate Dayan from all this smacks of self-righteousness.

More seriously, Dayan's role in the notorious "Lavon Affair" is glossed over by Teveth. Pinhas Lavon, who succeeded Ben Gurion as Minister of Defence in 1953, was made a scapegoat for an espionage blunder which had been initiated without his authorisation. In the 1960s Lavon's attempt to exonerate himself was used by Ben Gurion and his followers to crush any opposition within Mapai to B.G.'s hegemony. Ben Gurion's failure and his ultimate political eclipse became the greatest victory for pluralism within *Mapai* and for public scrutiny of the Defence establishment in Israel. In some sense Dayan was the real victor in this affair, since it politically finished not only Lavon but ultimately Ben Gurion as well. One has a gnawing suspicion that for all his adoration for B.G., Dayan was not averse to the spectacle of Ben Gurion destroying himself politically in the Affair. It shows Dayan's realism, but also exhibits a cunning and lack of gratitude which are viewed as immoral in Israel's highly moralistic political climate. (Teveth also did not interview Lavon for his book, and this casts a serious shadow on the credibility of his chapter on the "Lavon Affair.") Teveth tends to minimise this, in the same way in which he tends to minimise the extent to which Dayan's reprisals policy might have manoeuvered Ben Gurion into the Sinai Campaign of 1956. Teveth mentions that Dayan wanted Israel to "go it alone" and tried to shy away from the alliance with France and England because he was aware of the political stigma that would attach to it. Ben Gurion, on the other hand, doubted the ability of the Israeli Air Force to give Israel's exposed cities adequate air cover; and he decided to collaborate with the French and British in order to gain the French air umbrella. This is discussed in great detail by Teveth; what is missing is a detailed analysis of who ultimately led whom.

ON THE WHOLE, Dayan emerges from this volume as a cautious, pragmatic statesman, who knows the limits of power. He was extremely sensitive about not provoking the Soviets in 1967. He still thinks that Egypt cannot tolerate a long-term Israeli presence on the Suez Canal: hence his attempts to go along with the U.S. proposals for some "interim solution" on the Canal, even if ultimate peace is still far away.

DAYAN may not be the vaunted Man of Peace, but he is a man of understanding and moderation. Precisely because he does not deceive himself about the depth of the Arab enmity toward Israel, his long-range vision may well be impaired by his realisation that "peace is still far away." But he tries not to push the other side too much (he is sometimes called "a coward" by the Heruth extremists); and in the absence of peace he wants to see the Israeli presence on the West Bank and in Gaza creating the context for co-existence, to prove that Jews and Arabs can live together, much as they still disagree about the conditions of this co-existence. I cannot help feeling that if there were a Dayan on the other side—an authentic Arab national leader who on occasion had ears to listen to the poets of Israel—the chances of peace in the Middle East would be much greater.

In the meantime, Dayan is in his way a tragic figure. In the statement Amos Elon used as a motto for his book *The Israelis*, Dayan confessed that all his life he had wanted to be a farmer, yet he spent most of his life in arms. This fate is not the personal tragedy of Dayan: it is Israel's tragedy. And thus, despite the desperate attempt of the Founding Fathers of Israel to escape the vicious circle of their tragic history, the Jewish state is still linked at its core with this dimension of its history. And Dayan, the victor, may paradoxically be its epitome: a nation victorious, yet unable to live in peace.

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Mendacity in Mrs Gaskell

By P. N. Furbank

"Fictional beings have their laws, the most rigorous of which is the following: the novelist may be either their witness or their accomplice, but never both at the same time." JEAN-PAUL SARTRE

IT WAS, YOU MIGHT SAY, only by a linguistic confusion that the Victorian novel came to have "heroes" and "heroines." The novelist, that self-made man, allowed himself to think that the novel had a lineage and that this must be "heroic" or epic poetry, or the "heroic" romance. This, he felt, gave him the right to call his protagonist a "hero"; and from that it was only a short step to thinking the protagonist might be allowed to *be* heroic, larger than life or superhumanly good. It appeared, on reflection, that there was a saving clause in the iron law of fictional realism. And, the human heart being sinful, he applied it to his own advantage. If anyone was going to be a hero, it might as well be *him*, he said; and under cover of his "hero" or "heroine" he day-dreamed about himself.

This was a fault, but it might be an innocent fault. It is innocent to make your hero, like Nicholas Nickleby, do and say the things, make the fine gestures, that you would have liked to yourself if the world were different. But realist fiction teaches a special guile, that of making it seem that the things you relate might actually have happened, and in the way that they are told. And the novelist with a guilty secret, I mean the secret that he is day-dreaming about himself, may grow very cunning: very cunning, devious and deceitful. And none more so, it has struck me, than Mrs Gaskell.

The deviousness enters in through Mrs Gaskell's fearing, or hoping, that the reader is going to confuse her with her heroine. My example in this article is going to be *North and South*, but it may help if we first give just a glance at *Ruth*. This story of a "fallen woman" provoked many nonsensical protests among its readers, but also one legitimate complaint. This was by W. R. Greg in his essay "The False Morality of Lady Novelists." Mrs Gaskell, he said, wanted the best of both worlds. To ensure our sympathy for the plight of the fallen woman, she had made Ruth's fault as venial as possible; and yet on the other hand she allowed others, and Ruth herself, to talk of it as though it were the gravest of sins. Now, either she should have made Ruth less saintly, or she should not have held "conventional and mysterious language about her as a grievous sinner." This was a very shrewd point, I think; and something of the same sort is true of the morality of *North and South*. It too suffers from wanting things both ways.

North and South is certainly very "conventional", ethically speaking; but there is something strange about certain of its conventions, especially those governing descriptions of the heroine, Margaret Hale. It is worth mentioning that Dickens went over the proofs of *North and South*, taking out, as he said, the "stiflings—hard plungings, lungeings, and other convulsions." Mrs Gaskell, however, put them back. By "stiflings, hard plungings" etc. I take Dickens to have meant the physical transcriptions we are given of the heroine's emotional reactions. These are in a curious and special "heroine" style; and the puzzle is that it is often difficult to tell who is supposed to be noticing them.

Mrs Gaskell is conscious of this difficulty and sometimes helps us, with odd effect. For instance, when a policeman calls to interview Margaret, who has a secret to hide, we are told:

> Her lips swelled out in a richer curve than ordinary, owing to the enforced tension of the muscles; but he did not know what was their usual appearance, so as to recognise the unwonted sullen defiance of the firm sweeping lines.

Who is this privileged friend, we ask ourselves, who notices—what the policeman is not in a position to notice—that Margaret's lips look different from ordinary, and who is so appreciative of her good looks? Who is this solicitous companion, who tells us in the same breath of Margaret's invisible symptoms (such as only Margaret, otherwise, could know of), and her visible ones, which provide a chance of praising

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her good looks? We would like to have such a friend; it sounds almost like having *oneself* for a friend.

The simplest way of explaining what Mrs Gaskell is doing in such descriptions is to say that she pretends to be writing "from the outside" when really writing "from the inside." This is a clue to much more of the book than merely those descriptions of "hard plungings, lungeings." There is no reason why this should be a bad method. In fact it is a very interesting one; only an author who uses it has a particular need to play fair, and I do not think that Mrs Gaskell always does so.

Briefly, then, the book strikes me, for good or evil, as a mass of duplicity. To start with, despite a surprising number of references to the heroine's "open, straight look" and "frank dignity", it is obvious that she is not a straight girl at all, and that the author should strictly have put such phrases in inverted commas, saying "she gave one of her 'straight' looks." And similarly, when she says, for instance, that Margaret became too much absorbed in what was going on outside the window to attend to her father's conversation with their visitor, it should strictly read that "she did her best to appear so much absorbed, etc."

Naturally, I am not blaming the book because it is a mass of duplicity, or Margaret because her behaviour is deceptive. *The Golden Bowl* is a mass of duplicity, and I admire it greatly. And nobody could really expect Margaret not to act misleadingly on similar occasions. If Mrs Gaskell fails where Henry James succeeds it is because she gets herself into a muddle; and this is what I want to try to disentangle.

LET ME GIVE an outline of the scene in which this particular "straight, unabashed look" and the going to the window occur. Mr Hale and his daughter have just come to Milton Northern, the father having given up a comfortable living in the South because of religious doubts. To support himself, he intends to set up as a private tutor, and Mr Thornton, a wealthy Darkshire manufacturer, is to be his first pupil. When Mr Thornton first calls at the hotel where they are staying, both the Hales are out, but Margaret returns and hears that Mr Thornton is in their room. She enters "with the straight, fearless, dignified presence habitual to her." "She felt no awkwardness; she had too much of the habits of society for that." Mr Thornton, on the other hand, is a little abashed:

> instead of a quiet middle-aged clergyman, a young lady came forward with frank dignity—a young lady of a different type to most of those he was in the habit of seeing. . . . He did not understand who she was, as he caught the simple, straight, unabashed look, which showed that his being there was of no concern to the beautiful countenance, and called up no flush of surprise to the pale ivory of the complexion.

He finds it difficult to speak, so Margaret helps him out, in a rather chilling fashion. Her "superb ways of moving and looking" put her visitor out of countenance, and she has to carry most of the burden of the conversation.

> She was tired now, and would rather have remained silent, and taken the rest her father had planned for her; but, of course, she owed it to herself to be a gentlewoman, and to speak courteously from time to time to this stranger, not over-brushed, nor over-polished, it must be confessed. . . .

She continues to talk, "her eyes, with their soft gloom, meeting his with quiet maiden freedom", till her father arrives, when, as we know, she goes to the window to "make herself more familiar with the strange aspect of the street" and forgets all about their visitor till reminded by her father—who has to repeat his question before he can catch her attention. Later, when they have returned home, Margaret's mother asks what Mr Thornton is like. " 'Oh! I hardly know what he is like' ", answers Margaret, "lazily: too tired to tax her powers of description much." Then, "rousing herself", she gives Mr Thornton a very thorough going-over.

Now what is Mrs Gaskell's intention? We *could* read the passage literally, except that the author is obviously making the unspoken comment that Margaret is a bit of a snob. (We have already learned this from an earlier scene.) But the more natural thing would be to make a sort of running translation, like this: Margaret *is* a little embarrassed at meeting Mr Thornton alone in a hotel room and puts on a "straight, unabashed look" to conceal the fact. (If we do not take her embarrassment into account, she would appear to act a little rudely.) She makes a stiff little speech of explanation, which the author would not have troubled to record if she had not meant us to admire Margaret for retaining her poise in difficult circumstances. She sits defying Mr Thornton to accuse her of lack of civility (though she *is* in fact inclined to look down on people connected with trade), and then when her father returns, she goes over to the window and makes a show of ignoring her visitor for the rest of his stay.

If this is what Mrs Gaskell meant, it is perfectly natural behaviour on Margaret's part. And the method of depicting it is not very hard to grasp. Still, if it were only this passage, one might make out a case for its all being meant literally. Let us take another passage which more obviously calls for translation.

MARGARET'S PRETTY COUSIN Edith is about to be married. Edith's mother wants to show her

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visitors the Indian shawls which are to be part of Edith's trousseau, and Margaret fetches them for her, "snuffing up their spicy Eastern smell" as she does so. Edith being absent, she is asked to act as a lay figure, and finds she rather likes "to be dressed in such splendour—enjoying it much as a child would do with a quiet pleased smile on her lips." In the middle of these proceedings, Mr Lennox, Edith's future brother-in-law, is announced.

> Some of the ladies started back, as if half-ashamed of their feminine interest in dress. Mrs Shaw held out her hand to the new-comer; Margaret stood perfectly still, thinking she might be yet wanted as a sort of block for the shawls; but looking at Mr Lennox with a bright, amused face, as if sure of his sympathy in her sense of the ludicrousness at being thus surprised.

Now here we really cannot take Mrs Gaskell literally, and must be meant to realise that she is telling a fib. Margaret's reason for standing perfectly still is clearly not just what we are told it is. What passes through her mind is something less simple, and more natural. If the other ladies have abandoned the idea of the shawls for a time, so can she. But she has to make it plain that the shawls were not her own idea, and thus that the thought that she might be admired in them has never crossed her mind. (We have already been told she looks very well in them: though "No-one thought about it.") And to make her meaning doubly plain, she looks at Mr Lennox with a "bright amused face". Her behaviour, or Mrs Gaskell's account of it, before Mr Lennox's entry, is full of similar disclaimers, to the effect that though she looked very attractive, she was quite unaware of it. She "snuffs up the spicy Eastern smell" of the shawls, i.e. she has no vain feminine interest in dress. She "rather liked" to be dressed in such splendour, but enjoys it "as a child would do."

Thus this method of story-telling demands that the author shall fib somewhat on behalf of his heroine. It is a device we are more accustomed to in satire. In satirical writing, you pretend to think the characters' motives are such and such, when in fact, of course, both you and the reader know they are different. But *North and South* has a heroine, a pattern heroine notwithstanding her faults (the chief of which is pride), and though the novel contains an occasional trace of cynicism about feminine motives, in the *Cranford* vein, the scenes I have been recounting are clearly not meant as satire.

Why Mrs Gaskell backs up her heroine in her little deceptions needs explaining, then. But the result is clear, anyway—the author allows herself for certain purposes to be a false witness. And as the deceptions so far practised have been perfectly innocuous, we have no difficulty in accepting this. But here comes the bother: later in the novel we are asked to consider a difficult problem in ethics. Margaret runs up against a dilemma: and we are supposed to watch, and if necessary applaud, her way of handling it. Now it is perfectly natural that she should be confused and insincere at this point: confused, that is, not only about the ethics of the case, but also about the facts (*viz.* what her own feelings really are). But if the reader has a suspicion that the author, as well as Margaret, cannot be relied on to tell the truth in matters of fact, then he begins to complain of his treatment. All the more is this so when we consider that the ethical problem on which the book turns is itself to do with the dangers and consequences of *lying*.

BUT FIRST, let me give one or two more glimpses of Mrs Gaskell and her heroine in action. When Mr Lennox makes a pointed compliment to Margaret on a sketching party, she goes off to the brook to wash her palette, coming back "rather flushed, but looking perfectly innocent and unconscious." He is taken in by this appearance, and when he makes a regular proposal that evening, she is duly startled and alarmed, as though the thought had never crossed her mind. Again, when Mrs Thornton thanks Margaret for praising her son to her face: "I'm obliged to you, Miss Hale. Many a missy young lady would have shrunk from giving an old woman the pleasure of hearing that her son was well spoken of", Margaret pretends to misunderstand her, answering "Why?" and looking "straight at Mrs Thornton in bewilderment." (Another of her "straight" looks). When Mrs Thornton explains, she

> laughed at the notion presented to her; laughed so merrily that it grated on Mrs Thornton's ears. . . .

So much for Margaret. Now for the narrator herself. She is describing Margaret as she appears to Mr Thornton at his dinner-party.

> She was talking to Fanny; about what, he could not hear; but he saw his sister's restless way of continually arranging some part of her gown, her wondering eyes, now glancing here, now there, but without any purpose in her observation. And he contrasted them uneasily with the large soft eyes that looked forth steadily at one object, the curving lines of the red lips just parted in the interest of listening to what her companion said. . . .

But everyone agrees how boring Fanny is; so if Margaret's lips part so prettily, it can scarcely be in tribute to Fanny's conversation. Mrs Gaskell is prevaricating.

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What colour, then, does such collusion between author and heroine throw over the serious action of the book? I will remind the reader of what this consists in. Thornton has proposed to Margaret, who has rejected him rather roughly owing to the circumstances of his proposal. (During a riot among his workmen, she has saved Thornton's life by a brave action, with consequent embarrassment to herself, since her behaviour is taken as a token of love. Thornton proposes next day, while her embarrassment is still at its height.) She soon comes to repent of her treatment of him, and tries to restore their old friendly relations, but he is too resentful to respond. At this point, an unhappy misunderstanding occurs. Her brother, who has a reward on his head on account of his part in a naval mutiny, returns to England secretly, finds himself in danger of discovery, and takes flight again. Margaret accompanies him to the railway station, where a would-be informer nearly captures him on the platform, but is tripped up by his quarry, and falls dead. Some moments before this, as the brother and sister are waiting for the train in a field near the station, Thornton has passed by and recognised Margaret. When inquiries are made about the dead man, the police are led to believe that Margaret was a witness of the accident. They question her, and she denies it, to save her brother. Thornton, who is a magistrate, is consulted as to whether there shall be an inquest, and he, suspecting Margaret of a guilty secret, decides there shall not be.

Margaret is now faced with the problem of how to clear Thornton's mind of his suspicion: and the problem is doubly important, since from wanting to regain Thornton's good opinion, she gradually comes to realise that she is in love with him. Margaret's dilemma is a real enough one. It is difficult for her to offer an explanation of her conduct, for at least two reasons. First that it would endanger her brother; and secondly, that her relations with Thornton preclude it. These are real and cruel difficulties, but Mrs Gaskell is not content with them and adds further rather preposterous ones. She makes Margaret reason thus: I have committed so grave a sin in telling a lie that it is perfectly proper that others should think ill of me. I have no right to try to alter Mr Thornton's opinion of me, since I am quite as much at fault as he thinks me, though in a different way. Now obviously this is idiotic. And the author soon lets us see that she knows it. We expect therefore that the rest of the book will show us how Margaret clears her mind of these delusions. But in fact she is quite unable to do so, and the author applauds the fact.

If we want to moralise, we might say that this was a judgment on Margaret for her career of mendacity; when it really becomes important for her to be honest with herself, she is no longer capable of it. This would be horribly unfair on her, for her failings are those of her upbringing. Still, it remains true that to have been taught for so long to fib, and in particular about sex, is now the greatest handicap to her. There is one very simple fact about her state of mind. She is distressed that Thornton (and his mother) should think the young man she was seen with at the station was a lover. This fact she simply *won't* face. It is an insult to her "maiden pride" that her conduct should be misinterpreted in this way; and so she pretends that the thought has never crossed her mind. In fact, it crosses her mind as soon as Thornton passes her in the field by the station. She starts, and is "a little drooping, a little flushed", as she explains to Frederick who he is.

Yet when she first learns that Thornton has heard of her lie, we are told that his knowledge of the lie itself is all that counts: "she never dreamed that he, or anyone else, could find cause for suspicion in what was so natural as her accompanying her brother." She can escape the thought no longer when Thornton's mother challenges her about her indiscreet conduct.

> A new thought came across her. . . . He [Thornton] too, must take poor Frederick for a lover. (She blushed as the word passed through her mind.) I see it now. . . .

But eight chapters later, when her old friend Mr Bell refers to the suspicions that might have been caused by her walking with a young man in the dark, the idea is once again quite new to her.

> "But it was my brother!" said Margaret, surprised.
> "True. But how was he to know that?"
> "I don't know. I never thought of anything of that kind," said Margaret, reddening, and looking hurt and offended.

Now the only thing that is strange about all this is Mrs Gaskell's attitude. She abets Margaret in all her duplicity and seems to think it desirable that the poor girl should make such a muddle. By letting Margaret get away with her untruth to Mr Bell, she shows herself to be in collusion with her heroine—as we have seen to be from the start.

WHAT STRIKES ONE perpetually in *North and South* is the excessive and painful self-consciousness of the heroine. At every moment the poor girl has to watch out for her appearance. This might be some spy-story, so much do we feel that all depends on Margaret's quick thinking and deceiving the enemy. There is always some social challenge in wait for her, for which she has to be ready. And to follow all her physical symptoms is to watch her facing these challenges. We need to be told of every flush and tremor of hers, because there is a virtue in them, they *prove* her

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to be a right-thinking and right-feeling girl. It is no mean task to be such in her walk of life. In Fanny Burney and Richardson it is the triumph of the heroine to show right feeling under trying and exceptional circumstances. By Mrs Gaskell's day it has become a triumph to show it at any time.

One can see very well how the author of *North and South* comes to be the author of *Cranford*, though the corollary is rather harder to understand. Both the novels are studies in pretence. One of the chief sources of fun in that other brilliant book is the great Cranford conspiracy in deceit. "If we walked to or from a party, it was because the night was *so* fine, or the air *so* refreshing, not because sedan chairs were so expensive." "If we wore prints, instead of summer silks, it was because we preferred a washing material." The same is true of the serious moments; the point is still some pathetic sham or other; as when Miss Matty, in mourning for her lost lover, asks the shopkeeper for a cap like the Honourable Mrs Jamieson's—"not a widow's, of course, but rather like Mrs Jamieson's." Mrs Gaskell is the poet of deceit; she knows the country of shams better than anyone. Only the trouble is, Miss Matty seems to have taken a hand in writing *North and South*.

Art & the Freudian Key

By Edward Lucie-Smith

IT IS AT FIRST SIGHT surprising how controversial the relationship between Freud and the art critic and art historian has been and still remains—this despite the fact that Freud himself wrote a number of celebrated texts about works of art, most notably about Leonardo da Vinci and the *Moses* of Michelangelo. Many subsequent attempts have also been made to relate psychoanalytic findings to works of art. Yet there has never been, as Jack J. Spector points out in his book,[1] any such thing as an agreed Freudian aesthetic, very largely because Freud himself did not or could not systematise his own insights into the subject. In fact, he had a tendency towards self-contradiction on the subject of artists; at one time, as Spector says, "admiring them and advising a hands-off policy towards their unfathomable gifts, while at another, disdaining their infantilism and calling their achievement a form of sublimated sexuality." And there is, as well, a fundamentally important lacuna in the ideas that he put forward:

> Neither Freud nor his followers . . . have ever shown concretely how specific formal techniques correspond to the processes of the unconscious as described by Freud.

In this sense, therefore, *The Aesthetics of Freud* confesses itself to be a book which is about a non-subject.

Nevertheless, since Freudian concepts now permeate our ways of thinking and talking, and, despite possible re-evaluations of their usefulness, seem likely to continue to do so, what we have learned from Freud is constantly coming into contact with, and tending to influence, our contacts with works of art. For example, we now accept more or less as a commonplace one aspect of Freud's approach to any established masterpiece—his tendency to see it as "an unfolding drama of the mind", perpetually dynamic. This dynamism was less often stressed by the critics of the 19th century. They were not nearly so keenly aware of the way in which the spectator and the work are each capable of changing the other.

Sensibly enough, Professor Spector distinguishes several stages in the relationship between those who concern themselves with art, and the doctrines of psychoanalysis. First, he tells us, Freudian theory seemed to be the key to understanding what was hidden or repressed; then it was taken up by artists and made into a source of artistic techniques (he is referring here to the Surrealists); next it underwent a phase of rejection, as people felt one should try to look at what was actually there to be seen, rather than try to discover what might or might not be found beneath the surface. "Finally," he says hopefully, "there has been recently a renewed interest in the deep strata of art and in its experience as a series of multiple layers of meaning linked to great myths but without the old hierarchical arrangement."

This account, though persuasive and indeed in most respects perfectly accurate, seems to me to omit something of great importance to our understanding of psychoanalysis in its relationship to art criticism. This is the claim which analysis makes to be a science. One of the

[1] *The Aesthetics of Freud.* By JACK J. SPECTOR. Allen Lane, £3.95.

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characteristics of science, as opposed to art, is that science is able to pass on its results. In a way not true of artists, each scientist builds upon the experiments of his predecessors. The "scientific" status of psychoanalysis has often been bitterly disputed, even by those who give it full credit for its achievements.

A RATHER SIMILAR SITUATION can be said to exist, not so much in art criticism, as in what, for want of a better word, must still be called connoisseurship. The reappraisal of the art of the past which has taken place in the last hundred years is largely based on theories of Giovanni Morelli, who held that the authorship of paintings could be quasi-scientifically determined by paying close attention to morphological details. Another, related, influence has been the growth of the science of archaeology—an important technique of the archaeologist being the arrangement of objects in series, so as to have some insight into the growth or decline of the culture responsible for producing them.

Freud's approach to art, or one of his most important ways of approaching art, was through archaeology. He collected ancient objects, bought and read books about ancient civilisations, and of course lived through an era when archaeology was making immense strides and attracting at least as much public interest as his own explorations. In addition to this, we may reasonably see him as being a late representative of the 19th-century culture which had not as yet despaired of marrying art to science in a fundamental way.

Morellian connoisseurship, as personified by a scholar such as Bernard Berenson, was soon forced to admit its own limitations. The morphological details provided the clues, but it was Berenson's sensibility which finally decided the issue—was this, or was it not, a genuine example of the work of Giovanni Bellini? Connoisseurship's gift to criticism, just at the beginning of our own century, was the notion that the brand new work of art, of known authorship, should be scrutinised just as carefully as the four- or five-hundred-year-old painting whose authorship was in doubt. I find in this one of the fundamental differences in approach between Roger Fry and John Ruskin—Ruskin *describes*, Fry *examines*.

Psychoanalysis, on the other hand, was less willing to admit any limitations to its own authority. Since it concerned itself with the human personality, in all its aspects, surely it was entitled to pronounce on art, the mould in which personality chose to shape and express itself? Freud's followers, if not Freud himself, earned themselves a reputation, sometimes deserved, for forcing interpretation on material which would not support their theses. In addition—and here their guilt was more disputable—they acquired a name for "spoiling" the work for the spectator by bringing to the forefront of his consciousness aspects which distorted his reactions by the undue prominence thus accorded to them. Suspicion of Freudian interpretations was compounded by Freud's own lapses in the handling of art-historical material; the most notorious is his interpretation of Leonardo, which is partly based on a mistranslation, "kite" being the true word while Freud's source led him to read it as "vulture." Though Freud later became aware of the error, he was in this instance, as on other occasions of the same kind, strangely reluctant to correct himself.

WE WOULD BE WRONG, however, if we tried to set up a simple opposition between the Freudian way of interpreting works of art and more traditional methods. The Marxists, too, have had a contribution to make, and this approach has often seemed more radically anti-Freudian than the formalist art criticism of a man like Fry (obviously I am here using the word "formalist" without the special overtone which the Marxists themselves accorded to it). One period of art history which has especially attracted Marxist or semi-Marxist interpretations is the French 19th century. The span from Jacques-Louis David to the Impressionists seems to demonstrate the interaction between art and political and social change with particular clarity, and David himself and Gustave Courbet are two indubitably "great" painters who fulfil Marxist criteria in a strikingly neat way. A young British art historian, T. J. Clark, has just published a new and distinguished contribution to political art-history, which describes and interprets the reactions of leading French artists to the revolution of 1848.[2] His book provides a particularly good testing ground for the validity of the approach I have been describing, first because it deals with French painters other than the two I have just mentioned—among them Daumier, Meissonier and Delacroix—and second because, while it could not have been written without Marx, it is by no means an example of doctrinaire Marxist orthodoxy.

By placing his chosen artists very firmly in the social and political context of their time, Mr Clark does in fact illuminate their work for us in a new and enlivening way. Nevertheless, it is the moments when he steps back a little from his subject, and considers the individual *as* an individual, which provide his most fruitful insights. I particularly like, for example, some of his remarks about Delacroix:

[2] *The Absolute Bourgeois*. By T. J. CLARK. Thames and Hudson, £4.50.

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> The wish for *both*—an unrestricted, extreme and private world, and a public world in which the painter confronts and serves his time—is typical of Delacroix. It is the contradiction which keeps his career alive.

This is surely a correct interpretation of the man who produced both *The Death of Sardanapalus* and *Liberty Guiding the People*.

Yet insights of this kind do raise the question of the irreconcilability of Freud and Marx. The bourgeois, or at least the politically static, character of orthodox Freudianism has often been commented upon. But there was one aspect of Freud's thinking which, in a social sense, is far from supporting the status quo. Freud, like Marx, was radical in large part because he was secular; like Marx, he aims to de-mythologise our views of life and of society.

This process of de-mythologisation has already progressed very far; our awareness of it is one of the things which makes us "modern", whatever our political or aesthetic predilections. But it is also interesting to note that we often tend to register the change as a lack; and that we turn to the arts to fill the void which we discover within us. Spector comments on:

> what is perhaps the most important aspect of modern art and literature: its search for a new secular mythology, one with which to replace the old lost religious centre of the Western world, which was rooted in monotheism and the paternalistic family.

If we turn, as many contemporary critics have turned, to the interpretation of the arts, and especially the visual arts, as a closed and self-sufficient system, intellectually, socially and emotionally, the secular mythology—or so it seems to me—blossoms unpruned and unchecked, as the whole basis of the critical attitude is that it is sacrosanct. The reader who doesn't believe me is advised to turn to recent writing in leading art magazines about Conceptual and Minimal Art. The weapons offered by the Freudians and the Marxists may, from the art critic's point of view, be double edged, but he needs them to protect his own sanity.

Oafish Liberties

Poetry Chronicle—By DOUGLAS DUNN

ONE IS TEMPTED to sift out the handful of good poems in Michael Hamburger's selected poems[1]—from the early pages, that is—and then quote Verlaine: "*Et tout le reste est littérature.*" Many of the tensions and much of the interest in his first two volumes relied on a self-conscious ideal of "the literary": poems containing two voices, for example, or monologues in which we hear the voice of a poem-person and not a real person. We see and hear evidence of the finer prattling, well-intentioned rhetoric, superb rubbish.

All that, I'm sure, gives too adverse an impression. There are a few beautifully made poems, passages or lines not only clever in their handling of sustained metaphor, rhymes and imaginative ideas, but poetic in their insight and musicality. There is also some evidence that they were not without influence on poets slightly younger than Hamburger. "A Brief Biography", from Hamburger's 1952 Hand and Flower Press pamphlet, is like Thom Gunn, or, rather, the other way round:

> *He gazed and hoped and envied, rarely tried,*
> *Yet, always changing, giddily revolved,*
> *Restless till in the unremembering tide*
> *His tortured multiplicity dissolved.*

Tuneless, unreal, and moderately boring.

By the early 1960s, however, Hamburger's poetic had undergone considerable change, although it took a few years more to reach the plainer, more authoritative style of his present writing. Perhaps all that reading and translation of German poetry was beginning to catch up with him. In any case, he seems to have realised that the lyrical in contemporary poems is not merely, or chiefly, the effect of sweet words and like endings on a few amenable themes, but of particular words faithful to feelings, free enough in formal conception to permit the flow of dream, imagination, and the inclusion of social details. He began to write a poetry of cadence rather than of the heightened line, balanced or perplexing at its own centre as a consequence of "how it is." It would not necessarily have been bad to have continued with a reliance on externally controlled patterns of metre, rhyme and verse; for that, as has been shown by many poets, is as contemporary a way as any other. The point is that Hamburger

[1] *Ownerless Earth: New and Selected Poems.* By MICHAEL HAMBURGER. Carcanet Press, £2.75.

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appears to have recognised that he could not use these techniques significantly beyond the level of "skill" or rhetorical deftness.

Hamburger's best intensities are to be found in the shorter of his recent poems, his sequence of nine "Dream Poems", and his longer sequence, "Travelling." His writing is often lulling, as if almost persuaded into silence by the gardens, flowers, trees and birds he often writes about. In some ways, he is essentially a nature poet, although the properties of urban gardens and loved landscapes are generally involved with a sense of personal unrest, spiritual exile, uprootedness, and disappointed love. His work is peculiarly but convincingly sombre, and he takes an ambivalent attitude to "joy" (as in "Ode to Joy") which he sees as being as destructive as its opposite. One understands this, and the irrevocable fact that such feelings have much to do with the writing of poems, the release of darkness into a further, more assured, but artificial, darkening.

THERE IS A GOOD DEAL less of private pain in Alan Brownjohn's *Warrior's Career*.[2] He has already been thought by some foolish reviewers to be dull, meretricious, and a bit lacking in all-round poetic virtues. That response is contrary to much, if not all, of the evidence. Part of the trouble may be that his poems are often too assuredly of their time, too topical. But he can tease with malevolent "sung short stories" (John Bayley's phrase for describing certain poems by Auden) in a way that is quite unlike anyone else.

Imagination is used in his poems for mischievous purposes. It contains his indignation, and helps make his recognition of social affronts interesting. A good example of this is "Pastoral", which is a poem about "oafish liberty" and the lost chances in any future for social justice. Remarkably, the subject is expressed through a description of riding to hounds on the moon. Brownjohn's use of the language is more than adequate for such a novel idea. Another poem, "The Packet", is equally surprising. It uses the common advertising device of a picture of a woman holding a packet of salt, on which is a picture of a woman holding a packet of salt, on which . . . and then the poem turns into a bleak, surrealist yarn. A similarly cumulative poem is "In a Convent Garden", while the sense of urban life which Brownjohn is noted for conveying can be found in "Sadly on Barstools." There is also a savage satire on the idea of charity, which, like "Pastoral" and "The Packet", is written round one single and powerful *donnée*.

The showpiece of the collection is probably meant to be "Ode to Centre Point", written in short indented lines that presumably are intended to enact the shape of the skyscraper. As in "Woman Reading Aloud" or "Elizabeth Pender's Dream of Friendship", Brownjohn has found it somehow significant to break up words, have lines containing only one word, and to spread the poem over the page for no reason that seems to me obvious, or that can be found with hard reading. Probably the arrangement is meant to emphasise pronunciation, but it doesn't work in that way any better than in orthodox lines. "Ode to Centre Point", however, professes a slightly different mode, that of the conversational argument, the eminently reasonable, and is reminiscent of later Auden, with lots of "mights", "perhapses", "insteads" and "indeeds."

INDIGNATION IS A common enough property of contemporary poems. Dannie Abse[3] is less imaginative in his handling of it than Brownjohn, as in his "Demo Against the Vietnam War, 1968", which, for all its humanity, is trite. "In the Theatre", about brain surgery in its early days, is more successful, and the meaning of the poem, the personal holiness of individuality, is a fair indication of the good nature and social benevolence that make Abse's poems endorsable. All that effort on the side of goodness is a bit tiring, however. Like Lord Byron's wife, Dannie Abse is "very superior", but "a little encumbered with Virtue."

There is a deal of surrealism and dream in *Funland*. The title poem is surrealist social satire, and though one can admire the mordant exuberance with which Abse goes about writing the poem, it seems less good than his shorter pieces. A poem like "Three Street Musicians", for example, is a good illustration of what he does well. His notable effect is one of narrative; he has the knack of dramatising sights, thoughts, incidents and characters. There are one or two rusty phrases in the poem—"unceasing waterfalls of music" is just too easy, "poetic" in the bad sense, although not so bad as to interrupt the poem's fluency.

Abse's sense of humour is engagingly wry and self-effacing, as in "Portrait of the Artist as a Middle-Aged Man." In "Miss Book World" the humour turns sour in a bold act of condemnation of the pretensions of the literati.

There are several varieties of style in *Funland*; and this may indicate that Abse, like Brownjohn and other poets in middle age, is restlessly looking out for the magic ingredient that updates long-established literary careers. As well as the surrealist episodes of his title poem, Abse has an

[2] *Warrior's Career*. By ALAN BROWNJOHN. Macmillan, £2.00.

[3] *Funland*. By DANNIE ABSE. Hutchinson, £1.75, paper 75p.

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austere, moving poem about what it feels like to be a Jew travelling through Germany, and, for a touch of exotica, "The Faithful Wife", cast in the form of a letter written by an Egyptian woman in the reign of Amenhotep III. This seems strangely out of place beside "Here", a beautiful narrative of how real incidents translate themselves in the memory into the quality of dream, or fantasy. Above all, it seems in the wrong company beside "Car Journeys"; the fourth in that sequence, "Driving Home", is plain Larkin, whose clothes Abse has been trying on for size—

> *Opposing carbeams wash my face.*
> *Such flickerings hypnotise. To keep awake*
> *I listen to the BBC through cracklings*
> *of static, fade-outs under bridges,*
> *to a cool expert who, in lower case,*
> *computes and graphs "the ecological*
> *disasters that confront the human race."*

The lines are vivid and evocative enough. In the next verse, he not only does away with rhyme, but the driver comes across the inevitable accident. This is followed by the inevitable child at home, who has, of course, to be hugged, and who, partly lobotomised by television, doesn't understand. The poem makes its impression; but there is a sense of Abse trading on this kind of topical predicament, and the poem looking important because of what it's about. The poem makes its mark without having impressed us by its writing.

That is a very common sort of poem; and there is a general point here that is worth making. It is that contemporary problems contain such pressures of interest to the poet, that writing about them demands a suspension of the familiar poetic aims, other than delineation of an event, or the rousing of a shared, everyday emotion. Poets of Abse's generation may be casting around for new styles for excellent reasons, but I suspect that it is this need to involve poems in real situations and contemporary problems that lies behind their unrest.

GEORGE MACBETH has been an experimenter for years. His *Shrapnel*[4] contains a weird vegetable, animalistic, magical, anthropomorphical vision, or projection. A prefatory note says, "These poems are the shrapnel from what explodes in the nerves, or seems to, when people are at war." The connection between that statement and the sequences "Love Prayers", "Lady Sycorax" (Caliban's mother), and "The Soil Kings" is not, to me, self-evident. At the same time, if one can accept MacBeth's metaphor in the title, it might also be possible to accept that

[4] *Shrapnel.* By GEORGE MACBETH. Macmillan, £2.

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£2.00

Chatto & Windus

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the "shrapnel" from what "explodes in the nerves" is in everybody's case different. Hence the fact that I don't recognise MacBeth's projections of despair. Many of these oddities are in the form of prayers, litanies, hymns, beseechings and declarations of faith in the productions of one's own imagination. There are, in "The Soil Kings", descriptions of nightmarish vegetables such as "The Spider-Hunting Aubergine," or "The Hooded Parsnip." Macabre fun—though not so funny—is the essence of this take-it-or-leave-it variety of poem. What his desperate exercises add up to, other than unreasonable objective correlatives of fright, I don't quite know. This is still an aspect of MacBeth's work which, like *The Orlando Poems*, I am not yet ready for.

Such personal critical problems are less insistent when it comes to the section of *Shrapnel* called "War Poems". MacBeth is, in this vein, as in similar poems in *Collected Poems* ("The Land Mine", "The Shell", "An Elegy"), one of the austerest of contemporary literary craftsmen. He has an admitted relish for the resounding dramatic effect, and takes a Tennysonian enjoyment in the High Morbid. And to me this appears as a genuine taste for rhetoric which produces self-conscious effects by a deliberate use of skill rather than a failure to handle emotions and chosen, intricate verse forms.

MacBeth's attitude to violence is also honest. He admits the obsession, and employs war-violence as a metaphor. He even seems to be, in a curious way, a private war monger, which, in poetry, is as harmless as harbouring the hobby of private, obsessive fishmongering. It may be that like many of his generation (born 1932) he feels the guilt about the Second World War that Isherwood once wrote of as having been common in the 1920s and 1930s about the First—of having been too young to have fought in the war, knowing a great deal about war at second hand, and wanting, against inclination and moral sense, to experience it, like a fate. "The Passing Ones" and "The Broken Ones" are probably the best poems MacBeth has written.

AMONG THE SIX CATEGORIES of persons to whom Glyn Hughes dedicates *Rest the Poor Struggler*[5], are:

girls, delicate as mist-rise,
drifting from school

(opening their blouses in the sunny wood)

becoming women in Further Education Classes
who wonder why they married

[5] *Rest the Poor Struggler*. By GLYN HUGHES. Macmillan, £2.00.

This sounds a bit disrespectful. How does he know? People's decisions are people's decisions, sacred to them or contemptible to them; and to us, who have lives and decisions of our own to bother about, they are nothing much, unless we know them all personally. And that kind of poem has become as common as Dannie Abse's poem of contemporary predicament. It arises from decent motives—the wish that the world could be better, all lives happy and fulfilled. Hughes does seem to know the dangers of such an Omnipotent Sympathy. One of his eleven "Epigrams of Hell" says,

Understand
that sympathy is a tale-teller's exploration;

and learn from a wild pack-animal who knows
he must suffer and die alone.

That, too, is overstated. Without sympathy there would be no social guilt; without that there would be no indignation; and without that, no change. In poems, it is probably a matter for the closest self-scrutiny.

What might look like contradictions in the book (and a poet is free to say, like Whitman, "Very well then I contradict myself") are more evidence of transition in Hughes's writing than mix-up. In a blurb note he says he is now more interested in "spacious imaginative possibilities" than the narrative or descriptive styles his earlier interest in social realism and places once demanded. His feet are still on the ground, however, and "spacious imaginative possibilities" have eluded him. A poem like "Woman in the Morning" is precise in its social criticism. Chemicals "flicker on the dawn" and

Cars are starting from
kitsch converted-farms,
and trade has murdered sleep.

To me, that is admirable without reference to contemporary cant about liberating the frustrated housewives, or fashionable nonsense about "spacious imaginative possibilities." These opportunities have always been taken by Hughes in the past, and it may be that in his second book—from experience, I know "the second book" to be an ordeal—he just doesn't know what he's doing, but realises that something new is called for.

His best quality is the transformation of what he's seen by sensuous phrases. "Neat as the vicar of Death/ the owl skids through rotting boughs" and "a carcass melts in a simmer of flies" are good examples. With that sort of talent, and the ability to order convincing portraits of "characters" ("Old Men"), scenes ("Whit Walk"), and places and landscapes ("Saddleworth", "Above

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Oldham"), it will be interesting to see what Glyn Hughes, a serious but restless poet, will do in his next book, and whether he persists with his quest for "spacious imaginative possibilities." New things in poetry happen by chance, and only a few are visited; they certainly don't happen by inclination, or prescription.

DANIEL HUWS'S first collection, *Noth*[6], is a puzzling book. So puzzled was I that fifteen minutes were taken up trying to find out who or what Noth is or was. Unsuccessful, all I can offer is the possibility that Noth is an alternative spelling of the pagan Gael's god of battle, known to me as Neith; or the Welsh divinity Nudd, known in Irish as Nuada. This "information" is not out of place. Huws's temperament and imagination operate from primitive sources of lyricism and imagery and the timelessness of the Celtic inheritance. He often writes cryptic but not impenetrable short poems, and in "The House", to take an example, can fabricate literary dreams to dramatise the mystery of private circumstance. The folk quality of Huws's best work is appreciated by Ted Hughes in a brief note on the cover, and one can at times see similarities between the two, especially towards the end of the book, and particularly the last lines of "Eyes":

And there is this lidless eye
Raking the earth
And raking the sky
For darkness.

Objectifying passion in unreal or imaginatively produced objects is not Huws's only interest. In "The Survivors" he has written a marvellously contrived moral tale—John Pity and Jack Pride survive a shipwreck as the two most worldly qualities and "the pick of a poor bunch." "Escape" is a lyric on orthodox English lines, and "The Party" a jaunty exercise in the social macabre. When Alan Brownjohn writes about parties—as he has done at least twice—the occasion is populated by people like Amanda and Richard. Huws's partygoer meets Tom, Dick and Harry, but he expresses the same human bleakness. There is more than one way of being social or domestic or private—Brownjohn's is full of recognisable surface, topical, and of the world; Huws's works at a deeper level, generalising through imagination rather than immediate clarity. Huws does opt for the purely descriptive at times, as in "Goodbye to Tudor" and "In the Café". He is best when allowing his imagination

[6] *Noth*. By DANIEL HUWS. Secker & Warburg, £1.50, paper 90p.

GBS

Stanley Weintraub's vivid and compelling book is a study of Bernard Shaw in the period 1914–1918. Few writers have reacted so creatively and on such a scale as Shaw to the sense of heartbreak he felt for a world he might have considered well lost. This is an absorbing biography by one of the leading authorities on Shaw and his times, which portrays the grimness and the gaiety of a vanished era and the response of this great writer to its collapse. Peter Redgrove's first novel **In the Country of the Skin** is the subject of major reviews: Anthony Thwaite in the *Observer* described it as 'full of terrifying sensations . . . pictures which are the verbal equivalent of Hieronymus Bosch' and John Fuller in the *Listener* called it 'a curiously unfashionable piece of writing, but resolutely fails to be boring and will not disappoint admirers of his poetry.'

L. G. Churchward's **The Soviet Intelligentsia** is an essay on the social structure and role of the Soviet intellectuals in the 1960s. He focuses in particular on the position of social scientists and the relationship between the intelligentsia and the Communist party. He includes much original material from Soviet newspapers, books and periodicals and from his own experiences in the Soviet Union.

Bernard Shaw 1914-1918
Journey to Heartbreak
STANLEY WEINTRAUB £3·50

In the Country of the Skin
PETER REDGROVE £2·25

The Soviet Intelligentsia
L. G. CHURCHWARD £3·25

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free rein, as in "Revenant", a poem about death or spiritual return, which has a mysterious, ghostly quality, full of its own clues as to how it is attached to personal reality.

STANLEY COOK[7] appears to write poems for much the same reason as his tobacconist keeps

The old advertisement whose chamfered glass
Keeps golden, like waxed Autumn leaves, an offer
Of Rajah Cigars for two pence and seven for a
shilling.

Cook talks of exposing "all things human" without "flattery" in love or "favour" for the underprivileged. He is what old women or administrators of proliferated Arts Councils would call a "regional voice", firmly rooted in the area around Sheffield, and in his experiences as a schoolteacher. There are poems about the Sheffield of his father's generation, celebrations of old time, and an "embittered love" promoted by change. Cook's writing is rough-hewn, and, when he attempts rhyme, doggerelish, as at the end of "Sheffield":

Works chimneys remain by which they lived to die,
Their muzzles still smoking from killing the summer
sky.

Even with that dying fall, the lines are portentous, and the effect one of "decent clumsiness."

But I like this book. There are plenty of memorable accuracies, as when he describes the detritus of life scattered on pavements,

But finally we face the granite fact:
We have lanked its limbs so little; it wears us out
In wearing out itself; it takes my life.

The last phrase is too dramatic. Poets have been taken by many disasters, but never before by pavements. Cook has a reliable sense of how to order his essentially narrative poems. English poetry has always been strong on story, on sequence trimmed for poetic effect. That gift is now commonplace; though stories are not easy to write well, character sketches and descriptions are perhaps becoming too familiar. It may be that Glyn Hughes in his desire for taking the spacious imaginative possibility is on an interesting and corrective tack. In Cook's schoolmaster poems, people glean the *Times Ed,* fill in reports, are concerned for their charges, resign themselves to a life; and the poets among them, like Mr Cook, remember their stolid fathers and relatives, and fill in the grit, discomfort and decency of the slums. Observation is like imagination, although it concentrates on real objects. Reminiscence is the incurable epidemic in poetry. Affection and sympathy are partially redeeming qualities. But something is lacking, as in Stanley Cook's collection. If one can genuinely admire a book, and be dissatisfied with it at the same time, that's how I feel about this book.

ANOTHER SCHOOLMASTER is Peter Scupham, whose *The Snowing Globe*[8] is tenderly elegant. His writing is too often hampered by restraint, by softenings, and by a few unbearable commonplaces—words like "threadbare" for example. He can also be self-indulgent, referring to his "solitary voice". Scupham is clever within the suburban poetic register that seems inevitable to him. Lines like

We have our photographs:
Butterflies, slowly stiffening
In aromas of crushed laurel,

show him to remain in his domestic mood—in a poem about the adult confirmations and affirmations drawn from watching children at play—and at the same time rise above the limitations of the background. A neatness containing fresh language is what he can be relied on to bring off well, and he can do this without producing stiffness, or the impression that the writing has been too deliberately contrived. There is also a strong feeling of goodness and kindness in his poems, usually expressed with fond ambivalence, as in "Early Summer", "Toy Soldier" or "Unpicked". As in Dannie Abse's poems, the humane rightness of all Scupham's attitudes can be too readily anticipated. There is a lack of individuality, of the curiously original moral statement arrived at through the contemplation of one's unique circumstances. Easily forgiven as that is, Scupham's poems do seem to be general celebrations and affirmations of the secure life, the life of being almost but not quite like everyone else. His writing imitates this security. It has that sort of cleanliness, like mown lawns. His poems are pleasing, but whatever disturbance they contain is muffled, held off by his stylistic ideal, and perhaps by an unconscious faith in the charm of middle-class manners. For all that, his poems can be recommended; and it calls the British publishing system in question that both Stanley Cook and Peter Scupham failed to find a commercial imprint, and appear in Harry Chambers's Peterloo Poets series, which seems to have been set up as a catchment for neglected talents, and especially—and this is the painfully boring bit—regional or "Northern" ones.

[7] *Signs of Life.* By STANLEY COOK. Peterloo Poets Series, (E. J. Morten 4–6 Warburton St., Didsbury, Manchester 20), £1.25.

[8] *The Snowing Globe.* By PETER SCUPHAM. Peterloo Poets Series, £1.25.

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Alien Marx

By Neil McInnes

DISCUSSING the *Il Manifesto* group that has broken away from the Italian Communist Party, Jacques Julliard wrote in *Esprit* last December:

> The theoretical if not practical efficacy of the Marxist Vulgate lay precisely in the *linear determinism* that it postulated. It proposed a method or strategy of social transformation: let us first change what makes up the *hard core* of capitalism, what in the final analysis determines that mode of production, and then gradually all social relations will find themselves transformed. Experience has given the lie to this mechanist optimism. The suppression of private property in the Soviet Union has not modified social relations. *Il Manifesto* has the courage and lucidity to admit this. That is why, instead of the linear determinism of the Vulgate, it draws from Mao a way of attacking the problem from every angle at once. This presupposes a complex set of interactions between the various aspects of any one part of society and then between parts at different levels; in short, a *circular causality* within which "determination in the final analysis" ends up a pious metaphysical relic. We would not have the presumption to complain. But then, we are caught in a circle: where to begin?"

That is the problem of all those who leave the Communist party by the left-hand door. They still want the Revolution but they have abandoned belief in the simple communist formula: reliance on the Leninist party that will overturn capitalist property relations and thus bring in the great good era. They see that the working class, far from being the weakest link in the capitalist chain, is one of its strongest; it is not the lever for revolution but a leaden conservative force. Worse, there is no one lever because everything seems to hang together, *i.e.* the social fabric has a cohesion that makes it resist sudden partial change. There is no straight-line causal chain leading to revolution, but circular causality still can allow a revolution provided it is instant, total, and violent. It must seek not merely the economic emancipation of the workers but the complete liberation—economic, political, sexual, cultural—of every sort of social, ethnic and regional group. To provoke that extraordinary mutation, where to begin? Put a bomb in the Chase Manhattan Bank, kidnap a Renault official, stir up adolescent trouble in a high school, act as *agent provocateur* in a race riot, sell *La Cause du Peuple* outside the Metro—it hardly matters. The cohesiveness that protects society up to a point will, one day, be its downfall. Under multiple violent attacks, the whole thing will suddenly mutate, like an organism whose genes are bombarded with electrons.

It was predictable that authority for this new view would be sought in the works of Karl Marx. That is because, among revolutionaries for the past 100 years, Marxism has meant "being right for superior reasons." You could hold almost any imaginable theory about social change, from the gradualism of the German social democrats to the terrorist faith of a Trotskyite splinter group—but as long as you based it in Marxism, you were a better sort than other ignorant fellows doing the same thing. This was true even when Marx's plainest predictions were proven wrong. Indeed, it was especially true then, because thereafter the theory lost all contact with everyday reality and thus was infinitely malleable for apologetic purposes. So the history of theoretical Marxism is the story of a series of more and more recondite, elaborate, philosophical attempts to save an hypothesis that has failed. The salvage act is done by reading into it ulterior meanings that no one else suspected till just now. An assistant professor of politics at New York university, Bertell Ollman, has performed this service for the adepts of "circular causality" by discovering that Marx held precisely such views.[1]

Marx, says the American professor (in rather quaint English) "ascribed to" a philosophy of internal relations. (He says "ascribed to" at least 20 times but it is fairly sure he means "subscribed to." The book is full of such schoolboy mistakes, which makes it a slovenly piece of publishing by Cambridge.) Lest you have forgotten what internal relations are, there is an appendix on the subject. Briefly, this view asserts that a thing's relations are not logically distinct from the thing but constitute part of it. It follows that the two terms of a relation are part of each other and, since everything hangs together, everything is part of everything else. Indeed, there are no things but only aspects of the Whole. As Ollman says:

> Through its internal ties to everything else, each factor is everything else viewed from this particular angle, and what applies to them necessarily applies to it. . . .

[1] *Alienation. Marx's Conception of Man in Capitalist Society*. By BERTELL OLLMAN. Cambridge University Press, £4.

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Ollman specifies that this is the sort of theory put up by F. H. Bradley in *Appearance and Reality* in 1920 and he notes that, oddly enough, no one—before him—has seen that it is in Marx too. In fact, there has been a previous reading of Marxism as absolute idealism and that was by Lukács in *History and Class Consciousness*; but Lukács did not have at his disposal the Young Marx documents in which Ollman claims to find a theory of internal, or constitutive, relations that persists into *Capital*.

Now, when you see someone take up a well-thumbed classic, which folk no less intelligent than he have been conning with passion for decades or centuries, and he tells you that he is going to reveal its hidden meaning, certain small doubts must arise. Since everybody else has overlooked it, the evidence for his secret meaning must surely be scanty. So, if he is concerned to promote a message of that sort, why does he go to a place where it is adumbrated mysteriously, secretly? Why not go to a source that openly proclaims it? For example, if you hold to a theory of "internal relations" and wish to draw the social implications of that view, why not go to Bradley? The fact that Bradley had already drawn his own set of implications and that they were conservative would be no bar, since one might argue that "my station and its duties" were, for the absolute idealist, ultra-revolutionary. After all the Young Hegelians had argued just that against Hegel. So why confuse the matter by claiming to find absolute idealism where it exists, if at all, in such shadowy form that no one ever really noticed it? Ollman suggests an answer in this passage:

> The line of reasoning which I have followed so far in this work may be summarised as follows: either Marx means what he seems to (what common sense and ordinary language strongly suggests he means) or he does not. If he does . . . Marx is not only guilty of ridiculous exaggeration but of a gross ignorance of history and the simplest facts of economic life. Furthermore, he frequently wrote sentences which are utter nonsense, and was wise enough to avoid his own theories when describing any concrete situation. . . . If Marx did not mean what we ordinarily mean in using the same terms, it is incumbent upon those who take this view to offer not only an alternative interpretation but also another basis for their interpretation than common sense.

This piece of "reasoning" means that if Marx meant what he said, then he was wrong; so it is open to me to defy common sense by maintaining that he really meant something else, which cannot be proven wrong. No evidence is offered against the first choice except the deliberately loaded expressions "ridiculous exaggeration", "gross ignorance" and "simplest facts." Nothing is adduced against the view that Marx said what he meant and was indeed wrong. So Ollman is arbitrary in preferring to believe that Marx meant something arcane, so arcane that no one before Ollman divined it. This betrays reluctance to part with an authoritative name, even when one admits it no longer has any scientific authority, if it still has political use. That was once known as fetishism.

OLLMAN'S REASONS for reading a theory of constitutive relations into Marxism are given in a passage that begins, "There are four kinds of evidence for attributing a philosophy of internal relations to Marx." Obviously this is a crucial passage. If the reader is not satisfied, he will go no further. The first reason is that "Marx makes statements which place him on the side of those who view things as Relations." Not, mark you, statements of such a view (which would have to be cited), but just statements "on the side of." The only evidence adduced is the famous remark that each man is an aggregate of social relations. In saying that, Marx was not denying individuality but saying its basis was not innate and psychological so much as an affair of social conditioning (a view the Soviets thought to be true in outlawing Freudianism and praising Pavlov's theories).

Ollman obviously feels this is slim pickings. Reason number two begins: "Second, even if Marx's direct comments on the subject of things as Relations are ambiguous. . . ." This refers to the fact that Marx spoke not only of man as a part of nature but, sometimes, as though nature were part of man, *i.e.* as though it were entirely adaptable to his needs. There is perhaps in this, as Eugene Kamenka has said, a (misunderstood) Spinozist conception of man as the self-determined, all-embracing substance. But, of course, that is not the foundation for a new logic. It is a simple error, an example of magical thinking—as the Soviets also showed by reproducing it in Lysenko's fabulous biology in which plants and animals have no characters of their own but are plastic, to be moulded by man-made circumstance.

The third reason amounts to one bizarre passage from Marx's 1844 manuscripts which certainly does not assert constitutive relations (otherwise it would have been reason number one) but is obviously ambiguous.

> Fourth and last, I believe I am justified in ascribing a philosophy of internal relations to Marx because it would have required a total break with the philosophical tradition in which he was nourished for this not to be so. Hegel, Leibniz and Spinoza . . . are thinkers the young Marx studied with the greatest care.

This placid denial of the fact of mental development is set against those thousands of pages of

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Marx's work that he thought worth dedicating to Darwin and in which he distinguished things from their relations, as any scientist must.

With these slender credentials, Marx is enrolled in the armies of absolute idealism:

> Marx's subject matter comprises an organic whole; the various factors he treats are facets of this whole; internal relations exist between all such factors; reciprocal effect has replaced causality; laws are concerned with patterns of reciprocal effect; the concepts Marx uses to refer to factors convey their internal relations; this makes it possible to speak of each factor as an "expression" of the whole. . . .

PROFESSOR OLLMAN seems not to have come across those passages where Marx imputes just such views as these to the Historical Law school of Savigny, dismisses them as nonsense, and adds that that school's intention was to repair, in the name of organic unity, the divisions brought by the French Revolution. To Romantic rhapsodies on "organism" Marx preferred the theory that social forces do not "express" each other but come into conflict.

Such tiny points of scholarship would not stop an adept of circular causality intent on annexing Marx's authority for the latest fashion on the intellectual Left. For him, the main point is to declare that "Reality, being whole and in flux, cannot be grasped in bits and pieces." In case you didn't notice, that was science that just went out the window. Science is addiction to bits and pieces, that is, to the effort to delimit subjects so that it can say something positive about them instead of drowning everything in disquisitions on the whole. Also among the discarded bits and pieces was the Communist theory that the workers will be liberating us all. That theory amounts to privileging one bit (the proletariat) as against the whole, whereas in truth "the character structure of most workers is also at fault" and can only be changed by acting on all the factors that determine character.

> Among these are the Vietnam war, a pause in the Cold War and with it an anti-communist ideology, an increasingly evident racism that goes counter to taught ideals, the hunger and suffering seen daily on TV, frequent disruption of community services and schools, growing unemployment among the newly trained and among incoming skilled of all sorts, the pill and drugs and the new obscurantist puritanism that has grown up to combat both.

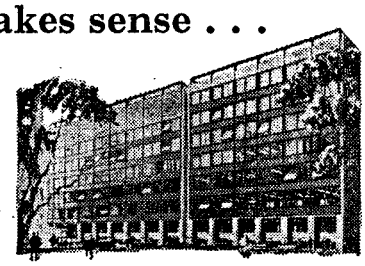
Thus, instead of the precise if mistaken Communist theory we get a ragbag of assorted factors whose actual effects are not studied. All this list of facts needs to make it a conservative wail is a lame "What's the world coming to?"

Though alienation gives the book its title, Ollman makes no discernible contribution to the clarification of that very vague notion. He is franker than some neo-Marxists in admitting that it is entirely a speculative idea. Neither Marx nor anyone else ever saw De-Alienated Man and "nothing in the past history of mankind permits us to state with any degree of certainty what manner of men would emerge from conditions as extraordinary as those Marx envisaged." Not knowing that, we cannot know what "alienation" is either, for the word means estranged from its true or proper nature: the nature that will out in perfect conditions. Yet Professor Ollman seems to have curiously precise ideas about alienation. Of modern industry in the West he says that it produces

> "articles which are only suitable for alienated societies; such are locks of all sorts, guns, most advertisements, stock market ticker tape and churches Finally, many products which have their equivalent in a non-alienated society are made here in a way that indicates the alienated social relations in which they are found. Thus, houses are made in family units; washing machines, automatic dish washers and most other household durables are generally quite small and can service only a few people; automobiles are mass produced in preference to mini-buses, and so on. . . ."

The thought is banal, the analysis incompetent, and the prose is, well, alienating. When will the Marxism-overproduction of our bourgeois university presses finally be classified as an ecological danger? Minds are being polluted.

It makes sense . . .



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The Pound Errata

By Hugh Gordon Porteus

AMERICA provided the world of letters with three of the quartet of expatriates named in the subtitle of Professor Hugh Kenner's *The Pound Era*.[1] Monographs on each of them abound. Few of their authors, before Kenner, who wrote some separate studies himself earlier, seem to have realised that the interdependence of Pound, Eliot, Joyce and Lewis was as important as their independence, or to have noticed to what extent, and how, the last three depended from scratch to finish on the operations of their *enfant terrible* Ezra. It was Pound who first assembled together in the Paris of 1920 the foursome which Lewis in 1937 called "the men of 1914." In fact Pound, who could distinguish stars of some magnitude from marshlights, had them in his sights long before 1914. Surreptitiously, in due course, he launched his trio, saw them pushed into print and publicity and—at least in the case of Joyce—properly paid. Kenner recounts all this again, and shows that Joyce was not quite the loner of the group in those early days. True, he had no hand in the Vorticist revolution of Lewis, then a more ferocious anarchist than Pound, whose Imagism was nothing but quietist bluster. And if Eliot was induced to enter the battlefield of *Blast*, "the lonely cabhorse steams and stamps" was no warhorse. Kenner perhaps makes too little of Joyce's influence on the rest as an eloquent polyglot word-spinner. But he does show how *Ulysses* and the *Cantos* came to be structured on the *Odyssey* through the influence of discoveries following upon Schliemann's digs at Troy. It is for this sort of *aperçu*—and it is one of many—that Kenner's book is most to be valued. The relations between Eliot, Lewis and Pound—the long critical feuds and private squabbles, the alacrity with which they sprang to one another's defence when insulted by outsiders—all this is disappointingly overlooked. Nor are any comparative value-judgments ventured upon their respective works. Pound is presented as very much *primus inter pares*, and his peers are diminished to the status of other and minor peripheral figures. Pound as midwife to the birth of Eliot's *Waste Land* is a recognised figure. Kenner sees him as the doctor who delivered the babes of modernism from the *fin-dé-siècle* matrix, a self-taught obstetrician from whom much may still be learnt.

The Pound Era is in effect two sorts of book. The scene has to be set up afresh every few years as new characters drift in, so that a period of time can be encapsulated, somewhat in the manner of romantic books about that *fin-dé-siècle*. The opening page, sketching an encounter in Chelsea between Mr and Mrs Pound and Henry James with his niece, is an excruciatingly arch parody of James. Between such slightly embarrassing vignettes reminiscent of programme notes to programme music, Kenner shows a little Pound pulling himself up out of the mud by his bootstraps. He begins, or rather commences, again and again: "Pound had commenced poet by mouthing the wonderful words of others until he got satisfaction from something theirs yet his own." Sometimes Kenner, like Pound, gives the impression of pulling legs other than his own. But when he gets down to actual texts and the business of textual exegesis, he does exhibit some of the subtlety and irony of his masters.

YEATS IS COMMONLY credited with having introduced to Pound, Joyce, Eliot and Lewis the uses of that Etruscan device, the *persona* or mask. Irony is the dissembler's voice: "... a form of utterance that postulates a double audience, consisting of one party that hearing shall hear and not understand, and another party that, when more is meant than meets the ear, is aware both of the more and of the outsiders' incomprehension. ..." So—and there is much more of it, and to the point—H. W. Fowler in 1926, when *Modern English Usage* became Eliot's bedside reading. No more useful description of the defence mechanisms of Kenner's quartet could be found than Fowler's tripartite article offers. Kenner's own irony comes out best in the tone he adopts in exposing and explaining the "errors" of the maestro—in particular the supposed boners and howlers of the famous pseudo-translations. Pound's versions are generally agreed to be (as poetry) both better *and* worse than the original texts, whether or not he could follow their languages, with or without cribs. Kenner shows conclusively that most of Pound's alleged misreadings were carefully or wilfully deliberated. Sometimes he does it to annoy, because he knows it teases. And Humpty-Dumpty words as often as not emerge from his struggles with Chinese "ideogram", where signs are taken out of context and awarded quite impossible meaning-extensions. Kenner goes into considerable and accurate detail about the Fenollosa manuscripts from which Pound invented the poems in *Cathay*. Misreadings and misunderstandings—so interesting, so touching, so amusing, are they not?—turn at a touch into magical virtues and triumphs of transmutation. Pound's personal colloquial, or his epistolary style, stuffed as both varieties are with archaisms, pedantries, jargonry and slangs, make up a private language written by one man alone though contentedly browsed on by many who agree that poetry may communicate pleasurably before it is understood. In the *Cantos* classical and oriental

[1] *The Pound Era: The Age of Ezra Pound, T. S. Eliot, James Joyce and Wyndham Lewis.* By HUGH KENNER. Faber, £8.50.

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clichés are added as leit-motifs. The crossword aspect of the *Cantos* has its addicts, and if the difficulties of decipherment are not greater than those that must be mastered to follow a text in ancient Chinese, the rewards are certainly not less, as dragoman Kenner concedes and demonstrates.

Pound, a *musicien manqué* if ever there was one, nonetheless went about composing poems and pseudo-translations—or what Kenner nicely calls "mimetic homages"—far more on the lines of an artist like Picasso ("I find, I do not seek"), awaiting the arrival of the *objet trouvé* out of the blue. He had always been wont to accept, in a fatalistic way, whatever material chance provided, before going to work on it with such tools, in the shape of tattered texts or dictionaries, as happened to be at hand. His general method was to set up contrasts that are less often complementary than opposed in stark contradiction. Similarly his theories, when not self-cancelling, are invariably contrary to his practice One need merely skim through the Confucian classics to realise that fact. Anyone less like a Confucian would be difficult to picture. "Ch'ing Ming" he has been incorrigibly misquoting over several decades for "chêng ming", a familiar Confucian injunction to "rectify the nomenclature." Yet Pound notoriously spells as he pleases, and confuses several different Chinese transliteration systems with coinage of his own. Again, an avowed initiate himself of the *trobar clus*, cluttering his pages with conundrum words like Sagetrieb or Noigandres, this admirer of the *Shih Ching* and Arnaut Daniel commends for their common touch *De Vulgar Eloquio* and a colloquial dialectal rendering of a Mandarin salt-taxman's edict. To make the difficult easy and the easy difficult is a Taoist maxim. Even that reiterated bathtub make-it-new tag is a cliché of the Far East, since in Japan the signs spell out, with the addition of the sign for "paper" (*bun*), the title of the old *Nichi-nichi Shimbun*, or Daily News.

But doubtless Pound will go on being read, for all that, for the vivid visual and auditory shocks of a dislocated style that defies ordinary laws of gravity and levity, and for irritant qualities of lyrical intensity. Kenner has written a heavy work which at one level may be riddled through lightly, but which many will dig more deeply to absolutely certain rewards.

THE *ZBC* of Christine Brooke-Rose makes an ideal starter for the student, and provides a method for enjoying, not merely for deciphering, the *Cantos*.[2] "I give you one corner," said Confucius, "and if you can't find the other three yourself. . . ." Perhaps the *BC* chapter of the *ZBC*, about Pound's use of Arthurian legend, is its most alluring. Pound inspires in disciples compassion and affection, but Miss Brooke-Rose has to call on reserves of personal magnetism to make the incoherent cohere. His

[2] *A ZBC of Ezra Pound.* By CHRISTINE BROOKE-ROSE. Faber, £2.75.

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obscurity and other anomalies she defends with a quote from Pound in 1944: "I hope the reader has *not* 'understood it all straight off': I should like to invent some kind of typographical dodge which would force every reader to stop and reflect for five minutes (or five hours), to go back to the facts . . . and think for himself."

EZRA POUND died in Venice, aged 87, shortly after the lines above were written, in November last. Since then there have been developments suggesting that he will remain as controversial a figure as T. E. Lawrence, and one of rather more permanent fascination for poets. The Mermaid Theatre in February staged a slightly farcical celebration in memoriam which was nevertheless well received by a house crowded out, for the most part, by young admirers. In *The Listener* for 23 November Denis Donoghue, in a remarkable notice of the two books mentioned here, made the interesting suggestion that *The Pound Era* might be best viewed as a novel: inadequate as history, in form it at once recalled to this reviewer *Point Counter Point*. And what a chance, said Donoghue, for some semiologist (such as the author of the *ZBC*) to do a Tel Quel exposition of the *Cantos*.

Meanwhile two new books have appeared on Pound. William Cookson's *Selected Prose 1909–1965*[3] is expressly designed to provide inaccessible essays of Pound's which may illumine dark places in the *Cantos*. The July 1972 foreword by Pound must be his last piece of public writing, a clear and modest apologia for some of the intemperate writing which disfigures his often wise, often dotty, but always lively pages.

ERIC HOMBERGER's *Ezra Pound*[4] in the "Critical Heritage" series produces a long and useful introduction to the series of press cuttings which follows. Like most such anthologies, it's as remarkable for what it omits as for the routine reviews it prints, all by well-known names, from 1904 onwards.

Pound himself was quite unknown outside a tiny coterie of little magazines until 1927, when Eliot (perhaps in reprisal for all the surgery on *The Waste Land*) provided that doubly ironic Introduction to his own *Selection* of Pound's verse, and when Wyndham Lewis in *The Enemy* of that year wrote his long, hilarious attack on Pound, *The Revolutionary Simpleton*—a sobriquet which came to fit one or two other literary figures later with greater accuracy. It is sometimes forgotten that Pound, like Mussolini, started out on the extreme political Left: Benito to marry Leninism to the syndics, Ezra to marry such anti-bourgeois convictions as he always retained to his monetary theories. Eliot and Lewis nevertheless encouraged Pound to go on strumming and vamping away at the *Cantos*, lest he get into worse mischief—as of course he did. Pound's own great ambition was to make a definitive translation of the so-called Confucian poetry classic. But this is another story, which deserves telling in detail.

Meanwhile this cranky autodidact was not a nobody—as some people daunted by his energy and the sheer bulk of his work and its parasitic exegetical literature would like to believe. A Swiss Family Heath Robinson Crusoe, I called him forty years ago. His works are still a salutary antidote to the one-track mentality of our over-specialised academicism today. They push you over new horizons, and whisk you away on time-trips you might never otherwise venture. In a world where pots are calling kettles black everywhere, his other errors might perhaps be looked upon with tolerance in the light of his repentance. He should be seen not just as a poet, but as all of a piece. And again, as he urged: "Every man has a right to have his ideas examined one at a time."

[3] *Ezra Pound: Selected Prose 1909–65*. Edited by WILLIAM COOKSON. Faber, £6.

[4] *Ezra Pound: The Critical Heritage*. Edited by ERIC HOMBERGER. Routledge, £6.50.

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POINTS OF THE COMPASS

Political Prisoner, 1936

By Milovan Djilas

IT WAS EARLY morning. The sun hadn't yet come up. My landlady knocked on the door. She had something important to tell me. I opened the door, and a police agent, a certain Todor, whom I knew well, charged into the room, held me at gunpoint, and ordered me to get dressed. Another agent was with him, and a third was guarding the door. Two "citizens" were there too, as witnesses, but no one paid them any attention. The agents were efficient and tough, and the search was quick and superficial. They took a couple of books, just so as not to walk away empty-handed. This kind of search was typical: many years of experience had taught them that one finds nothing by searching, but, rather, by beating.

The procedure and the atmosphere in no way resembled the previous year's arrest, when they had been careful, measured, even pleasant. They chained my hands right away. The minute we got into the car Todor kicked me in the groin, cursed me, and threatened that this time I would admit everything and remember everything, even when I bit my mother's breast. He was a tall, tough man, of great physical strength, all bones, hair, and a powerful jaw. His eyes were still, cold, and grey, and his hair smooth and shiny, pointing up his cruelty. His companion, Kanački, looked positively bored, limp and tired, and his face and his clothing were creased. The third man was young, fair, and handsome. He was dressed strikingly if cheaply.

The streets were deserted. We took an elevator to the fourth floor. Todor went into an office, but returned quickly. The Chief wasn't there. It was all my fault, he said, because they couldn't find me right away. They searched me superficially and never noticed that in my pocket there was a fine, long penknife. They escorted me to the top floor, knocked on a door, and handed me over to a young gendarme. "One more of those," they said, and left. The gendarme slapped my face a couple of times, and then another one joined him and shoved me in the ribs because of my allegedly improper posture. All this was done calmly, professionally. Eventually I ended up in room No. 6, which was already occupied by a thin, frightened-looking man. Upset and hurt, I sat down on the floor. I closed my eyes, wishing to fall asleep, regretting that I hadn't tried to escape by leaping into the Botanical Gardens. I had expected a raid. Why was I so hesitant? Or was it fate?

I fared better during my first interrogation than most, probably because the Chief of Gendarmes was not around. The customary treatment of prisoners was tough, accompanied by cruel jokes and tricks. The gendarmes called the nightstick "the constitution." Beating may not be constitutional, they said, but since it was done with the constitution, it wouldn't hurt nearly as much. Exceptionally cruel, primitive people, they thought they were actually doing their duty. Their favourite way of humiliating Communists was to make them shout "Long live the King, the Premier, and the Royal Family." Radovan Vuković was practically beaten to death because he refused to do it. The gendarmes quickly learned which ones of us were serious transgressors by how hard we were beaten on the fourth floor, where interrogations were conducted. They would sharpen their methods accordingly, bitter at the prisoner for making things hard for everyone involved. However, if someone proved stubborn, which was rare, they were full of admiration. Relations between the gendarmes and the agents were cool: in their eyes "those civilians" got good salaries for no work to speak of, and they treated gendarmes as stupid "cops" whom Communists could always outsmart.

MILOVAN DJILAS *has spent most of his political and intellectual life in and out of Yugoslavian prisons—before the War as a young revolutionary Marxist who, with Tito, would establish a new Communist régime—after the War as a Marxian heretic and dissident socialist who would not compromise or recant. His account of his torture as a political prisoner is told in the second volume of his "Memoir of a Revolutionary".*

Next month we will be publishing a new article by Djilas, reconsidering (on the basis of Nadezdha Mandelstam's Russian experiences) the whole dilemma of ends and means, victims and executioners, revolution and violence.

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CONTACT BETWEEN ROOMS on the top floor was strictly forbidden. When prisoners had to go to the toilet or have a drink of water, they had to pound on the door. Cell doors were always closed, obviously to prevent prisoners from communicating, and the gendarmes cursed and beat anyone who coughed in the corridor or asked a question in a loud voice, allegedly because they were sending messages. Of course, there were ways of getting around this. All it took was courage.

When I finally got to the top floor the sun was up. In this cave of curses, blows, screams, and vituperation, early morning was the quietest part of the day. Evenings were terrible. The real office hours began at night. "We must work" meant for the agents working at night, and "we must convert" meant to torture somebody.

It was spring, and we wouldn't have been cold if we had been able to move around. Sleeping on bare floors, dressed in light clothing, eating bread and drinking water, we were always cold, unless, of course, we were being beaten.

It turned out that Stajkić was also in this prison. I recognised his voice, although it sounded very weak. My cellmate was a Slovenian, a dental technician, and an Esperanto expert. He claimed that the Communists had betrayed him, which turned out to be true. A member of the group had borrowed his apartment on the pretext of taking a girl there, but he actually used it to print leaflets.

My window had a view of the river Sava and the distant valley; down below I could see a piece of the street and hear the city noises. I thought how nice it would be if only Mitra came by; I could wave to her through the bars. And, indeed, that was exactly what happened two days later. She walked back and forth until it got dark. In 1945 I visited this same prison, and that same cell, accompanied by Alexander Rancović. But the windows had been boarded up, at an angle toward the sky, to let the air in, but block the view. Some Communist, a former prisoner like me, must have thought of this, fearful that those now in prison might get a glimpse of someone dear to them from those windows.

Djordje Kosmajac turned up just before noon, cursing, door-banging, and slapping away. He was cruel and unbalanced, and liked to demonstrate his "power" and temper. He rarely participated in the more subtle torturing of prisoners late at night; rather, he would beat them at random, for no rhyme or reason, or while they were waiting for systematic torture. Even his superiors feared the cruel blows of this drunkard, who was obsessed by the idea that Communists would kill him, which is indeed what happened, but not until 1943. His own boss, a man by the name of Vujković, said he was an animal—without whom no good police department could function. The story had it that both Kosmajac and Vujković had at one time been Communists. But it wasn't true. In his youth Kosmajac had joined the League of Young Communists, under false pretences, and intending to betray. Vujković's case was clear-cut: as a young man, at the Salonika Front, he reported malcontents to Intelligence, and after the war he was transferred from the army secret service to the civilian police.

Kosmajac was tall and heavy, his face pockmarked, his lips curled, his nostrils wide and quivering in passionate excitement when beating someone, his face crimson with blood. By the time he got to me he was already in this condition. He looked at my Slovenian cellmate contemptuously, but he was of no interest to him. I was sitting on the floor. That really provoked him. He shouted at me to stand up "before him," and when I told him who I was he laughed a grotesque laugh that twisted his whole face. He stank of cheap wine and brandy, but he was not drunk. Grabbing me by the shirt, high up, right under my throat, he asked about my role in the demonstrations. He was waiting for an excuse to begin his routine. I felt I would not be able to resist him. We stared at each other testing which of us would lower his eyes first. His look was cruel, but not hateful. They had finally caught up with me, he said; I had been on their list of dangerous Communists a long time. He wanted the names of the people in my cell and of my next "contact" right there and then. He swore loudly. I told him I didn't know anything. He slapped my face hard. I had fully expected it, and yet I was surprised. I lost balance, and my head hit the wall, which he interpreted as faking. He was beating me and kicking me all over, except on the head. The room suddenly grew too small for the two of us. He threw me into a corner, turned me over on my belly, and pounded me with his fist. I lifted myself and him, like two feathers, but I couldn't shake him off. He leaped at my neck, bent me forward, shoved me in the ribs several times, and pushed me into the corner again. He swore and threatened: this was "only the beginning," he said; he was pleased I wouldn't talk; he would see to it that one more Communist bandit was eliminated. He was out of breath. I could hear him barking at the gendarme as he left. The gendarme didn't say anything. He was used to it. My nose was bleeding profusely. My whole body burned from the blows, but I felt no severe pain in any one part. What hurt most was the feeling of humiliation and helplessness. My Slovenian wept softly, over me, over human fate.

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AROUND ONE O'CLOCK that night two agents came in and escorted me to the fourth floor. They pushed me into a large office, and I was face to face with a heavy-set, grey-haired man with an elongated nose and glasses. This was Svetozar Vujković, the Chief of the anti-Communist division of the Belgrade police. We had hardly looked at each other when he began to laugh, a noiseless cold laugh. Whereas Kosmajac laughed for his own pleasure, like an animal lapping up the blood of the enemy, Vujković did it deliberately, carefully following the victim's every move. The agents leaped on me, screaming and grunting, pushing me from foot to fist, from fist to foot. I stumbled on a little table holding a typewriter; Vujković swore at me for "wanting" to break his machine, slapped my face twice, straightened my head, looked me in the eyes, and asked me if I knew Stajkić. I said I didn't. He ordered Stajkić brought in. He asked me if I had written articles for the group and given them to Stajkić. I denied that too. He laughed. It was a natural, evil laugh. He pulled out my manuscripts from a pile of papers on his desk, and asked me if I had written them. Faced with my own writing I could not deny the accusation. I said the manuscript was mine. Vujković screamed in anger. Someone hit me on the back of the head, a reminder to tell the truth.

Stajkić was brought in. Vujković asked me if I knew him. I was silent. He repeated the question, and someone again hit me on the back. Stajkić volunteered the answer: he said we knew each other, but I didn't know his name. Perhaps he thought that would help me. His voice was so low that I could barely recognise it. Someone hit him because he had talked out of turn. Vujković asked me if Stajkić's statement was true. I said it was.

Vujković employed no subtle ways in his interrogations. He never cross-examined his prisoners; he never tried to reason with them. Many years of experience had taught him that Communists were not stupid people, and that his best bet was beating them, which came to him naturally anyway. In his investigation he insisted on one thing: everything had to be explained one way or the other, and put together with sufficient logic to impress his superiors and at the same time be sufficiently factual to stand up in court. Little else interested him. He had one characteristic typical of great policemen: memory. He never took notes. Once the interrogation was over, he would dictate a report to his secretary in the presence of the accused. His memory for faces and names was indeed exceptional.

I looked at Stajkić in the hope of giving him a sign to hold his own, not to talk. But he wasn't looking at me, as if ashamed. He had always been frail physically, but now he looked crushed, his face worn but not swollen.

I WAS ANGRY: he kept my manuscripts, which was something he should never have done, and now he was about to betray me. My Slovenian had told me that Stajkić had already betrayed everyone else, including him.

The minute Stajkić was taken out of the room, Vujković asked me the question I had expected all along: who put us in touch? But I refused to answer. He repeated his question and added that Stajkić would answer it anyway. I said we had met accidentally in the street. The agents laughed. So did Vujković. That was such an obvious lie. I decided to say nothing the next time around. Vujković seemed discouraged and ordered me taken to my room.

WAITING IS POSSIBLY the worst thing that can happen to a man in prison. He has no idea how much the authorities know. And in a situation like mine, I had no way of judging how much Stajkić would tell them. The night passed very slowly. From time to time the agents called out names, breathing heavily, anxious to get at their new victims as soon as possible. Then silence followed for an hour or more. When the victims were brought back, one could hear them sighing and grunting, weeping and sobbing. They had obviously been tortured. But how? Did they drive needles under their fingernails? Did they tie rope around their skulls? Stajkić made several trips back and forth. He must be talking. His demonstration of weakness was hard for me to take: my romantic notion about the strength and endurance of workers was shattered, and there was nothing to fill the vacuum. At one point the door of the room across from us opened a little and a man peeked through. He whispered with bitterness that Stajkić was a "coward." Short and thick set, he held his arms above his head in a gesture of pride. It was Dimitrije Jovanović, now Bojanovski. Next to Stajkić, he was the most important man in the organisation. However, when Jovanović was brought back from the fourth floor some of his pride was gone. He could hardly move. He had revealed the names of the girls who had done the typing, saying that he really had no "choice" since Stajkić had already "blabbered." Did that mean that no one could resist confession if he was "accused," and that one could conceal only things known to oneself alone? Some people couldn't even do that.

It became clear during the night that quite a number of our people were in prison, perhaps thirty. And the number was growing.

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I WAS MOST SURPRISED to hear that Jovan Bubanja was there, a law student with whom I had shared a kitchen on Pašićeva Street until a month before my arrest. Why was he in prison, and what did they want from him? Bubanja never got mixed up in politics. He came from a poor family, but through various connections he had managed to get a job in Belgrade and to study at the same time. He hung on to his job for dear life, he was against Communism, but he never rejected Communists as friends. He was neat, almost compulsively so. He always wore the same spotless, immaculately pressed black suit with a starched collar and pointed well-polished black shoes. He was an honourable man, modest in his personal life as well as in his hopes for a career. Our relations were good, if not exactly cordial. To him I was a "conceited Communist bastard," and for me he was a "typical bourgeois." Both were probably true. I was fed up with his sermons on how hopeless it was to be a Communist, and never tried to get him to join the cause. I was convinced such a "limited" man was a hopeless proposition. Our relationship was reduced to the mutual respect of good roommates.

The night didn't gradually peter out; rather, it was suddenly cut off, around two or three in the morning. Silence set in—only a restless sigh from time to time or the squeaking of floorboards. But I couldn't sleep. I dozed off now and then only to be startled into wakefulness, wondering how much they already knew about me and how much they would learn.

THE FOLLOWING EVENING Bubanja's presence in prison was finally explained. Stajkić had met him in our flat. He knew Bubanja was not a Communist, but he thought it quite "clever" to charge Bubanja with having put the two of us in touch, to protect the student who had actually done it. Poor Bubanja suddenly rose to prominence in the eyes of the police, and they practically beat him to death to get him to reveal the names of other "contacts." And Bubanja confessed! However, he then had to explain how and under what circumstances he had met Stajkić. He gave them the usual naïve story: they had met in the street, or something like that. But Stajkić had apparently said that they met in a restaurant. The matter remained unresolved. Not knowing what Stajkić had in mind, I also said that Bubanja had introduced us, but insisted that he was not a Communist. There is an unusual amount of resistance in an innocent man, so Bubanja withdrew his "confession" the minute they had stopped beating him. He was an unusual phenomenon for the police: a man who cried sincerely and withdrew his confessions. Two weeks later he was released. The police had become convinced of his innocence, particularly after I had withdrawn my own confession concerning him and stuck by my former statement that I had met Stajkić in the street.

Stajkić never felt there was anything wrong with his "confession" implicating Bubanja. And I always felt ashamed. Although Bubanja didn't blame me at all, he did blame Stajkić. I ran into Bubanja once or twice after the War. He never asked for anything. He lived a modest life. But he was proud of our former "friendship" and mutual "hardships." I passed him on the street following my conflict with the Central Committee in the summer of 1954; he didn't return my greeting. After the War he had become a party member in keeping with his career in the civil service. He felt he should ignore me because now I, in turn, was a "bourgeois."

IT WAS DARK IN THE ROOM for some hours. I was sure I would be tortured that night. Strangely enough, I felt far less anxious than the night before.

Around eight o'clock in the evening they took me to Aćimović's room. I was much changed since the last time I was in that room. I was a conscious organised revolutionary. The political situation, at home and abroad, was also changed. Hitler was in power in Germany, the University had a strong Communist organisation, and the opposition was acting throughout the country. But Aćimović had remained the same. He had the same pleasant expression, the same sharp yellow pencil. He reminded me of the advice he had given me the year before. However, he was quite matter-of-fact: that was my choice, and they, the police, had to act accordingly. Torture was not what they had in mind, but I would be tortured unless I told them what they knew I knew. He appeared to be in a hurry; he rose from his chair. As I was being led away, he put on his elegant black coat and issued orders.

I was taken back to my room. My encounter with Aćimović had calmed me down somewhat. At least now I knew what to expect.

Around ten o'clock that evening I was escorted to Vujković's office. Todor and Kanački, his two agents, were present. Vujković appeared calm as he asked me three questions: my next contact, the University organisation, and the source of the revolver.

I made up my mind not to say anything, to deny everything. I had already confessed that the manuscripts were mine, and gone along with Stajkić's idiotic idea of Bubanja's involvement. Now I had reached the point where, if I said

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anything, I would be denouncing other people, causing more arrests, and revealing activities in which they had engaged believing in me, and still more in the ideals for which we were fighting.

AND YET I WOULDN'T BE TELLING the absolute truth if I said that it was my feeling for the movement alone that played the major role in my decision not to betray anyone to the police. Of course it played an important role. However, for me the issue was chiefly a moral one: I couldn't imagine bringing to the police people who had such trust in me, those same people whom I had personally brought to the organisation. It meant standing downcast and broken before the police and accusing my comrades to their faces and saying everything the bloodthirsty monsters wanted me to say. I felt it was more honourable, and far more simple, to die.

On the desk in front of Vujković there were chains and locks, dried and braided pizzles, and a few other instruments of torture. Although I knew they would torture me, I faintly hoped they had lined up all the instruments only to intimidate me. I was ordered to sit down; Vujković was brief: higher contact, the organisation, the gun. I said I knew nothing. No one shoved me. No one hit me. Silence. Vujković broke the silence by saying that I had obviously chosen to be tortured. I replied that since I knew nothing I couldn't tell them anything.

But they didn't start in right away. Vujković suddenly decided to go out on a raid. They left me sitting there for two hours in front of those instruments of torture. Why did they do it? Because they sensed in me an exceptionally tough person, tougher than most? Or because they wanted to wear me out emotionally before the final attack? In any case, I sat there, and as I sat there my inner strength grew, rather than diminished.

THE MOST COMMON WAY of torturing people at this prison was by beating the soles of their feet with a pizzle. There were other ways as well, such as driving needles under nails, breaking teeth, hammering nails into heels. However, I actually never knew anyone who had experienced all of these things, not even Krsto Popivoda or Spasenija Babović, two people who were tortured in every conceivable way in 1937, perhaps worse than any other Communists in prewar Yugoslavia.

Beating with the pizzle on the soles of the feet was a method inherited from the Turks. It was widely used in Serbia during the Obrenović period. The night stick didn't prove sufficiently effective: it was round and soft and it didn't give that sharp edge to the pain. It was commonly used for beating people on the back. The pizzles were dried and finished. I personally saw Kosmajac carrying a whole package of raw pizzles and handing them to prisoners who were expert at drying and finishing. Once done, the pizzles were mounted on wooden sticks, shaped to fit the hand, their tips often decorated to resemble snakes, dragons, lions. This craft was a thriving business at Glavnjača, which, they say, was the major supplier of police stations throughout the country. At one time the pizzles were used on horses and oxen, but this had long since stopped. It was perpetuated only on humans.

When Vujković came back he asked for broiled beef and brandy. They were eating, telling crude jokes, laughing at the "respectable" family which was stunned when their apartment was raided because their niece, Berta Papo, had lent a typewriter to the Communists. Vujković boasted that he had carried the raid out in a "civilised" fashion, reducing the whole thing to bare formalities. They continued to eat and drink quickly while I waited to be tortured.

They ordered me to take my shoes off and to kneel down. I hadn't taken my shoes off for several days in prison. The stench was hard to take, even for me. One of the agents said for that reason alone I deserved to be beaten. That was obviously a standard joke around there. I knelt down and stretched my arms behind my back, and they tied my hands and feet securely with a chain and brought them together for a moment. Vujković tested the pizzle. Todor pushed me. I fell on my stomach, and as I fell the soles of my feet turned up. I could no longer stretch my legs, because the chain on my hands, tied behind my back, kept them bent. Nor could I wiggle them, because they were fastened around the ankles. He then leaped on my shoulders and stuffed a rag in my mouth.

I could tell Vujković was close to me. I heard the gentle whistle of the pizzle and a sharp pain on the soles of my feet. The pain was sharper than I had expected. But it was now a familiar pain and I knew I would survive. It's the kind of pain that's transmitted directly to the brain: on the feet it feels like a cut with a knife, but even worse is the sharp reaction in the head. The body feels nothing. To each blow the victim ordinarily responds with a scream, but the scream, stifled with a rag, turns into a painful grunt from the depths of one's intestines. I experienced absolute terror at the thought that the fresh blows might land on the same spot. But they never did. Perhaps Vujković knew what he was doing—saving my skin for the next time.

I TRIED TO COUNT the blows, but quickly abandoned the effort. The blows grew sharper and

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were breaking me up. Vujković whispered into my ear: he ordered me, he asked me gently, he pleaded with me to talk. At one point he shouted: "Talk now; stop torturing us both!" Every time he asked me whether I was going to talk—the interval was two or three blows—I replied that I knew nothing or that I had already told them what I knew. Finally, I got angry and said I didn't want to talk. I clenched my teeth, determined not even to groan any more. They must have thought I had fainted. Vujković hit me a few more times and then stopped. He poured a bucket of water on my feet. I felt them burning, as if the water had come to a boil.

They knew how to work with chains. They released them from my body in a split second. I rose and stumbled. My feet tingled, as if I were standing on hot sand. I don't know why—perhaps because I was angry—but I was crying, and tears kept flowing in spite of me. Vujković was in his shirtsleeves and a waistcoat, drenched in sweat. He had already developed quite a paunch. He combed his smooth, greyish hair, wiped the sweat off his face, and sprinkled some cologne on his hands and forehead. He saw me stumble and commented ironically, his mouth stretched into a smile: "That's nothing. Communists perform well. The real thing is yet to come."

How long did all this last? Not less than half an hour. A lot of talk, shouting, swearing, and threatening. And how many blows? Between thirty and forty. There couldn't have been any more, or the skin would have split. They knew how to distribute blows over the body so as to leave no trace; they could also tell when the torture had become ineffective. In spite of the hatred and bitterness, I had to admit to myself that they had conducted the operation deliberately and professionally.

They dragged me back to my room. Strangely enough, the gendarme helped me into it. My Slovenian was frightened to death. I didn't really trust him but I told him, as if in a state of euphoria, that I had survived the torture without disclosing a thing. He was so thrilled that he kissed me many times. He signalled the Macedonian across the corridor, who was overjoyed to hear that I had betrayed no one. Everyone on the floor knew when a colleague was taken downstairs to be tortured. They waited for him to come back—proud and alone, or broken up, dragging behind him a chain of victims he had betrayed. I was the only one taken downstairs that night. And I came back stronger than before.

I lay down on the floor. My feet hurt. I could no longer put my shoes on. I wrapped myself in my coat, curled my feet up under me, and fell asleep. It was a good sound sleep.

My meeting with Stajkić the following evening was painful. I had withdrawn my statement about Bubanja, exposing Stajkić to fresh pressures. He, in turn, was incapable of resisting threats of torture, let alone the actual torture. He talked with unusual clarity about the contact and the student organisation. He told them in detail how much material he gave me and when. His memory was simply fabulous. As a rule, men who behave poorly before the police have a fantastic memory for detail. What's more, they are particularly concerned with detail and show great curiosity. It's hard to tell whether they acquire the information spontaneously so as not to run out of material when pressed by the police, but there is no doubt at all that this is a rule without exception. Specific details are the most important proof for the police that the prisoner is not making things up. I was no longer angry with Stajkić for his cowardice, but the way he kept volunteering details sent shivers up and down my spine and filled me with hatred and contempt. Let him tell them what he knew, if he had to, but why all this detail? Petko's escape was the only thing he hadn't touched on yet, but there was no reason to believe he wouldn't get around to it.

The second night of my torture was tortuous indeed—not because of the beating, but because of my fear that Stajkić would reveal the details of Petko's planned escape. This would open a series of new questions: who conceived the plan, our contact with the Circuit Court prison, and, worst of all, the planned murder of the gendarme, which might result in a death sentence or, at the very least, the loss of all restraint in the treatment of prisoners. This would have been politically harmful as well, since the party condemned terrorism. It was essential to find some sort of a solution. But what, and how, in chains, between four walls, with Stajkić, who, like a torn sack, was spilling things in his trail?

That night I was tortured in a different way. Kosmajac was present, introducing into the proceedings a tone all his own, as if I had harmed him personally. He placed pencils between my toes and then squeezed them together. He pressed harder and harder, and looked as if he were going to burst. This seemingly innocent game caused extraordinary pain, which spread through my whole body. I suffered, I sweated all over, and then released a howl so long and so loud that I was terrorised by it myself. Someone held my mouth while Kosmajac continued to press.

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Finally they let go. Everything was different from the night before: Vujković and the agents were excited, their eyes wild, as if determined to tear me to shreds. At long last they would get through to the Communist "student bandits" and to the local committee. I was sure they would learn nothing from me, but I continued to wonder what Stajkić would do next.

EVERYTHING APPEARED different that night, even objects. For example, a pencil was now an acceptable instrument of torture. A desk drawer: they could put one's hand in it and slam it shut. A pen: they could cut one up with it. At one point Kosmajac grabbed a bottle, put my neck between his legs, and started beating me with it on the shins. Who warned him to stop? Probably Vujković, who didn't lose his head even when he was wild with anger. Why did everything look so different that night? I felt as if stripped stark naked in front of them, no wisecracking, no vying, except with my body which would survive or succumb. Brains were useless.

It all started around nine o'clock in the evening. I was convinced they would not apply the same methods of torture as the night before, although deep down at heart I hoped they would, since it was relatively mild. Again they tied my legs and arms together, but this time in the front, my arms making a circle just below my knees. Then they shoved a round stick under my knees, which reached almost up to my chin. They lifted me up and rested the ends of the stick on two tables. I was suspended head down, all my joints aching to the point of madness; I tried to lift up my head, but actually found it more comfortable with the head lying limply and the blood rushing into it. But they wouldn't let it go at that: someone lifted up my head and stuffed my mouth with a kerchief.

They were beating me on the soles of my feet again. Kosmajac was beating me, and Vujković, leaning across the table, was telling me that I should talk, that I should stop destroying myself and them. The blows were more frequent than the night before, but the pauses in between were longer, and they poured water on my feet.

I was being turned into a shapeless heap of bloody flesh, which was still panting, but would soon cease to feel pain. I wanted to faint, and in fact did for a second or two: I recall having been lifted off the floor twice, although I don't recall having been put on the floor. I was wet through. But I was never really in a dead faint, at least not that I knew of.

I also recall that I was now afraid they would hit me on the testicles rather than on the same spot repeatedly, which was what I had feared the night before. As if sensing this fear, Kosmajac hit me several times close to the testicles. I knew that a blow on the testicles wouldn't kill me, but I was afraid of a new, permanent pain. There was no such blow. Instead, that animal, Kosmajac, rolled up my trouser leg and grabbed me by the testicles, and amid crude jokes and laughter about castrating all Communists he began squeezing and twisting them. It was a concentrated pain but all the more horrible as it then spread like an endless wave through the whole body and blocked out every other feeling, even the feeling of humiliation, which superseded all other feelings when the torture first started. How long did it last? Perhaps only a very short time, perhaps indefinitely.

There were other "small," but very painful tortures that night: fingers pressing under my ears, the separation and squeezing of individual muscles, done fast and in between major things. It was well past midnight, when they dragged me back upstairs. I cursed the agents who were trying to get me to walk faster. I was in a state of complete frenzy, anxiety, and humiliation.

THE NEXT DAY I made up my mind to attempt suicide if they continued to beat me. Although I really had no intention of killing myself unless, of course, everything else failed. I felt that a man should die honestly if he couldn't live honestly.

My intention was to stop the interrogation with my attempted suicide. The truth was I could still put up with torture. In fact, I felt I might be able to stick it out for some time. But my human dignity was at stake, and I felt it my duty to lodge a protest against the beating, a public protest if at all possible. I was a well-known figure and I knew that the police and their methods would be compromised if the news of my "suicide" reached the public. But my chief concern was to prevent an interrogation concerning the organisation of Petko's escape.

Early in the morning, I plunged my penknife just below my left shoulder, but not deep enough for it to penetrate the chest; I pretended to have fainted, gasping for breath. I must admit that, because of my general exhaustion and excitement, I was at times indeed on the verge of losing consciousness. My Slovenian raised a storm; he alarmed the guards. In less than ten minutes I was carried down several flights of stairs and driven off to a clinic. I kept my eyes closed until I was placed in a bed and a doctor arrived. It was the clinic of the famous surgeon Dr Koen. Around ten o'clock he personally walked in and asked immediately whether I had been beaten. Around one o'clock his son Milan, a student, came to see me. Milan was dressed as a doctor, and although I was closely guarded, he sat on the edge of my

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bed and asked me questions: name, cause of "suicide," etc. He was a Communist sympathiser, and very closely involved in intellectual circles.

That same day all Belgrade knew of my case. The intellectual opposition and leftist circles leaped into action. The police issued a communiqué stating that a large Communist organisation had been uncovered and that, faced with facts, I had attempted suicide. Two days later Vujković called on me: he was furious—furious at the policeman on duty who was fooled into rushing me off to the hospital and furious at his superiors who had issued the communiqué. But he didn't really count any longer.

A FEW DAYS LATER my father and older brother came to Belgrade. My father had activated his old Montenegrin political contacts and the opposition lawyers, and they were even allowed to visit me. My father was worried, my brother bitter. He said: "I hear there is a man here who never stops beating. If anything happens to you, I'll kill him." I calmed him down, of course.

I also gave them a message for Mitra. But she had already done what I asked: we had agreed that if I were arrested she should destroy all my manuscripts as well as all addresses. I had given this same message to my Slovenian, who was due to be released, but he was questioned following my "suicide," and under extreme pressure revealed this information to the police. He was an honest and good man, but frightened. Anyway, a police agent called on Mitra with the password, but he gave himself away. He had no idea what it was all about, so he asked for a "higher contact" and "contact with the organisation." Mitra quickly understood that the password meant she should burn the material. They never arrested her, because the matter was unclear and because her brother Zivan, a *Politika* correspondent, had excellent connections. And Mitra walked up and down the street once or twice, just so she could wave to me.

The doctors wanted to remove my appendix in order to extend my hospital stay. But I rejected the idea, and ten days later I was returned to prison, this time to Glavnjača. The rest of the group had been transferred when the investigation was over to wait there before appearing at the Court for the Protection of State Interests, that is, the prison of Ada Ciganlija designated that spring as the prison for political prisoners.

Vujković greeted me with curses. I had simply extended my comrades' prison term with my "tricks," he said; by now they would all have appeared before the judge. Surprisingly enough, some of my comrades accepted this theory, even though it was customary to be held by the police four to six weeks. Vujković threatened, but I knew he would not beat me. The hearing went smoothly.

There was an unwritten law at Glavnjača concerning political prisoners: no member of the criminal police had any authority over them, unless it was a question of maintaining discipline. They were not allowed to question them or torture them. When a criminal was elected foreman of the cell, he always showed special courtesy to Communists. This was partly due to the traditional respect that criminal prisoners held for political prisoners, but it was also partly routine.

I RAN INTO Veljko Kovačević in this prison. He was a law student and a Socialist. We had known each other for some time and had participated together in a number of student confrontations. Tall, strong, and dark-eyed, this Hercegovinian spoke with unusual passion about freedom and democracy at student gatherings. We Communists asked him how he could muster so much passion? He replied that he genuinely believed in freedom. We had our doubts on that score: we felt one could believe genuinely only in social justice, and in the revolution as the only means of achieving it. Kovačević had been picked up because he had on him the words and music of a popular opposition song. He hadn't yet been interrogated. I felt that the matter was not important enough to cause the police to beat him—in fact, I convinced him that was so. Also, I made a few suggestions as to what he should say when questioned. We gradually developed a cordial, frank relationship. We shared food and other things, but most important we shared friendly conversation. He spoke deliberately, as if enjoying well-chosen words. He was wise and intelligent, courageous and enthusiastic, and I wondered sadly why such a man was not a Communist. I decided to tell him about our underground activities and to urge him to join the movement. Didn't he realise, I insisted, that he could not have his socialism without a revolution? He said he would never dispute revolution as a means of fighting the dictatorship, but he doubted whether revolution would lead to socialism. And since he didn't agree with the Communists on this point, he couldn't become a Communist. That was an honest position and I accepted it. This difference didn't stand in the way of our friendship. Our ideals were not far apart, in spite of differences on how to make them work. He hated the régime, but not the way I did—especially following my experience with the police.

KOVAČEVIĆ AND I SHARED A CELL with a certain Galib-beg, a Bosnian Moslem who had travelled all over the world, and spoke many languages.

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Of slight build, bald, with a clipped moustache and a ruddy complexion, Galib-beg was light and fast, like a cat. He could jump safely from a third-floor window, and his bones were so pliant he could work his way out of chains. He was a hypnotist, and in this capacity he had a way of treating migraine headaches: he would oil his hands and arms up to his elbows and then slowly rub one side of the neck, pressing his knee against the spine. The momentary stoppage of the flow of blood to the brain would cause the patient to faint briefly, and the headache would go away. If at that moment his skull were rubbed on a special spot, he would behave as if hypnotised. He cured one of my headaches that way. I continued to suffer from migraines, particularly after the War, but I never used this method again. I felt that such treatment must damage the brain and memory in some way. The police had a great deal of trouble with this skilful burglar and thief because they could never find proof. He had an unusually good and exact memory and knew all the tricks of the trade.

Another criminal was brought to our room, and Galib-beg extracted a confession from him regarding the murder of Draga Mitrović, a rich old lady from Belgrade. The police and newspapers had worked on this case for many years. Whether the police brought the two of them together by design or whether Galib-beg wanted to do the police a favour and thus help himself is hard to tell, but he did get the poor man to talk in his sleep. Every so often he would bring up the murder in conversation. One night our new cellmate was taken away, and shortly thereafter Galib-beg was released. I was asked to appear before the Criminal Division to tell them what I had overheard. I wondered what a Communist should do in a situation like that? I decided that a Communist should say nothing, not even regarding criminal cases. The police were our enemy under any circumstances.

Kovačević and I spent a lot of time discussing the wasted talent among criminals. We decided that the new society would solve this problem by re-educating such people. After all, the ills of this world had their origins in capitalism. Kovačević believed that the process would take a very long time, whereas I claimed it would not. I pointed to the Soviet Union, which had already successfully "re-educated" people. He had little faith in the success of the Soviet Union in this respect, although he did believe in the new society.

I parted with Kovačević with regret, all the more so because we didn't agree on everything, which he, being more tolerant, didn't seem to mind. We often ran into each other after my release from prison, and then again immediately after the war. But our real reunion took place twenty-two years later when he represented me as my attorney at the trial set up by my comrades —the very same comrades with whom I had fought the great struggle for liberation. Kovačević remained loyal to the ideals of his youth, whereas I had already become disenchanted with mine. He had no way of realising his goals, whereas mine had turned into something altogether opposite. In his steady longing for freedom, he grew resigned to living the life of an ordinary deprived citizen, whereas mine was stormy and full of change.

EVERYTHING WAS GREEN when they took us to Ada Ciganlija in a Black Maria. It felt as if we were going to some new world. We were, in a way: we knew that no one would beat us there and that we would be able to say what we wanted, that we would be given books and newspapers and the right to have food brought to us by relatives from the city.

In the van, we tried to decide who should say what before the examining magistrate in order to have a few people freed. I didn't have much to say to Stajkić, although he was willing to take a lot of responsibility. I got to know Stajkić very well in jail: he was an unusually good and gentle person, although insecure. We never became real friends, but I no longer felt hatred for him, and he no longer felt guilt on my account.

As far as my record with the police was concerned, several people, including Jovanović, held my "attempted suicide" against me. However, faced with a party commission in prison, they were nowhere to be seen or heard: they had squealed on others, whereas I was picked up alone, and I left alone. Suddenly my reputation grew; even Jovanović was impressed.

At the time of my arrest the party position on confession was as follows: when faced with facts, such as manuscripts and leaflets, confession was considered reasonable, but reporting the names of other people was considered treason. When I was released from prison in 1936, the party line had changed. Any form of confession was considered a sign of weakness—almost treason.

I myself was neither a hero nor a traitor. But there weren't many men in prison who held up as well as I did. The large majority passed the blame on to other people and revealed minor secrets. A few revealed everything they knew. They were real traitors. As a rule they did it unprompted by any beating, as soon as the police got hold of them. We knew all about them, and they were marked for life. However, Stajkić confessed under stress, and the police had to squeeze confession from him word for word. He didn't tell them "everything" he knew, only what

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the police already knew that he knew. He didn't come off too badly before the party commission: his major problem was that it all started with him. He was arrested with material evidence produced by a provocateur. He could have prevented further arrests only if he had been a hero. And that he was not.

ADA CIGANLIJA was wet and muddy from the spring rains. The Sava River had flooded the yard, and underground wells started up at the mere touch of the foot. Mosquitoes were a great pest throughout the summer.

The prison routine was not very strict. We took walks in the morning and afternoon. We were allowed to help each other out with food, exchange books, and so on. The only real restriction concerned communication between prisoners, to prevent them from "consulting" for purposes of the court investigation. Of course, getting around this was easy.

Our examining magistrate was Judge Job, the brother of a well-known painter. He was a tough, arrogant man, not very scrupulous. However, in later years he did favours for the Communist lawyer Bora Prodanović; he reported to him on how people behaved during police interrogations. A nationalist by conviction, and a Dalmatian, Job joined the Partisan movement at the end of the war.

The court investigation was completed quickly. Job had great faith in police interrogation. As a rule the court freed prisoners for whom they had no evidence. Masleša, for example, was released because of lack of evidence. Testimony given to the examining magistrate was decisive, and, once given, remained valid even if withdrawn.

The guards were well-trained, strict, and straight. Their chief was a Slovenian by the name of Diklič, who liked to drink, but was virtuous in his strict interpretation of the rules, which afforded numerous loopholes and helped relax the strict prison régime. He had a great weakness for intellectuals, treated them well, but simply couldn't understand why such enlightened men were Communists. Interestingly enough, many years later his own son became a leftist, and we used him as a contact with our prisoners at Ada Ciganlija.

While I was at Ada Ciganlija, several political groups passed through—Communists, nationalists, and spies.

The central figure of the Marković group was, of course, Sima Marković himself, a short stocky man, with a bald head and an upturned nose, large yellowish eyes, and thin sharp lips. He was a strong-willed man, capable of putting up with the worst insults without batting an eyelash, but also given to sudden outbursts of fury and bitterness. On the whole, though, his manners were smooth and he was well spoken. He addressed his wife formally, which we folksy revolutionaries ridiculed as a bourgeois habit, one more evil in a series attributed to him.

MARKOVIC had been a Socialist in Serbia since before World War I. As a young man he belonged to a semi-anarchist group that sought direct action and was critical of the official leadership of the Serbian Social-Democratic party. A mathematician by profession, he followed contemporary science, and was, in fact, the first and the most consistent believer in Einstein's theory in Yugoslavia. He was in correspondence with Einstein, and the great scientist intervened with the Yugoslav government by telegram every time Marković was arrested. He was one of the most knowledgeable men I ever knew. Spirited and quick-witted, he was always ready to jump from one subject to another, including topics that were not his "specialty." Psychoanalysis was in vogue at the time, even among Communists, and he had "firsthand" knowledge of it. He was proficient in four major languages and constantly read books and magazines and made notes. And his pursuit of intellectual matters grew as the scope of his political activity diminished.

Marković was the head of the Yugoslav Communist party at the time it was outlawed, causing him to be sentenced to two years in prison. Factional struggle flared up within the party, and he became the leader of the right-wing faction, which had its roots in Serbia, chiefly among intellectuals and older workers. This faction also drew on its association with the Social-Democratic party, on its ideas and methods. Nevertheless, the ruling circles and the intellectuals held Sima Marković to be the ideological leader of the Communists. He was less sharp and implacable than the Bolsheviks and Communists trained in Moscow, easier for them to deal with. But there was no truth in the rumour, promoted by the left wing, that the police encouraged his activities because that was in their interests. Marković was arrested often, but not beaten, a rare privilege under the dictatorship. He stood up well, though, and confessed nothing.

While in prison, Petko Miletić managed to win the whole group imprisoned with Marković over to his side. That was not a particularly difficult job: Marković's moderate attitude was no longer suitable to the aggressive spirit of men who had grown up under the dictatorship, and who had joined him because his was the only effective party group. They were now putting pressure on him to "yield" to the party. Marković must have understood that his battle with the party was lost:

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a new generation was gaining prominence with the Central Committee and Moscow.

ACTUALLY, WE PAID LITTLE attention to these conflicts. We made an honest effort to understand the arguments on both sides, but the simple fact was that Stalin argued against him and the Central Committee was in disagreement with him. Also, we were irritated by his "petit bourgeois" mentality, his non-argumentative, "opportunistic" attitude to the guards and the court, his "intellectualism." In his leaflets he never referred to King Alexander as that "bloody dog Alexander the last," which had become a stock phrase among us Communists and a confirmation of our revolutionary integrity, and he concentrated his attack on the dictatorship rather than on the bourgeoisie. Of course, he felt the isolation, but to avoid open conflict, he was tolerant and careful of what he said.

Politically he had no consistent view of the world or of the situation in Yugoslavia. He remained somewhere in the middle, between the old Serbian Social Democracy and Bolshevism, between revolutionary Marxism and reformism, in useless attempts to explain the new world with old patterns.

Indeed, Sima Marković was in part responsible for the gossip about him. As a politician he was without any moral scruples, and not very selective when it came to employing various means to achieve his end. He didn't appear to be given to intrigues, but he changed his opinions so often, agreeing now with one man and now with another, that intrigues spawned themselves. He thought nothing of stating totally contrary opinions if that would yield immediate practical results. That was the reason we younger Communists considered him a "bourgeois" politician, a Communist ruined by "bourgeois parliamentarianism" and "scheming."

We had another proof that Sima Marković was guilty of most of our accusations. He had cried at his trial because the police arrested him at his sister's funeral. He tried to "move" a "bourgeois court" made up of those hangmen and bloodthirsty monsters. When he was told by the judges that he was free to go, he jovially shook hands with them and thanked them for their "objectivity"—the objectivity of the same court that had sentenced his comrades to many years in prison for the very same activity that he himself had been conducting! Under somewhat different parliamentary procedures he might have become a significant figure, but he didn't have a single quality required of a revolutionary under a dictatorship.

Upon release from prison, Marković was interned at Plevlje. He remained there until 1934, when an escape was organised for him. The Central Committee wanted to remove him from Yugoslavia, and he in turn wanted to reach a compromise with both the Central Committee and the Comintern. He ended up in the Soviet Union. Apparently he stuck to his views to the bitter end, for the 1936–1937 purges did not spare him. He was sentenced to ten years, and died somewhere in Siberia.

In spite of his uncertainty and opportunism, he did not hesitate in proving his loyalty to the revolutionary socialist ideal. But we Stalinist Communists were pleased, as I recall, to know that the Soviet Union had relieved us of Sima Marković and his theories.

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Flash Flood

The serrated hills keep sawing the horizon.
The wounds of the sky are too great
For the white clouds to ever sop up!
They sink to the earth like sodden black cotton.
The rivers are going over the banks
Chewing on green planks, angry,
The rain keeps pounding the houses
Into the ground like a hammer,
They are all going under like so many nails!
The last inhabitants are on the roof beams
Slickered with rain, their faces like shale,
Pilots, going down with their sails.

Susan Schaeffer

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EAST & WEST

Culture & the Détente

Shadows over Helsinki

By Leopold Labedz

CHANGES IN THE WORLD BALANCE since the end of the War cannot but affect fundamentally both the future shape of international relations and the prospects for Europe. The achievement of nuclear parity between the USA and the USSR, international recognition of the two German states, the end of American military involvement in Viet Nam, the rise of China and Japan, the emergence and enlargement of the community of West European nations—these are the main elements which form the background to the current preparations for a Conference on European Security and Co-operation (CESC). One issue in the negotiations perhaps transcends in historical importance the immediate balance-of-power considerations. The question of the "freer movement of people and information", which is being discussed at the preparatory talks in Helsinki, goes to the roots of the problem of Europe's historical identity and indeed of the Western cultural tradition.

The prospect of a *détente* in Europe raises different hopes and fears in the East and in the West. The very existence of negotiations on an overall European basis would seem to imply the recognition of the historical unity of Europe, but the contrasting interpretations of the issues under discussion—particularly in the question of "cultural contacts"—only emphasise the continent's continuing division. This division is based on political systems whose chief characteristics still remain essentially unchanged. Would *détente* between East and West offer hope or bring despair? Would it be a step towards an evolution of a new Europe in line with its own cultural tradition, or contribute to the demise of this tradition?

The resolution of conflicts in Europe in the past provides no parallels to the present situation. First of all, Europe is no longer an autonomous factor in world politics; its destinies depend on outside forces. Europe's decline after World War I was politically sealed by the East-West division after World War II. Since then, there has been a slow movement towards integration in Western Europe, and there have been many manifestations of the conflict between new political régimes and old cultural traditions in Eastern Europe. In this process common European cultural standards were subject to a gradual erosion. In 18th-century Europe, as Gibbon pointed out, conflicts were restrained by the fact that it was still regarded as one "great republic" with a "common system of arts, law and manners." This is obviously no longer the case. On the other hand ideological conflicts can no longer be assuaged by such a formula as *cuius regio eius religio* because, even if it were acceptable, it would not be workable in the age of mass cross-frontier communication. Hence the historical importance for Europe in general (and for Western Europe in particular) not only of considerations of strategic security, but also of questions concerned with "the flow of ideas and information." The idea of freedom of thought and expression has been the cornerstone of the European cultural tradition at least since the Renaissance, if not since Hellenic times. Surely, if this tradition is to be preserved it must remain the cornerstone.

WHAT RISKS AND OPPORTUNITIES present themselves in the current talks and how do they bear on this issue? The negotiations in Helsinki and the intensified campaign for ideological purity in the Soviet bloc indicate that its leaders are more anxious to reinforce the present ideological divisions than to facilitate any real lowering of political and cultural barriers in Europe. As the London *Economist* (17 February) put it, although

> the Russians have shown so much enthusiasm for the Conference on European Security and Co-operation, they have also shown great reluctance to agree to anything that would actually help Europeans to feel secure or to co-operate at all closely.

The Soviet Ambassador, Viktor Maltsev, explained in Helsinki that in the proposed greater exchange of ideas "there can be no room for the dissemination of anti-culture—pornography, racism, fascism, the cult of violence, hostility among peoples and false slanderous propaganda." This is a formula which can easily be made to exclude any and all ideas to be "exchanged." Yuri Zhukov, the official Soviet commentator, pro-

LEOPOLD LABEDZ, *editor of "Survey" (a London quarterly) and of "Solzhenitsyn: A Documentary Record" (Penguin, 1972), is a Visiting Professor at Stanford University. He edited the standard volume on "Revisionism" (1963), and among his recent articles in* ENCOUNTER *are a study of Kolakowski (March 1969) and "The Path Ahead to Europe" (September 1971).*

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vided earlier (in *Pravda*, 12 January) an authoritative explanation of what Mr Brezhnev meant when he said (speech of 21 December 1972) that the acceptance of a wider exchange of ideas, information, and personal contacts in Europe must be limited by "the sovereignty, laws and customs" of each country. In Zhukov's blunter formulation, the socialist countries are not going to open their doors to "bourgeois ideological invasion", because such "ideological disarmament" would lead to the re-establishment of bourgeois society. Later on, *Pravda* added that "such impudent claims will meet a firm rebuff." Similar positions were taken by other Warsaw Pact countries, though some were more emphatic than others. But even the less emphatic were quite explicit about their basic interpretation of the idea of expanding cultural contacts. What this amounted to was that while they accept it in theory they will not accept it in practice. As Jan Szydlak, a member of the Polish Politbureau, said (*Trybuna Ludu*, 23 January):

> "We are for wide cultural cooperation, for greater mutual information. We are ready for ideological confrontation . . . [but] we are for the complete supremacy of the theory and method of Marxism-Leninism, for the complete supremacy of socialist ideology in our society."

"Complete" here surely means total, exclusive, unchallenged.

While Western proposals for the freer flow of ideas were rejected, Mr Brezhnev reiterated that "Peaceful Co-existence", *détente*, and "ideas of peace and good-neighbourly relations" should be promoted. Still the class struggle between the two systems in the spheres of economics, politics, "and, naturally, ideology" would continue, since they were "opposed and irreconcilable." Thus, the "free flow of ideas" is presented as an attempt to act "from Cold War positions", while the "ideological struggle" is endorsed. To point out that such an arrangement would constitute a one-way traffic is, needless to say, to risk being castigated as an opponent of *détente*.

UNOFFICIAL VOICES in the Soviet Union coincide with a Western stand on the issue. For instance, Academician Andrei Sakharov wrote in his *Progress, Co-existence and Intellectual Freedom* (1964) that "intellectual freedom is essential to human society—freedom to obtain and distribute information, freedom for open-minded and unfearing debate and freedom from oppression by officialdom and prejudices." Solzhenitsyn, in his Nobel Prize lecture, declared even more emphatically:

> "This *information blockage* between the different parts of our planet is a deadly peril. Modern science is aware that information blockage leads to entropy and total collapse. Information blockage makes a mockery of international agreements and treaties; within the *jammed* zone it is no problem at all to reinterpret a treaty, and even simpler to suppress it as if it had never been (something that Orwell understood very well). Within the jammed zone live not so much earth-dwellers as an expeditionary force from Mars: they haven't a clue about how the rest of the earth lives and are perfectly ready to trample it underfoot in the sacred certainty that they are 'liberating' it."[1]

What of the rhetoric of the official view? In a recent interview published in the Warsaw weekly *Kultura* (4 February), the Soviet Minister of Culture, Ekaterina Furtseva, commented on "the problem of a wider and closer cultural co-operation between countries with different political systems" as follows:

> "We want the world to learn about us and we want to learn about the world. Cultural ties serve this purpose best, because culture, art and literature present the shortest way to human hearts."

These lofty sentiments were expressed after a severe crackdown on Soviet intellectual dissenters. As Academician Sakharov noted (in a conversation with the *Newsweek* correspondent, Jay Axelbank), since President Nixon's visit to Moscow in 1972 there has been a renewed drive by the authorities against intellectual and civil liberties. Since that time, he said, the Soviet authorities felt that "because of the *détente* they can now disregard Western public opinion." Press and mail censorship has been tightened, library privileges are harder to obtain. A wave of arrests among the members of nonconformist circles began in December 1971 with an attempt by the KGB to liquidate the *samizdat* journal, *Chronicle of Current Events*. Some dissenters, like Pyotr Yakir, were broken in prison. Some, like the mathematician Plyushch, were sent to "mental hospitals", suffering from "reformist mania." Some, like Vladimir Bukovsky, received a heavy prison sentence. Some, like the banned poet Yuri Galanskov, died in concentration camp because of the inhuman treatment of their illness in detention. Still others like the physicist Valery

[1] Compare this with the reflections about "mutual incomprehension" by Norman Davies in *The Times* (21 March):

> "Citizens of the Western democracies . . . harbour memories of ancient tyrannies, and are now bound by the modern obsession of avoiding new ones. We ramble round our sunlit uplands without any clear idea of why we do it or where we are going. Our typical weakness is *claustrophobia*. Where others might feel sheltered and secure, we feel oppressed and insecure: we would fight as desperately to pull down the walls as others would fight to put them up."

Mr Leonid Zamyatin noticed with satisfaction (in *Sovetskaya Rossiya*) Mr Davies's references to the "rudeness" of the British press in its use of "loaded" language about Soviet affairs. Inexplicably, Solzhenitsyn uses it too.

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Chalidze and the poet Yosif Brodsky were edged out of their native land, a relatively humanitarian form of punishment. The Ukrainian intellectuals suffered another wave of persecution: more than a hundred of them have been arrested since 1972, among them intellectuals active in Ukranian *samizdat*, like Dzyuba and Chornovil, who were sentenced to ten and twelve years' deprivation of liberty respectively. Prospective Jewish emigrants to Israel were asked to pay a special new tax which rose according to the degree of their education.[2] The drive against the dissenters intensified still further after the appearance of No. 27 of *Chronicle of Current Events*, the publication of which the KGB assiduously tried to prevent. One member of the Human Rights Committee, Mr Grigory Podyapolsky, a Moscow geophysicist, has been threatened with "psychiatric treatment" and another, Academician Sakharov—the father of the Soviet H-bomb—until now immune, has been summoned by the KGB for "interview." The renewed drive against freedom of thought went with the continuation of the policy of *détente* and with a new Potemkin "constitutionalism."

In the speech I have referred to (made on the occasion of the 50th anniversary of the formation of the Soviet Union) Mr Brezhnev not only indicated his interpretation of *détente*, but he also announced that the Soviet Union was to have a new Constitution. Like that of its predecessor, the 1936 Constitution, this announcement comes at a time when there is greater internal oppression and simultaneously a soft line *vis-à-vis* Western countries. But of course "the situation is different." There is no Stalin; instead of the Great Purge, there is only the scrutiny of Party membership through the process of the renewal of Party cards; and it is China, not Nazi Germany, that the Soviet Union is worried about.

Other Soviet-bloc countries present the same contrast. There is at once an internal tightening of the screws and an external posture favouring a *détente à la* Brezhnev, *i.e.* taking note of his dictum that the new ideological struggle would "intensify to become an even sharper form of confrontation between the two societies." Yet they fear the internal effects of a *détente* in different degrees. Although they followed the same pattern, there was a notable difference in the sharpness of its application.

IN CZECHOSLOVAKIA there was a virtual pogrom of intellectuals, an attack on present-day Czechoslovak culture in the name of "normalisation." According to official information, during 1970 in Prague alone some 40,000 people lost their jobs for "political reasons." Academics, writers, journalists have had to earn their living as manual workers, hall porters or taxi-drivers. Children of "right-wing opportunists" are not allowed to complete their education at university or even at secondary school. (This happened to the son of Ludvik Vaculik,[3] author of the celebrated *"2,000 Words"* manifesto.) The Czech Writers' Union was dissolved and most of its 600 members had to find what badly-paid jobs they could. Writers with well-known by-lines are not allowed to publish at all, and 40 of them had their books withdrawn from all public libraries.[4] A similar situation exists in other sectors of Czechoslovak cultural life. More recently the Czech Minister of Culture, Miloslav Bruzek—

[2] This has in many cases prevented their departure for Israel because of their inability to pay it, but it did not prevent them losing their jobs, in spite of the fact that the loss of their skill to the state was the ostensible reason for the introduction of the ransom-tax in the first place. It was only Senator Henry Jackson's amendment, threatening to deprive the USSR of the benefits of the proposed introduction of a "most favoured nation" clause in its trade with the US, which induced the Soviet authorities to make a gesture of suspending the operation of the "education tax" for the moment. However, several letters signed by prominent Soviet Jews promptly warned that it may be only a temporary measure to be dropped when the threat in the US legislature is over.

[3] An interview with Ludvik Vaculik was published in *Die Zeit* (12 January). Although carefully formulated, some of his replies were quite explicit:

"In our country also, legality, in a strictly juridical sense, is not a meaningless concept which cannot be defined. Yet to rely on it is not sufficient to dispel our fears. One can rely, of course, on legality, but it reminds me of the old story about a lady who went to the doctor and asked him for an absolutely reliable method of birth control. 'Drink a glass of cold water,' the doctor said. 'Fine,' the lady replied, 'when should I drink it, before or after?' 'Instead,' the doctor said. This is how I see my own situation. The law gives me the right to my own convictions, but in the actual situation I do not see the time and space or even limited opportunity to express such convictions. . . . Everything occurs on the basis of orders from above and of secret instructions. A man does not know what it is that ties him in knots, nor where he can go to defend himself. Preferably he should take a stick and somehow force a way. But where to? To prison or to a mental hospital, because such action would be contrary to law. . . ."

[4] On 1 March a new governmental decree stipulated that 40% of foreign royalties of Czechoslovak authors should be given to the so-called "Cultural Fund" (on top of the percentage taken by the official literary agency *Dilia*, which handles all foreign contracts, royalties, taxes, etc.). What is left over will now be remitted in Czech currency. For the writers who behave well the Ministry of Culture can waive these conditions, which as *Le Monde* (5 April) observed:

"will serve as an additional instrument of pressure on the writers who at present cannot publish in Czechoslovakia and are deprived of other normal means of earning their living."

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who two years ago declared that "writers and other intellectuals must first be starved in order to make them sing a different song"—has now criticised what he calls "subjectivism" and *"dirigisme"* in culture and declared that the process of "normalisation" had been concluded (*Mlada Fronta*, 3 January 1973). Both he and his Slovak counterpart, Miroslav Valek, hinted at a more conciliatory approach towards intellectuals in future. What it really presages is difficult to say, considering that Czechoslovakia is planning to establish "Houses of Political Education" throughout the country by 1975. A symbolic indication of what it may consist of was the commemoration of the 20th anniversary of the death of the Stalinist President of Czechoslovakia, Klement Gottwald. Unlike Stalin, whose rehabilitation in the Soviet Union proceeded by stealth, Gottwald was openly honoured on 14 March in all the Czechoslovak papers without any critical qualifications, despite the fact that he was responsible for the political arrests and trials in the 1950s (of which Husak was one of the victims).[5]

It is, then, a curious situation: while some of the pro-Western writers are still in prison, courting the West has become the official political line. The cultural scene is "normalised" only in the sense that not a single work of any artistic significance has been published since 1969; censorship is now even more stringent than under the notorious pre-1968 President, Novotny. A petition at the end of 1972 to President Svoboda signed by the most prominent writers, asking him to grant amnesty to Czech and Slovak intellectuals who had been sentenced to prison in political trials, has not been heeded; but the signatories were subjected to pressure to withdraw their signatures. In their various speeches, neither Party Secretary Husak, nor Prime Minister Strougal, nor the Ministers of Culture Bruzek and Valek, considered it appropriate to quote Brezhnev's words in support of the exchange of ideas and cultural contacts provided that "the sovereignty, laws and customs" of each country are fully respected. Brezhnev himself made a reference to this question in his speech in Prague to celebrate the 25th anniversary of the Communist accession to power. He said that the crocodile tears being shed in the West over the alleged decline of Czech culture and arts were no more than a recognition that it was no longer possible to poison the minds of the Czech people with decadent bourgeois culture and anti-socialist works. He then added that it was necessary "to drive the Cold War spirit from the continent forever . . ." a remark soon to be matched by Mr Harold Wilson, who declared on his visit to Czechoslovakia that "whatever happened in 1968 is now past and over."

IN EAST GERMANY, the *détente* was tested earlier than elsewhere as a result of Bonn's *Ostpolitik*. To counteract what the GDR feared would be the disruptive potential of extensive contacts with the Federal Republic, it has developed a policy known as the *Abgrenzungspolitik* (policy of demarcation). This is designed to prevent any undesirable effects of *détente* inside the GDR by maintaining its cultural isolation from the West. The early hopes underlying the *Ostpolitik* were that political concessions would lead to international recognition of the GDR, and that this would produce a cultural *quid pro quo*. These hopes have, so far, been disappointed. Would-be refugees are still fired on at the Berlin Wall, and new "automatic shooting devices" have been installed at the frontier dividing East from West Germany. A number of strict controls have been established to prevent contacts between East Germans and the West German citizens and West Berliners visiting the GDR, or to make them as infrequent as possible. The first act of the GDR following the establishment of diplomatic relations with Great Britain was a demand to discontinue BBC broadcasts to East Germany. While there are some Western student exchanges with other Soviet-bloc countries (between 1973 and 1975 some 2,400 exchange students are to visit the Soviet Union), no such exchange programmes exist at all in East Germany and the *Abgrenzungspolitik* may prevent this even when the GDR achieves general recognition.[6]

As a result of West German *Ostpolitik*, East Germany has new specific agreements about "cultural contacts." It provides a disheartening portent for such agreements. The "concessions" to which it at first reluctantly agreed were very limited, and are now restricted even further in the implementation of these agreements. Apparently, about 5,000 East Germans now go over to West Germany every month under the special arrangements for those with urgent family

[5] This was acknowledged in the Piller Report prepared during the Prague Spring; it was later published abroad. Piller is now one of the leaders of the present régime.

[6] In contrast to the West Germans, the East Germans stress that there is no "unified German nation", but that "the socialist nation in the GDR stands in unbridgeable contradiction to the old capitalist nation which continues to exist in the FGR" (Kurt Hager in *Neues Deutschland*, 16 March), that "the historical tendency of *Abgrenzung* has emerged between the socialist nation in the GDR and the capitalist nation in the FGR (Albert Norden in *Neues Deutschland*, 20 March). How can the "freer flow of ideas and people" be reconciled with the restrictiveness of *Abgrenzungspolitik?*

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reasons. But only the closest relatives can go. "A man can visit his dying father but he may not take his wife with him." Permission is refused on various pretexts: on the grounds that it is impossible to check the validity of "urgent family reasons", for people under 26 because they have not yet "repaid" in work for their state education, and by classifying others as possessors of secret information, a category which can include people who were once NCOs in the army or managers in a factory. As Jonathan Steele reported in *The Guardian* (9 March 1973):

> "There seems to be no hurry to give visas to intellectuals (regardless of whether they are party members) who are invited to visit the West to lecture, see their plays performed, or go to previews of their exhibitions. As for general tourism to the West, even on the lines of the limited possibilities open to Poles or Hungarians, the door is still firmly closed."

As *Der Spiegel* reported, the release of prisoners to the West has been stopped and among those who did come the majority were convicted criminals and not "mainly politicals", contrary to the Bahr-Kohl agreement. (Egon Bahr himself pointed this out in an interview published in *Der Stern*.) New regulations for Western correspondents are no less at odds with the hoped-for relaxation. They were introduced on 6 March 1973, and are much stiffer than the previous ones; they include a proviso that correspondents must not "slander the German Democratic Republic" and that they will be responsible for any hostile comment published by their paper or broadcast by their radio or television station. They must also ask for permission to travel outside East Berlin and to conduct interviews. East German correspondents in West Germany are not subject to restrictions.

IN BULGARIA, the most loyal, if not perhaps the most orthodox communist country, the Second Congress of Culture (held in December 1972) adopted a new policy aimed at more efficient control of artistic activities. The chairman, Pavel Matev, declared that the ideological struggle must be directed against "political apathy and manifestations of admiration for everything that is of foreign [*i.e.* Western] origin." A new "resolute, systematic, irreconcilable offensive" against cultural dissidents was advocated. A somewhat ineffective, though orthodox secretary of the Bulgarian Writers' Union, Nikolay Zidarov, was replaced in February 1973 by a literary colonel from the Political Administration of the Bulgarian army, Ivan Arzhentinski. There were other signs that writers and intellectuals should not be over-optimistic about the *détente*. G. Bokov, the editor of the official Party paper, *Rabotnichesko Delo*, wrote an article entitled "Exchange of Ideas or Legalisation of Provocation?" in which he asserted that the West's raising of the subject was an attempt "to turn the clock back to the time of the Cold War" and "to secure the right and possibility of intervention in the internal affairs of sovereign states."

POLAND has had a rather special role in the promotion of a "European Security Conference", ever since the then Polish Foreign Minister, Adam Rapacki, proposed it in December 1964. However, if there were different nuances in the Polish as compared to the Soviet approach, they were more easily detectable in the earlier period than at present. The new Party First Secretary, Edward Gierek (who replaced Gomulka after the December 1970 riots), continued to repeat the Soviet formula on *détente*. In December 1971 he said at the Sixth Congress of the Polish Communist Party:

> "The ideological struggle has in our time become the main arena of the class struggle between the socialist and the capitalist systems. . . . It is a struggle fought over the views and attitudes of people. In this struggle there never was, is, or will be any armistice. . . . Peaceful coexistence is one form of the ideological struggle and of the many-sided confrontation of socialism with imperialism on a world scale."

More recently, at the Seventh Plenum of the Party in November 1972, Gierek again stressed this point (*Trybuna Ludu*, 29 November 1972):

> "Peaceful coexistence signifies a deeper, wider, and in many respects sharper ideological confrontation."

This single-minded refrain was reiterated again and again in the official press attacks on Western suggestions for a "free flow of ideas." In his article "An Unacceptable Flow" (*Sztandar Mlodych*, 5 February 1973), Daniel Wasilewski explained that "the Western proposal about the 'free flow of ideas' is not acceptable to us because it implies complete freedom for the dissemination of every bourgeois idea. . . . It would amount to the abandonment of sovereignty by the [communist] state and the international legalisation of the psychological war conducted by the capitalist states."

An "ideological functionary", Jozef Sokol, wrote in the Army journal *Wojsko Ludowe* (5 May 1972) about the psychological difficulties which could result from a *détente:*

> "The climate of international relations necessary for our offensive in favour of a *détente* may generate trends towards demobilisation inside the country (particularly in the ideological sphere); it may contribute to the emergence of illusions about the possibility of permanent and all-embracing agree-

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ments between the two systems, about the disappearance of 'political and social differences' between them. It may make for a 'softening' of attitudes, a weakening of social vigilance *vis-à-vis* imperialism, etc. We must reckon with the possibility that this may be accompanied by a temptation to transfer the tactics of compromise to the ideological sphere. We must also reckon with the psychological pressure on certain circles in our country which have ample opportunity to shape public opinion, pressure which will be intensified by the Western apparatus of ideological diversion."

Another propagandist, Ignacy Krasicki, wrote about "those who noisily and persistently clamour for the 'free flow of ideas'", and added (*Zycie Literackie*, 18 February 1973):

"The real problem is not whose cultural and ideological values are more attractive, but what political instruments are used to promote this slogan."

The conclusion is as simple as it is obvious. To prevent "the negative influence of bourgeois ideology under the pretext of the free flow of ideas and information", it is necessary to arrive at international agreements which will stop Western radio broadcasts to "socialist countries" and to reach similar agreements about television broadcasts when transmission becomes technically possible. In short, the "flow" should not be free to flow. At least in one direction.

The number of articles on this subject in the Polish press was far greater than in any other East European country and they all reiterated the same point: yes, we are for the free flow of ideas, provided that we can decide which ideas are to be permitted to flow. Marian Dobrosielski, the ex-ambassador in London, who became notorious in March 1968 for his role in suppressing the student movement for greater freedom, wrote exactly five years later in the official *Trybuna Ludu* (19 March 1973):

"We are quite open to such exchange of information, ideas and cultural cooperation as will serve the most profound humanist values, the cause of human dignity, freedom of thought, mutual enrichment of national cultures, mutual confidence, peace and creative competition. But we are not open to receive such 'ideas, information and people' as propagate violence and hatred, racism and chauvinism, hostility between nations, militarism and fascism, as will interfere in the internal affairs of other states through perfidious misinformation, and through psychological war based on half-truths and falsifications, on slanders and sabotage."

The same hypocrisy characterised the interventions of the Polish representative in Helsinki, Ambassador Adam Willmann. When the Dutch Ambassador in Helsinki, Walck Lucassen, criticised his double-talk, Willmann said (on 8 February 1973) he was disappointed that he had been understood to be calling for restrictive policies, but he repeated the main point:

"Poland would like to see the widest possible opportunity for the individual, in conditions of security. This means the enrichment of the individual while protecting him from bad ideas."

Internally, the cultural policy in Poland reflects the same attitude. There was some tightening of controls, but less than elsewhere (except Hungary). Permission to travel to the West is still granted relatively easily (with some individual exceptions), and the internal cultural scene still displays more loopholes in the implementation of the increasingly rigid policy than other East European countries (again with the exception of Hungary). However, the secretary of the Central Committee, Jerzy Lukasiewicz, warned that in future "only people who are close to the Party" would be employed in the press, radio and television (*Nowe Drogi*, April 1973).

FOR RUMANIA, *détente* provided another occasion to manifest its independent foreign policy line. Both before and during the preliminary talks in Helsinki, it stressed the "equality" and "sovereignty" of states. In his speech of 20 November 1972, Nicolae Ceausescu said that "the participants in the preparatory talks and in the European Conference will represent national, independent and sovereign states" whose relations must be based on "non-interference in each other's domestic affairs." The Rumanian delegates at Helsinki, Mircea Balanescu and Valentin Lipatti, stressed these points emphatically, and wanted the rules of procedure at the Conference to be based on these principles "regardless of military alliances."

However, on the question of "cultural contacts", Ceausescu has been obfuscating the issues. In an interview given to *Le Figaro* (11 October 1972) he said that the question "presupposes the free circulation of ideas and information, but also a common standpoint against certain negative phenomena in the education of people." What such "negative phenomena" are could be divined from the reference in the official Rumanian News Agency journal *Romania* (31 October 1972) to the necessity for an understanding about "the elimination of propaganda favouring racialism and anti-communist ideologies." It could be seen even more clearly in the cultural policy actually pursued in Rumania in the last year or so, a policy launched by Ceausescu in his speech of 6 July 1971, aimed at restricting artistic freedom by reintroducing the notion of socialist realism. Ceausescu said that "art must serve a single aim—socialist, communist education" and added:

"We must put an end to liberal, petty-bourgeois and anarchist concepts."

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In the ideological campaign that followed (which was unofficially called Rumania's "mini-cultural revolution") there was a vigorous attempt to reimpose rigid cultural standards. Orthodox writers like Mihai Beniuc or Georgy Kovacs again called for "a militant Party-inspired literature." When the campaign encountered resistance on the part of other artists and writers, Ceausescu defended it again at the November 1971 Party plenum. He insisted on its full implementation in order to protect the Rumanian people from ideological and cultural "pollution" from "countries with a different social order." He argued at one and the same time that there would be no "return to the past", and that "we must not be afraid of talking about socialist realism." However, this label has too many Soviet connotations (not to mention its evocation of yesterday); therefore the idea of Party-guided art and literature and of "realism" as a description not of what is but of what ought to be is now referred to in Rumania as *"ideological realism."*

Ceausescu's recommendation that films, plays and books should be subject to careful scrutiny by "the Party and State" has been the main theme of the ideological campaign he launched in July 1971. The shift in Rumanian cultural policy which it marked can be seen from the fact that only a few months earlier he was advocating a quite different line. At the Ninth Congress of the Union of Communist Youth he said:

> "We should never fear that an open, free confrontation of our dialectical materialist views with idealistic ones could be harmful to the upbringing of youth; on the contrary, we shall let the ideas of communism triumph in this free confrontation. . . ."
> (*Scanteia*, 19 February 1971)

And a month later he was still saying:

> "In our opinion, we should have no fear that the expansion of international relations will involve the danger of the capitalist world exercising an adverse influence upon the nations which have set out along the path of building a new social order. There is an old Rumanian saying: "He who is frightened by the wolf will also be afraid of the hare." We have lived in the mountains for a long time and are familiar with wolves. We are not frightened of them, and even less so of hares. We are not afraid of pursuing widespread activities in the field of international cooperation."
> (*Scanteia*, 24 March 1971)

Ceausescu soon changed this position. By the time the preliminary talks in Helsinki were taking place, he was still maintaining his independent foreign policy posture but his internal cultural policy had become as harsh as the Soviet one. His own personality cult now almost rivals that of Stalin.

YUGOSLAVIA also took an independent foreign policy line at Helsinki, and this too coincided with a tightening of its internal cultural policy. It expressed its support for the CESC in the joint Soviet-Yugoslav communiqué issued at the end of Tito's visit to Moscow in June 1972:

> "There are at present all the necessary preconditions for immediate preparations, on a multilateral basis, for holding in the near future an all-European conference of states on questions of security and cooperation so that these questions may be examined and solved in the interest of all the peoples of Europe."

But there were some differences between Yugoslav and Soviet positions *vis-à-vis* the Conference. The Yugoslavs always stressed that the European states should meet at the Conference not "as members of blocs" but as "independent and equal countries"—a formula similar to the Rumanian one which was forcefully expressed at the Moscow meeting of the Communist parties in January 1970 by the representative of the Yugoslav Party (and a member of its Presidium), Dimce Belovsky. Despite the Soviet-Yugoslav *rapprochement*, it was still the line taken by the Yugoslav delegation at Helsinki, although it was expressed in a less forceful way than the Rumanian. But, in contrast to the Rumanians, the Yugoslavs not only criticised the concept of "limited sovereignty" (*i.e.* the Brezhnev doctrine), but also Moscow's rather Manichean view of the ideological struggle. Belovsky took a contrary stand to the Soviet one on this subject in an article published in *Borba* (5 January 1973) in which he criticised the "ideological division" in Europe and condemned "ideological exclusiveness."

It was ironical that this external argument was not applied internally. Paradoxically, in Yugoslavia itself 1972 was a year of political and cultural purges, which started in Croatia (with the dismissal of the communist leaders Miko Tripalo and Savka Dabcevic-Kucar),[7] and which were then extended to other republics. During this purge not only were the more liberal political figures in the Party, Army and state administration dismissed or forced to resign, but many academics, writers, and journalists also lost their jobs. In Croatia, Dr Sime Djodan, Dr Marco Veselica, Mrs Yozo Ivecic-Bakulic and Mr Zvonimir Kormarica—the leaders of the now outlawed cultural organisation, "Hrvatska Matica"—were sentenced to between two and seven years in jail. The cultural purge extended to all parts of Yugoslavia and affected *Nin* and *Politika* as well as *Praxis* and *Filozofia*. Not only were Yugoslav publications suppressed and passports withdrawn from Yugoslav citizens, but pressure was put on the universities to employ only such professors as possessed "not only scholarly and peda-

[7] See Paul Lendvai, "Yugoslavia in Crisis", ENCOUNTER, August 1972.

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gogical qualities, but moral and political qualities as well." Among those arrested, purged, or deprived of passports were Professors Mihajlo Djuric, Vojin Milic, Zaga Pesic-Golubovic, Dragoljub Micunovic, Nebojsa Popov, Miodrag Vulin, Kosta Cavoski; writers—Zlotko Tomicic, Vlado Gotovac; student leaders—Miroslav Mandic, Sandor Roza, Milan Nikolic, Pavlusko Imsirovic, Gelka Kljajic, Drazen Budisa, Ivan Zvominir Gisak, Goran Djodig, Vlado Mijanovic and many others. The "new wave" in the Yugoslav cinema was also hit. Makavejev and Stojanovic were severely criticised for their famous works *"Mysteries of the Organism"* and *"The Plastic Jesus"* respectively. Makavejev was expelled from the League of Communists and Stojanovic was subjected to legal prosecution. The film director Aleksandar Petrovic has been expelled from the Belgrade Film Academy because he gave top marks to a student whose film was critical of Yugoslavia's social system. Finally, Milovan Djilas has been attacked in the Army journal *Front* (16 March 1973) as "a traitor and enemy of his country." A campaign against "Djilasism" developed in the Yugoslav press after Tito attacked (in the Zagreb *Vjesnik*, 8 October 1972) the decisions of the Sixth Yugoslav Party Congress, held in November 1952, which sealed ideologically the historic break between Yugoslavia and Stalin's Russia. Dr Vladimir Bakaric who, with Tito and Djilas, was one of the architects of the Sixth Congress, said in *Kommunist* (15 March 1973) that Djilas was responsible for the "imprecise formulations" which provided the way for the "incorrect interpretations of the Sixth Congress." Thus Djilas became a scapegoat for Tito's retreat from Titoism.

It is, therefore, not altogether surprising that Yugoslav reports on the Helsinki discussions have all the explicitness of a sphinx or of the Delphic oracle:

> "In the area of cultural cooperation and exchange of people and ideas, differences were manifested or revived in their old and one might even say in their classic form. Although these differences reflect certain profound ideological and political contradictions, it is hard to get away from the impression that they are expressed statically and at odds with their increasingly dynamic context in a manner that could retard the positive dynamics in European trends."
> (*Review of International Affairs*, 20 Feb. 1973, p. 13)

In the circumstances it is not unamusing to read the lesson given by Yugoslavia to Europe (*Review of International Affairs*, 5 February 1973, pp 5–7):

> "Helsinki today is a gateway opening out on a new road. . . . For the first time the problem of European security has been raised as a continental, internal problem of the European nations. . . . It is the first time all European states have had a chance of participating on a footing of equality in the construction of a new European system. . . . The truth is that the inspiration for such radical changes in the European system and in relations between the European nations cannot be found outside the principles of active coexistence and non-alignment. . . . Of all the continents, Europe is numerically the least represented in the non-aligned movement although, objectively speaking, it is searching along [the road leading to] the very principles of non-alignment. . . ."

But if Western Europe was to become non-aligned, could Yugoslavia itself remain non-aligned?

HUNGARY'S official line was to support wholeheartedly the Soviet position in Helsinki. It has also warned its own writers and intellectuals not to have any illusions about this. One of the leaders of the Hungarian Party's *agitprop*, T. Palos, expressed the familiar arguments in *Nepszava* (28 January 1973):

> "The socialist countries firmly oppose, and will prevent by all means in their power, attempts at ideological undermining made under cover of a 'free flow of people, ideas and information' in an effort to disrupt the unity of the socialist order and socialist collective. For 'free flow' is a fiction, because we live in a world divided into two systems and the irreconcilable differences between the two ideologies will never be 'resolved' through a free flow of ideas."

The Hungarian First Deputy Foreign Minister, Frigyes Puja, went further and indicated that it is the Western media which should be compelled to take a more positive attitude towards the Communist countries. "The flow of ideas" should be limited to "a truly objective exchange of information. . . . The authorities in Western countries should make every effort to see that their press, papers, periodicals and other communication media provide objective information on life in socialist countries, on world events. This would establish the basis for discussion about a reciprocal flow of information" (*Tarsadalmi Szemle*, September 1972). The argument is clear. What is really needed is the curtailment of freedom of expression in the West. The press and communication media there should be curbed by the authorities and made to conform to Soviet standards of "objective" information.

But although this was the official attitude, the ideological spokesman of the régime did not infer from it a need for a tightening of internal cultural policy. The deputy editor of the official *Nepszabadsag* P. Renyi, quoted (15 January 1973), the Party's Central Committee resolution which paid homage to the principle, but he stressed nevertheless that it does not have to be interpreted in a die-hard fashion:

> "The correct interpretation of the party's policy of alliance at home and peaceful coexistence in international politics is very important in ideological

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work and in the sphere of cultural life. In this area the Party takes action against every type of limited, sectarian illiberality. But neither cooperation between states nor political alliances between differing social forces can lead to the erosion of ideological differences or to concessions on matters of principle in the face of anti-Marxist views."

Hungary is the only country in Eastern Europe where *détente* has not led to a more rigid internal cultural policy, despite the lip-service given to the ideological struggle. However, the more die-hard elements in the Party are also pressing for the tightening of ideological controls.

ALBANIA refused to take part in the Helsinki Conference and, like its ally China, condemned it unequivocally. An article from *Czerwony Szandar*, published by some Polish Maoists in Albania (quoted on 23 March by Tirana Radio), gives the flavour of the official attitude:

"The revisionists are particularly concerned about Western pressures for liberalisation in East European countries. . . . They are concerned first and foremost because the abandonment of terror and deception towards their peoples would threaten the revisionists with a loss of power. . . . It is derisible to hear that the Soviet delegation proposed that the [Helsinki] Conference should adopt a declaration on the renunciation of force, or threat of force, on the inviolability of frontiers and on the solution of state conflicts solely by peaceful means. In the light of Soviet aggression against Czechoslovakia, it is not necessary to argue about the value of Soviet revisionists' solemn declarations and obligations."

AS MY GENERAL SURVEY indicates, although the internal effects of *détente* are not uniform throughout the Soviet bloc, they are far from producing the expected relaxation necessary for "a freer flow of ideas, of information, and of people." But it is now argued that neither *Ostpolitik* nor *détente* were supposed to produce *immediate* results (although the Western public was led to believe that there would be improvement rather than deterioration in this respect). The optimistic view is that the positive and beneficial effects will come later. In the long run, the policies adopted (such as endorsement of the legitimacy of the Soviet position in Eastern Europe, relaxation of trade and technological barriers, and even the real risks which political concessions entail for the West) would be justified. As Dr Roger Morgan has succinctly put it, "the lesson of the 1960s, now being drawn by the West, is that the best hope of changing the *status quo* lies in accepting it."

Optimism can be the basis of political dynamism or of wishful thinking, just as pessimism can lead either to realism or to despair. From an analytical viewpoint they are both irrelevant. What is important are the actual policies applied to the present situation which the West has adopted, for better or for worse, and which may turn out to be either relatively successful or absolutely catastrophic. But, as the optimists hope and the pessimists fear, their results will only be apparent "in the long run." It would seem logical, therefore, considering the historical nature of the challenge, to approach the problems which form the subject of *détente* negotiations by adopting a long-term perspective, however difficult it may be for the usually short-sighted pragmatism of Western foreign policy. The West both lacks cohesion and fears the loss of military security, particularly in Europe. The Soviet Union, while increasing its military might, remains in many ways politically vulnerable. But the historical prospects of the challenges present in the East-West negotiations in Helsinki (and elsewhere) are not limited to the question of the immediate military and political equilibrium. Whatever the formula arrived at on the basis of these undoubtedly important considerations, it is the factors pertaining to the question of legitimacy which are decisive in the long run; and in this respect the West simply cannot afford to give up its assets. Just as the Communist countries are afraid of the political consequences of cultural relaxation, so the West would become peculiarly vulnerable if it betrayed its own cultural tradition. Hence the importance of emphasising in this context the role of cultural factors and of their long-run effect not only for the East but also for the West. If it does not defend its cultural values, if it fails to stand firm on the question of cultural freedom in general, the West will not only throw away the chance of the eventual evolution of the Communist régimes towards more civilised cultural standards, but will also gravely jeopardise the chances of survival of these standards in the West.

FREEDOM is not always "indivisible", but surely compromise on cultural questions may well lead to a decline of intellectual freedom in the West. The innumerable articles on the subject in the Communist press concentrate on the danger arising out of the flow of ideas from the Western to the Communist countries. As Sh. Sanakoyev put it in *Mezhdunarodnava Zhizn* (No. 10, 1972):

"They are aiming at obtaining one-sided concessions from the socialist countries, getting rid of all barriers which stand in the way of ideological subversion by imperialism, acquiring the possibility of freely spreading the ideals of bourgeois society, smuggling bearers of these ideals into the socialist countries in unlimited numbers."

In fact, the question of what the West can or cannot do *vis-à-vis* the East cannot be separated from the question of the imposition of restrictions on freedom of expression in the West itself. The campaign against Radio Free Europe,

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Radio Liberty, *Deutsche Welle*, etc. has been going on for a long time and the most insidious argument used in the West—it has been effective in the case of Senator William Fulbright—was that broadcasting to Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union is contrary to the spirit of *détente*. (The far greater volume of communist broadcasting to the West apparently is not.) But it would scarcely be a victory for the principle of the "free flow of ideas" if Soviet *Radio Peace and Progress* ceased to exist, if Moscow and all East European capitals stopped their Western broadcasts, even if it was done in exchange for similar decisions in the West.

How can the West condone jamming, censorship, and closure of communication media as prerequisites of *détente*? If it does so, the demands would not stop there, but expand further. The BBC, *Deutschlandfunk* and other Western stations have also been under attack. Only the French radio (which is strictly censored in its broadcasts to the Communist countries) is not subject to such criticism. Possibly because the Soviet authorities are accustomed to a Gaullist radio censor doing the job of a Soviet one, there was an indignant outburst in the Soviet press when, before the elections (but after Pompidou's visit to Minsk), the Gaullist journal *La Nation* published a series of articles critical of the Soviet Union. This can be taken as a foretaste of the Soviet authorities' expectations of new Western editorial behaviour if the Soviet interpretation of *détente* were to be accepted. There is, of course, no reason why the West should accept it. What such a step would imply could be gauged from the Finnish-Soviet statement made on 6 April in Helsinki to mark the 25th anniversary of the Finnish-Soviet Treaty, particularly from one passage in it which noted

> "that the mass information media are called upon, by showing proper responsibility and a businesslike approach, to serve the important cause of further strengthening the friendship and trust between the peoples of the USSR and Finland and not to harm the favourable development of friendly relations between the two countries."

This is an indication of what pressures the European press and other media can expect if Soviet criteria for *détente* and for friendly relations between countries are accepted.

ATTEMPTS to extend Soviet censorship to the West are not limited to radio. At present Soviet authorities can only show long-distance political displeasure to a Paris editor whom they think should follow the example of official French radio broadcasts to the USSR, or to a German editor who is too touchy about *Ostpolitik*, or to an English or an Italian one who may be concerned with renewal of a Soviet visa for his journal's correspondent in Moscow. But recently another step has been taken affecting the "free flow of ideas." Can there be any doubt that the signing of the Universal Copyright Convention by the Soviet Union is aimed at greater control of Soviet manuscripts abroad? The chairman of the Soviet State Committee on Publishing, Boris Stukalin, said at a press conference on 9 March that the "appropriate state organisation" would not transfer royalties from abroad unless the author had used official channels to send his work out of the country. Decree No. 138 of the Supreme Soviet, passed on 21 February, facilitates control of any such manuscripts by copyrighting not only works "first published in the USSR", but also those "unpublished but existing on the territory of the USSR in any objective form." Thus an "appropriate" Soviet organisation would henceforth be able to take the necessary steps if such a *samizdat* manuscript was published in the West. The decree stipulates that a Soviet author may transfer the copyright of his work to a foreign country only through a "procedure established by USSR legislation" and that according to this procedure "competent organs of the USSR may permit" a work to be translated and published abroad. Such permission can, of course, be withheld; and in the case of works by Soviet citizens first published in a foreign country, a clause granting copyright in such works to an author's "heirs" has been altered, giving it now to "legal successors", *i.e.* a Soviet publishing house or other "appropriate" Soviet organisation. Such an organisation can intimidate and force an author to proceed legally against a foreign publisher. Alternatively, Soviet authors who knowingly by-pass the official channels in sending their work abroad can be prosecuted for violating the law and/or the state monopoly of foreign trade. The new amendments to Soviet law include the possibility of "compulsory purchase" by the state of a copyright from an author or his heirs. The state can now demand the surrender of copyright for even an unpublished manuscript which it could then withhold from publication abroad. Thus, the revised Soviet copyright statute contains legal machinery which can halt the foreign publication of authors who for ideological reasons are not published in the Soviet Union (*e.g.* Solzhenitsyn, and others).

This extension of the long arm of Soviet censorship abroad has somehow been greeted in many Western editorial comments as "a step in the right direction", as "a normalisation of cultural relations." The *Christian Science Monitor* (5 March) described it as "another welcome step by the Soviet Union into the community of nations." The Secretary of the French section of

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the International PEN Club, M. Jean de Beer, said that it "would benefit Soviet authors." American and British publishers at first thought it "a very significant breakthrough." The President of the Association of American Publishers, Edward M. Korry, said: "Obviously publishers are very pleased by a major step forward in extending the role of law to intellectual property on a more universal basis" (*Washington Post*, 1 March). Roger Straus Jr., head of the New York firm which publishes Solzhenitsyn, felt that the Soviet motivation was only economic: "Stukalin is here for only one reason, to make money, and that is why they agreed to sign the copyright agreement. . ." (*Washington Post*, 1 March).

SOON CAME SECOND THOUGHTS and a more sober, critical assessment. The naïve prospect of a financial cornucopia for Western authors and publishers dissolved after a closer look at the likely consequences of the Soviet approach. Ambiguities were detected. Apart from those I have already mentioned, it was discovered that the new internal Soviet copyright law leaves many loopholes for the Russian publication of Western works without royalty payments (such as "non-profit" reproduction of Western scientific and educational material), or making token payments in roubles usable only in the Soviet Union. It was even discovered that as a result of its adherence to the Universal Copyright Convention, the Soviet Union would be able, if it so wished, to export to the United States cheap English editions of books first printed and published abroad. The original elation began to evaporate. *The New York Times* (21 March) has now reluctantly come to the conclusion that the Soviet decision was *not* "part of a broader Soviet trend toward normalisation of international relations", but an attempt "to turn Soviet tight domestic censorship into effective international censorship." It pointed out that while the Universal Copyright Convention declares that it should "facilitate a wider dissemination of works of the human mind", the Soviet scheme "is to pervert such 'wider dissemination'." Six Soviet dissidents, including Academician Sakharov, expressed similar views in an open letter to UNESCO issued on 26 March: "It should be impermissible for censorship now to acquire the possibility of operating on an international scale with the support of the Geneva Convention." They warned that if in the past Soviet censorship had been able to operate through this convention

> "world culture would have been deprived of many remarkable works by Akhmatova, Pasternak, Solzhenitsyn, Tvardovsky, Bek and other writers.... In the special conditions of our country the law on the monopoly of foreign trade can be transformed into a power that limits and even suppresses the international copyrights of Soviet citizens."
> (*Russkaya Mysl*, 5 April)

Was it surprising that the dissident Soviet writers felt that the West was helping the Soviet government to stifle "the free word" in the USSR? Earlier Sakharov had already said that in the Soviet authorities' view the Western public is more concerned with expanding trade with the USSR than with the fate of the Soviet civil rights defenders. As to the Soviet copyright decision, the *Washington Post* reported that it was "a result of the Nixon administration's trade negotiations with the Soviets last year, according to US publishing and government sources. . . . "

The results may have been different from what was anticipated. After the belated realisation of the issues involved, the representatives of the American PEN, of the Authors' League of America, and of the Association of American Publishers issued a statement pledging "to take all steps which may be necessary at home or abroad to fulfill the commitments of American publishers and authors to the spirit of the Universal Copyright Convention" (*Washington Post*, 23 March). The American authors group, headed by novelist Jerome Weidman, proposed that United States law be changed to disallow claims to copyright control by any foreign government, and that a foreign author's right to his own work should be legally protected against infringement by his own government (*New York Times*, 25 March).

These were only first steps. Other measures were proposed. A famous lawyer, Alan U. Schwartz, wrote:

> "If we are to keep alive the flow of free ideas from the Soviet Union . . . we must urge our Government now to make clear publicly and officially to the world that while it welcomes the legalization of copyright relations with the Soviet Union it will expect that Russia live up to Article I of the convention and 'provide for the adequate and effective protection of the rights of [its] authors . . .' and that the US intends to continue its efforts to promote the free dissemination of all literature between our two countries. Our publishers, our writers' groups, our motion picture associations must also now take extraordinary steps to make public their resolve not to be intimidated, enticed or diverted from increasing their efforts to provide banned Soviet writers an outlet for expression in the West."
> (*New York Times*, 10 March)

Here, again, the appearances of *détente* do not correspond to the Western concept of it. Is it then simply "a trap" for the West?

This would be a somewhat simplistic conclusion. If the Soviet Union pursues its own idea of *détente* with the West, it does so for very compelling reasons which need not be reviewed here. It is obviously facing a dilemma. It tries to avoid

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it by pursuing inside the bloc a prophylactic policy of countering the possible "bad" effects of external relaxation in advance. The very fact that it does so with immense energy indicates how conscious it is of the potential risks for itself which *détente* involves. Is there any reason why Western countries should not take the same lesson to heart and realise that it is important for them to have equally consistent attitudes in pursuing policies in *détente* which are consonant with *their own* principles? Is there any reason why they should not draw that conclusion? They have nothing to fear because, as the Soviet leaders themselves realise, it is more and more difficult to translate military power into political influence. That is why they have developed the dialectical idea of "peaceful coexistence" which does not exclude "ideological struggle." But obviously they are not very confident about their own ability to stand up to a confrontation of ideas. In effect they can merely bluff and if the West has sufficient political stamina it can pursue its policies without undue concern about Soviet ideological reactions. Soviet leaders pursue their present policies because they *have* to—not because they *want* to. They cannot use their nuclear bombs, they are falling behind in the technological competition, they have a permanent Chinese nightmare; and they may in the future be facing serious internal problems. In this situation the West should surely be able to uphold its traditions and principles.

Only two factors can, in my view, undermine this prospect. One is the lack of political will in the West, and the other is the creeping *Newspeak* in the discussion of the problems involved. The very notion of "peaceful coexistence", "cultural exchange", etc. is part of the misleading language now current in the West. More and more such Orwellisms are being introduced into everyday language, confusing the issues, paralysing political perceptions and creating an atmosphere where *détente* can come to signify the acceptance of the proposition that the "free flow of ideas" is not *really* incompatible with the intensification of Soviet internal censorship and its expansion abroad. Perhaps one cannot quite believe that "slavery is freedom," but can one be sure about limited censorship? After all, is Finland not a free country?

ALTHOUGH at the outset the Western powers showed greater solidarity in Helsinki than might have been feared, one cannot be sure that the Soviet tactics of diplomatic erosion will not eventually meet with some measure of success at the CESC when it is eventually convened. There was, at first, Soviet satisfaction with the campaign to induce the West to accept the idea of the Conference on European Security and Co-operation. After that the Soviet Union lost some of its enthusiasm when it faced Western resistance on cultural and other matters in Helsinki. But Soviet negotiators are still hoping that at the proposed conference the West will succumb to their blandishments about *détente* and the dialectical relationship between "peaceful coexistence" and "ideological struggle." At the third round of the preliminary talks, the Western countries modified their original stand on "the free movement of ideas and people", and insisted only that the CESC agenda should include "an open formulation" which would make it possible for them to raise this question at the Conference. Are Western negotiators, Western intellectuals and the Western public in general aware of the issues involved, of their historical importance, and of the risks and opportunities present in these negotiations? Will we soon find Western political resistance gradually wilting, or rather, being whittled down by the persistent efforts of the other side to establish their own version of "peaceful coexistence" through "ideological struggle"? Western intellectuals (and their colleagues in Communist countries) have a vital interest in preventing the possible sacrifice of real hopes of a genuine *détente* for some diplomatic compromise on matters of principle in the realm of culture and freedom. It would be useful to clarify the issues, lest the pursuit of "cultural exchanges" today should jeopardise genuine cultural relations tomorrow and lest a genuine *détente* be taken for its counterfeit "dialectical" imitation.

IT IS PERHAPS TIME to abandon the posture of defensiveness and insist more boldly on specific proposals about where and how ideas should flow. This is the sphere where the West could grasp the initiative. The support by Western intellectuals, writers, and scholars for such proposals and their concern with the authenticity of cultural contacts would be of great importance in facing the challenge I have outlined of the Soviet definition of *détente*. The preservation of Western cultural tradition is too important simply to be left to the cultural bureaucrats.[8] It is not merely a question of official "cultural exchanges", of Soviet circuses, Red Army choirs, and Odessa violinists to be matched in a cultural balance-sheet by *Porgy & Bess*, Western Philharmonic orchestras, and Juilliard pianists. There is not much lively cultural substance in such formal operations. But they may well become the only accepted framework of East-West cultural relations, and the hope for a

[8] See Eugène Ionesco's comments in his "Helsinki Notebook" (ENCOUNTER, December 1972).

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"freer flow of ideas" threatens to be inverted to an expansion of Soviet censorship. Is it too pessimistic to warn that unless the West defends its own cultural values, such values may be lost not only in the East but also in the West? Is it possible that Helsinki may mark the beginning of the erosion in Western Europe of its essential cultural characteristics, a "Finlandisation"? In historical terms—is this the return trip from the Finland Station?

Not many would want to deny that the Western cultural tradition is of course violated in a number of non-Communist countries of Europe: in Greece, in Spain and in Portugal. For some reason their oppressive practices often attract more attention in the West than similar practices in the Communist countries. In the last two years, however, odious as these régimes are, they have had more open trials and more genuine amnesties for political prisoners than their Eastern counterparts. That is not to conclude that they are admirable, only that Andrei Amalrik or Vladimir Bukovsky would have welcomed the kind of trial—with Western observers present—which Stathis Panagoulis had. The sense of proportion should be enhanced by the fact that the Greek or Spanish régimes, though oppressive at home, do not present Europe with the same political threat that the Soviet and Soviet-sponsored régimes do. Yet the fact remains that these Western régimes are ugly spots on the map of Europe. Surely Western intellectuals have to press as much for the defence of their harassed colleagues in the cradle of Europe, Greece, as in the countries of the communist part of Europe—that is if their appeals are to be taken seriously, and not just as a facet of the contemporary "Protest Industry" in which attachment to pornographic permissiveness in the West is of far greater concern than political censorship in the East.

The relations of the Soviet Union, of China, and of the East European countries with the Greek Colonels have, if anything, been better than with the preceding régime. It is also interesting to note that the Spanish Communist Party protested against the recognition of the Franco régime by the German Democratic Republic, against the invitation extended by Communist Poland to a group of Spanish "parliamentarians", and against the communist régimes' acceptance of Spain in the Helsinki Conference.[9]

ALL THIS, I submit, provides an idea of how confused and/or dishonest the intellectual background to Helsinki is. George Orwell—who had difficulties with the publication of his *Homage to Catalonia* because the progressive *bien-pensants* of that time did not want to hear plain facts—would have recognised the pattern. He would have also provided the clearest rallying cry for those who are concerned with intellectual freedom and with the honest meaning of words continually threatened by a creeping *Newspeak*. His reflections on the freedom of thought found powerful expression in the preface to *Animal Farm* which was not published at the time because it was not considered "appropriate" in the political context of the day.[10] But it is surely relevant today as a statement of principles which could provide the guide-lines for the West facing the negotiations at the Conference on European Security and Co-operation—and in particular for the intellectuals who want to avoid "double-think" in approaching the problems raised by the Soviet and East European definition of *détente*. It can serve as an example of how an intellectual, in a situation where the dilemmas were far crueller than they are today, could still retain a clear view of facts and comprehend the significance of the "free flow of ideas" for the preservation of the European cultural tradition:

> "I am well acquainted with all the arguments against freedom of thought and speech—the arguments that claim that it cannot exist, and the arguments which claim that it ought not to. I answer simply that they don't convince me and that our civilisation over a period of four hundred years has been founded on the opposite notice. For quite a decade past I have believed that the existing Russian régime is a mainly evil thing, and I claim the right to say so, in spite of the fact that we are allies with the USSR in a war which I want to see won. If I had to choose a text to justify myself, I should choose the line from Milton:
>
> *By the known rules of ancient liberty*
>
> The word *ancient* emphasises the fact that intellectual freedom is a deep-rooted tradition without which our characteristic Western culture could only doubtfully exist."

[9] During the Conference, Spain was the only participant in the negotiations to endorse the proposal by the states of the Warsaw Pact for an all-European Committee which would give the Soviet Union an institutional lever in West European affairs. Soon enough, Mao's China also established diplomatic relations with Franco's Spain. The official Spanish Communist Party expressed its "disapproval and disgust at this action" (*Mundo Obrero*, March 1973) and it was even criticised by the Maoist Communist Party of Spain (Marxist-Leninist). The Spanish CP did not raise the question of how genuine the Polish "parliamentarians" really are, an incongruency which is rather similar in principle to *Pravda's* complaint about the "undemocratic" character of French elections. The Polish weekly *Kultura* (11 March 1973) published an interview with a Spanish left-wing playwright, Antonio Buezo Valejo, who was sentenced to death by Franco's law courts, but released from prison six years after the Civil War. He is now a member of the Spanish Royal Academy of Linguistics. In this interview Valejo spoke of the relaxed character of Spanish censorship: it must have made some of the Polish readers raise their eyebrows.

[10] *The Times Literary Supplement*, (15 Sept. 1972), pp. 1037-39.

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LETTERS

Robert Lowell & "The Bull-Ring"

LEWIS A. COSER writes, "Robert Lowell urged the poet to go into 'the bull-ring' " [ENCOUNTER, April: "Julien Benda, On Intellectual Treason"]. But I don't want my significance to extend beyond context; the bull-ring I wrote about was the poetry reviewers.

ROBERT LOWELL

Maidstone, Kent

Shakespeare, Shylock & Israel

THE FIRST PART of the story from the *Daily Mail* which you quote in "Life & Letters Today" [ENCOUNTER, May, p.97 is correct, although incomplete. Along with Shaw, Miller, etc., Israel Zangwill's "Children of the Ghetto" was also included as an example of contemporary English prose.

The second part—censoring Shakespeare because of Shylock, etc.—is nonsense. This was never a consideration here. The overriding thought was the realisation that seven years of English-language learning (3–4 hours per week) have rendered a large number of high-school graduates so totally illiterate that they can hardly read the *Jerusalem Post*, much less conduct a conversation. The entire school curriculum here stinks—and is 50 years outdated—not merely English.

What amazes me is not the dismissal of Shakespeare, but the fact that teachers are not allowed freely to pick the authors they themselves like best. Rather, in the paternalistic tradition of the Central European *gymnasium* they are told what to do at every step. That they do it badly is beyond question.

But Shakespeare is the smallest part of the problem bedevilling the educational system which, though relatively new, at this moment often resembles that of an old empire.

AMOS ELON

Jerusalem

E. M. Forster's Stories

MR ROGER SCRUTON [ENCOUNTER, January] is entitled to dislike the stories in *The Life to Come*, but not to claim that their publication (in one case by ENCOUNTER) violates Forster's own judgment.

The eight homosexual stories were indeed never offered for publication by Forster himself, and for obvious reasons: until the very end of his life they quite simply could not have been published in this country—and men in their 80s do not find it easy to abandon the very necessary precautions and reticences of a lifetime. But the destruction in the early 1960s, in consultation with Joe Ackerley, of several such stories "thought not good enough to survive" clearly implies—and other evidence confirms—that Forster envisaged the eventual publication of the surviving homosexual stories. As for the remaining six stories, two *were* published during Forster's lifetime, while at least three of the other four were judged "too weak . . . to be published" not by Forster, but—before he had published a single novel—by the various magazine editors to whom he submitted them. Two of these stories, indeed, were preferred by Forster even to "The Road from Colonus" and "The Story of the Siren" (another tale rejected by the magazines) when in 1910 he made his initial selection of stories to be included in *The Celestial Omnibus*.

All this information is given in my Introduction to the volume which Mr Scruton was reviewing.

OLIVER STALLYBRASS

General Editor, Abinger Edition of E. M. Forster

London

Raban Replies to Cox

MY OLD TEACHER, Professor C. B. Cox, is being silly about my book *the Society of The Poem* in his article "Who Needs Exams?" [ENCOUNTER, April]; and since he presents himself in the role of champion of the forces of truth, sweetness, and light, it may be of some wider relevance to point out that his reading of my argument is as slick, superficial and inaccurate as he claims the argument itself is. Professor Cox claims that I attack:

> "the traditional university emphasis on the value of the high culture of the past . . . and argues that belief in high culture is out of touch with the 'living forces' in art today."

I do no such thing. The pages in my book which he refers to are at the beginning of Chapter 5, where I quote a poem by Allen Ginsberg in which he takes on the voice of a black junkie, and then go on to ask:

> why people like Ginsberg have needed to borrow such extreme and often ill-fitting masks; why the voice of literature itself and its tradition in Western culture has been so blandly identified with the despised class of parents and policemen.

Surely a fair question; and if Professor Cox looks at my adjectives he can hardly accuse me of excessive sympathy for Ginsberg. The point I was making, and making perfectly clearly, was that a great deal of the poetry written by the young—bad and modish though it may be—is a poetry of revolt whose motives are as much social as they are aesthetic. Knocking tradition is often just another way of having a bash at Daddy.

What interested me here was the manner in which some of the official custodians of "high culture" played into the hands of the yippying young Turks. I pointed out that Dr F. R. Leavis's basic vocabulary —words like "value", "richness", "worth", "substance", "vulgar", "cultivated"—was full of metaphors drawn from the counting-house and the dinner-table. Literature *is* talked about, especially by Dr Leavis, as if a good poem was like a man of property. The writers I was discussing are all notable

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disrespecters of men of property, and I believe that their hearty dislike of formal poetic tradition is directly related to their desire to rebel against a social establishment which often seems to them to be in possession of literature as securely as it is in possession of apartment houses, factories, and luxury cars. The poetry of revolution, however mistaken it may be in its assumptions, is as keen to destroy the verse of T. S. Eliot as it is to blow up the bank in which he worked. That much has to be made clear if one is to have any sensible discussion of the poems in question. As I thought I pointed out in my book, a great deal of their badness proceeds from that—for poetry—suicidal association which they make between literature and a single historical class.

Professor Cox says of the author of my book that he is "typical of left-wing sociologists in his determination to savage the 'bourgeoisie' for its old presumption in believing itself to be the repository of lofty and classless values." This nasty militant fellow is one of Professor Cox's fonder fictions. I am not a sociologist, I am certainly not "left-wing" (like the burglar, I am scared stiff of being found under anyone's bed), and I have never had the temerity to "savage the 'bourgeoisie'." Furthermore, I didn't use the phrase "living forces" which Professor Cox carefully puts into quotation marks as an example of the sort of pink, half-witted rubbish I am given to writing.

I take it as an example of a different kind—a measure of Professor Cox's complete disregard for accuracy when the facts fail to fit his case. His article is riddled with half-truths and evasions, and it is written up in a prose which, for all its professed concern for literary and cultural values, finally mistakes

Never a Black Borrower Be . . .

London

JUST A PLOT: *A black Liberationist named Soares who tried to incite arson and the making of explosives to stir hatred against whites, was a "dangerous agitator" said Judge Alan King-Hamilton at the Old Bailey yesterday.*

A document found in his flat and read during the trial set out a plot to blow up key targets in London. He claimed it was a plot for a story that he was going to write.

DAILY TELEGRAPH

BORROWING BLACK LANGUAGE: *The "Grass Roots Defence Committee" said yesterday that it believed the case was "the latest in a series of prosecutions of political activists" and that it raised disturbing implications in the field of civil liberties.*

Much of the prosecution's case hinged on a document found by the police at Mr Soares' house. It described a plot to blow up important buildings in London, among them the Post Office Tower, telephone exchanges, power stations, and Underground railway lines. Mr Soares claimed that the document consisted of notes for a novel. He published a novel along similar lines, called "Siege," in 1971.

The prosecution frequently emphasised Mr Soares' inflammatory language. Notes in his own handwriting saying that if Enoch Powell was given his chance he would send all black people to the gas chamber were referred to by the judge in his summing up. The suggestion was so ridiculous, said the Judge, that no sane person would believe it.

"Towards Racial Justice", an organisation associated with the Institute of Race Relations, points out that because black people in this country feel deeply about their situation, they often resort to "rhetoric imported from the USA." Black people, in their anger and frustration, were likely to express themselves in a language which had a violent form. The "Grass Roots" article was reprinted from the American Black Panther Party magazine.

Mr Soares' solicitor, Mr Paul Crane, said that it was quite normal for people in black liberation organisations to borrow from the black American language.

Mr Soares, who was born Antonio Moushine Leo de Sousa Soaries in Goa 30 years ago, has lived in this country since 1961. He has always been active in the black liberation movement, but "Grass Roots" was a relatively minor interest. For five months last year he worked at the North Kensington Neighbourhood Law Centre. He helps to run supplementary schools for young blacks on Saturdays and ran film shows for people using the 70's Coffee Bar in Hackney.

In February 1969 he was imprisoned for two years for inciting people to riot and possess weapons. This charge arose out of a Vietnam Solidarity Campaign demonstration in 1968.

Mr Crane said that Mr Soares was now in Wandsworth gaol undergoing psychiatric examination.

THE GUARDIAN

THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING UNSERIOUS: *Soares was told at the Central Criminal Court yesterday that if during the next seven years he indulged in similar activities he would receive a prison sentence running into double figures. He was ordered to do 200 hours' community service in the next 12 months.*

Binding him over for seven years in the sum of £25, Judge King-Hamilton said:

"I accept that so far as coloured people are concerned no one has been incited and it seems that apart from yourself no one takes you seriously. That is not surprising because this publication was full of hate and evil, and distortions of the truth.

"No one with any intelligence could possibly take it seriously. In those circumstances, I have decided that it is not necessary to pass an immediate sentence of imprisonment."

The defendant said he was willing to comply with the conditions.

THE TIMES

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sententiousness for seriousness, and bangs one set of platitudes over the head with another. Writers of whom he disapproves—and I seem to be in quite good company—are not only misrepresented and misquoted, but smeared with the Professor's three favourite terms of abuse: "fashionable", "sociologese", and "journalese." A piece of writing whose sentiments run contrary to the Professor's is full of "clichés." His own clichés are of a more readily recognisable kind: the formulation "it is usually agreed that. . . .", used to introduce some murky and unproven generalisation, and that old stand-by of Wiltshire colonels writing to *Any Answers*, "so-called." It is usually agreed that so-called guardians of culture ought to do better than that.

JONATHAN RABAN

London

Cox on Raban

I MUST PLEAD guilty that I have probably made more sense than is justified from the confusions of Mr Raban's book. He has published a study of literature and society which is full of left-wing cant, and so I do not see why he complains when I say his writings are typical of left-wing sociologists. If he thinks he is adopting a neutral standpoint, he is very naïve.

In my article I listed examples of popular jargon, and throughout put these in inverted commas. Admittedly Mr Raban does not use the particular one he quotes, but he includes plenty of others. For example, he comments on Mr A. E. Dyson and myself, who brought out the Black Papers: "Both the editors have subsequently become notorious in Britain for their role as whippers up of a right-wing élitist backlash. . . ." This comes from his first chapter in which he describes T. S. Eliot's doctrines as "totalitarian": "Eliot embodies very exactly a type of right-wing millennialism which has had an extraordinarily stable currency in salons, common-rooms, and lecture theatres since the 1920s."

Mr Raban's letter is highly selective in its references to his fifth chapter, in which he writes: "Leavis's tradition is a meritocratic élite; middle class, self-made, a little humourless", and "Our terms for organising the profusion of particular works of art into manageable patterns and hierarchies are drawn directly from our experience as members of an economically stratified society." He describes sympathetically a Bob Cobbing recital which embarrassed "the shorn members of the audience" and "the lady form-mistresses." He praises Olson, Creeley, etc., and asks: "By rejecting the notion of poem-as-object, is it possible to set it free from our commodity-centred artistic economy, which is itself a product of a certain style of capitalist, middle-class life?" These are the "arguments" I was attacking.

I think I have located Mr Raban's problem. He dresses up his descriptions in a journalistic, sensational manner, and perhaps is unaware that his language implies attitudes, often of contempt. I concede to him that there may be differences between what he actually thinks and the way these ideas appear in his books.

C. B. COX

University of Manchester

AUTHORS

David Martin is Professor of Sociology at the London School of Economics, where he gave this inaugural lecture last autumn. He is the author, among other books, of *The Religious and the Secular* (1969), and his latest work, *Tracts Against the Times*, will be published by Lutterworth this year. Among his various articles in ENCOUNTER, his review of R. D. Laing, "Me Doctor, You Patient" appeared in the February 1972 issue, and "The Problem of Secularisation" in April 1971. . . .

Neil McInnes is an Australian journalist living in Paris. He has contributed articles on Communist themes to the *Encyclopaedia of Philosophy* and is the author of *The Western Marxists* (Alcove Press and The Library Press, N.Y.). . . .

Douglas Dunn is the author of *Terry Street* and *The Happier Life* (both published by Faber), and has edited the 1972 P.E.N. Anthology of New Poems for Hutchinson. . . .

Anthony Hartley, for several years the Editor of *Interplay* in New York, now lives in London. His books include *A State of England* (1963) and *Gaullism* (Routledge, 1972). He is a frequent contributor to ENCOUNTER, and his most recent articles include "Transatlantic Frivolity" (April) and "Neither Bureaucrat nor Hippie (March). . . .

P. N. Furbank is the author of *Reflections on the Word "Image"* (Secker & Warburg, 1970). He is working on the official biography of E. M. Forster. . . .

Jonathan Raban, who will be reviewing novels regularly for ENCOUNTER, is the author of *The Society of the Poem*. His book on living in cities is to be published by Hamish Hamilton. . . .

Hugh Gordon Porteus has published and broadcast many translations of Chinese poetry. . . .

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Oxford

CUCKOO NOW: Comparing the editors of the old and new "Oxford Books of English Verse" Nigel Dennis says that "Q" was always a perfect gentleman and that Helen Gardner has proved to be a perfect lady. Dame Helen is [writes Simon Nowell-Smith] nothing so old-fashioned: in the first poem in both anthologies she does not, like "Q", disguise with medieval spelling the vernal farting of the (four-legged) buck.

Mr Dennis remarks on Dame Helen's unfamiliar spelling of "Summer is y-comen in." More remarkable, in a scholar as sensitive as Dame Helen, is that in pursuit of modernisation she should jettison medieval rhyming and in place of "Lhude sing cuccu . . . Sing cuccu nu" prefer to print "Loude sing cuckoo . . . Sing cuckoo now." SUNDAY TIMES

London

PROVISIONAL GLAMOUR: *Oxenstierna thought his son would be astonished to learn with how little wisdom the world was governed. Readers of Maria McGuire's book on her year with the Provisional I.R.A. will be astonished to learn with how much frivolity people can arrange for other people to be murdered.*

Miss McGuire joined the Provisionals at a time (July 1971) when, as she says herself, they "were enjoying good publicity." She left them in July 1972, when the publicity had gone bad. In the meantime she herself enjoyed quite a conspicuous share in the glamour which, for a considerable number of people —including a notably high proportion of journalists —surrounded the Provisionals and their doings. Some of the Provisional leaders obviously felt she enhanced this glamour, or were captivated by her own glamour, reflecting theirs. The media co-operated. It was great while it lasted. Publicity, as well as financial support, depended on the capacity to keep on killing.

At the end [Conor Cruise O'Brien writes] Miss McGuire gets a bit nauseating: "Now, almost for the first time, I wondered about the crippled and the widowed and the lives that had been changed for ever." But Miss McGuire herself is a kind of victim, too: a victim brought down somewhere on the border between admass and patriotic romance: Madame Bovary playing St. Joan for a brief spell before the cameras. THE OBSERVER

New York City

BURGESS IN N.Y.: *Anthony Burgess, the most lavishly gifted of English writers, is in retreat from the American urban nightmare.*

Beset by all the horrors of Manhattan from cockroaches at 3 a.m. to vandalism on the subway, he is opting out of the American academic life, quitting his post as distinguished professor at the end of the summer and returning to Europe.

"The students are terribly ignorant: I don't know how much they take in," Burgess told me afterwards: in his subterranean City College office, as airless as below decks on a destroyer.

"They tend to abominate the past as the source of all hypocrisy, humbug and evil. All they want is a quick message."

A lot of them turn to dubious orientalists like Herman Hesse, who is really far inferior to Thomas Mann. One student of mine in Canada started smashing windows and talking about Fascism when he was told he would have to transfer to the German Department if he wanted to study Hesse, since Hesse is a German writer.

"Early in the year I gave my students Ulysses to study and they resented it. They said the book was too difficult. So I told them if you don't read it, who in Heaven's name will? So they read it and it changed them. You could see the difference in their faces."

His disillusion with America is matched by his concern at the collapsing standards of American academic life.

"A university degree in this country may soon be worth little more than a high school diploma," he says. "One day they will have to create super-universities for the benefit of the élite and later on super-super-universities, for inflation operates even in the world of education.

"The gods of learning are not mocked."

EVENING STANDARD

Vienna

DANUBE BLUES: *In 1971, as in almost every year since World War II, Austria led the Western world in suicides, with a rate twice that of the United States.*

In 1971 Austria recorded 1,694 suicides, about 23 per 100,000 inhabitants. Only Hungary, among European nations, reported a higher rate, 29 per 100,000. The U.S. rate was slightly over 11. Yearly since World War II, Austria has recorded between 1,600 and 1,700 suicides.

In his budget for this year, Chancellor Kreisky has designated $250,000 to begin an institute for prevention of suicides. Vienna University Prof. Erwin Ringel, an early student of suicide in Austria and psychiatric director of the Caritas program for several years, is to head the new institute. Ringel, who uses a system called "crisis intervention" which relies on readily available consultation clinics and counselors, has been able in the Caritas program to cut the rate of repeated suicide attempts in half.

"If Romeo had had a crisis intervention clinic handy," he likes to say, "neither he nor Juliet would have died." WASHINGTON POST

Washington

LATEST SLANG: The Pentagon is providing a pamphlet dictionary for American prisoners-of-war returning from Vietnam, which will introduce them to recent American slang. The head of the American household, says the pamphlet, is "Big Daddy," being on drugs or alcohol is "blasted" while to focus attention on something is to "tune in."

DAILY TELEGRAPH

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"ENCOUNTER has made up more minds than any other intellectual journal of our time . . ."

A reader writes:

". . . We are a polyglot bunch here at the Common Market headquarters. We read *Le Monde, The Times,* the *Herald-Tribune,* the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung,* the *Corriere,* and what-not every day. We look at *Der Spiegel,* and *L'Express,* and leaf through *Time/Newsweek,* etc., etc. . . . But may I tell you that nothing on any day or in any week gives many of us so much pleasure—and so much instruction—as the monthly copy of the new ENCOUNTER. That it comes from England, so often taken to be provincial and 'off-shore', gives us special cosmopolitan pleasure. . . . It is the one journal that gives us the feeling that we are indeed in touch with the main intellectual currents of European—no, I should say Western—civilisation. . . ."

L.C. (Brussels)

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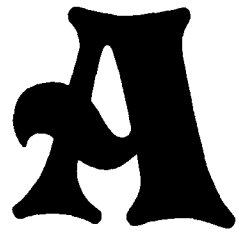

THE CONCEPT OF THE *AVANT-GARDE*

John Weightman £3.75

This is the first book for over 20 years by one of the most stimulating of contemporary critics. He has been called "a cross between Edmund Wilson and George Orwell"—because of his humane universality and his hard-hitting common sense. Here he explores the distinctions between high art and passing fashion, between ideas and dogmas, between genuine contemporaneity and spurious modernism. Whether he is discussing André Gide or Andy Warhol, the surrealists or the sexologists in the theatre, cinema, and literature, Professor Weightman is incisive and original. As the "underground" pop critic Tony Palmer once remarked in *The Spectator*, "I never come out of a show or a cinema without thinking: What would John Weightman have said? . . ."

ISLAM IN HISTORY

Ideas, Men, and Events in the Middle East

Bernard Lewis £5.00

"Since Westerners first went to the Middle East they have tended to view it as Europe in fancy dress. Most of them had no language skills, could not make the imaginative effort to cross so wide a cultural divide, and contributed to the misunderstanding of nations. Burckhardt, Lane, Sir William Jones, Burton, were rare spirits, and seen to be.

"Just as rare today are scholars like Bernard Lewis who can nail the half-truths and half-lies which more than ever pass for information on the Middle East. . . . Such central subjects in the hands of lesser men are frequently murky with one nationalism or another. Professor Lewis is far more than an authority in the field; he has the great learning of the few select Arabists before him, but also the humanity needed to illuminate it."

David Pryce-Jones in *The Times*

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